Australian
PENTHOUSE
THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE
SEPTEMBER 1988

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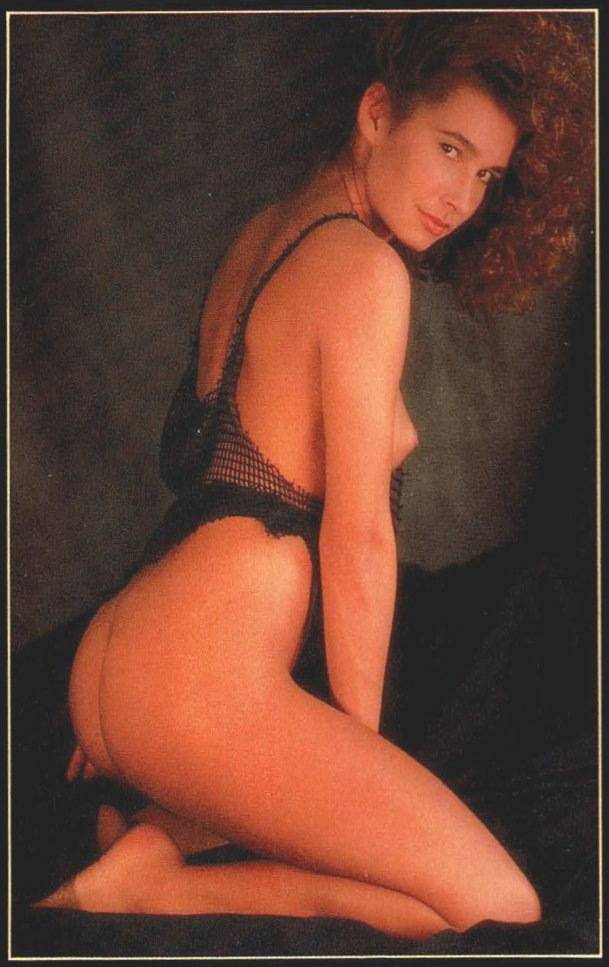

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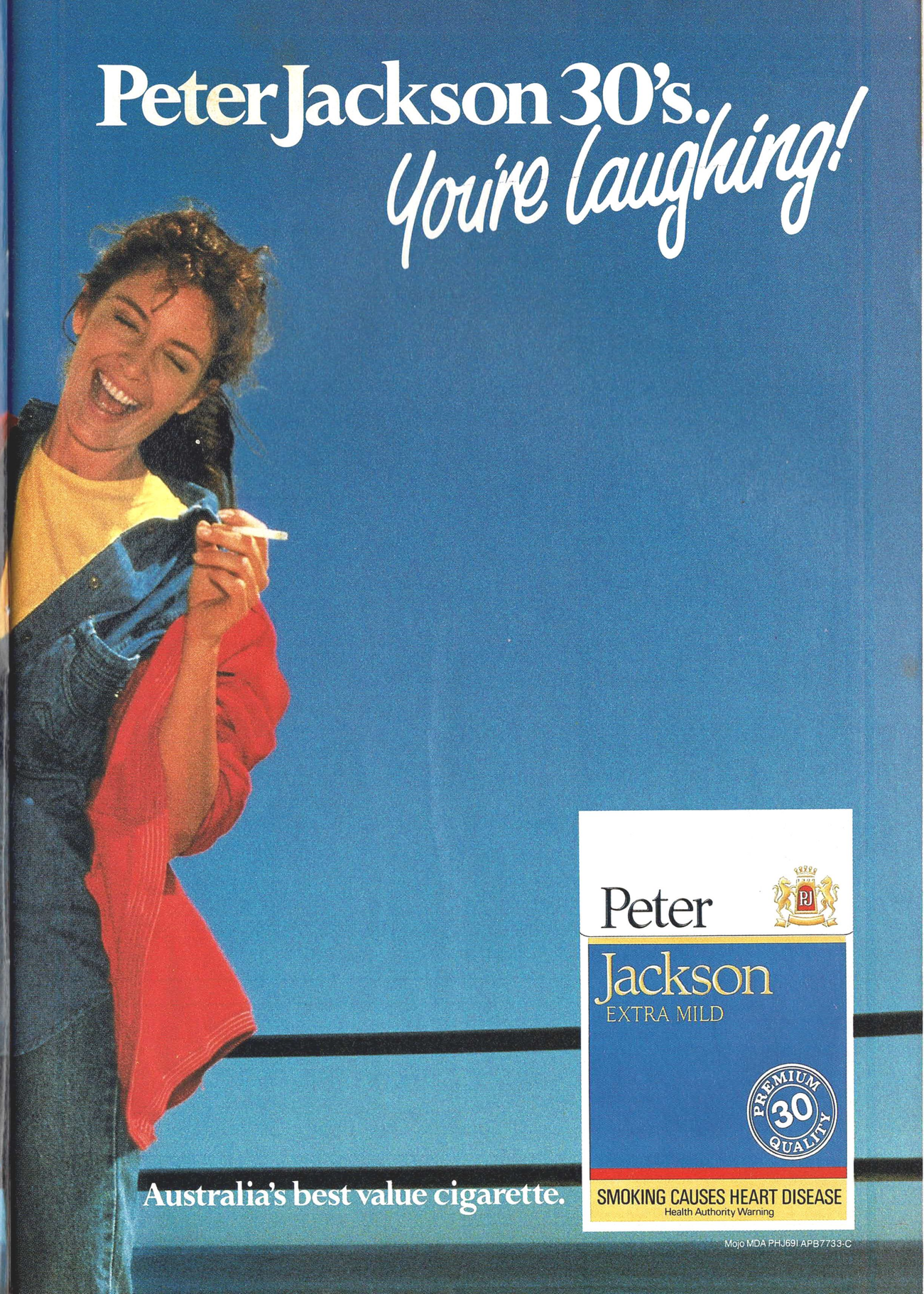

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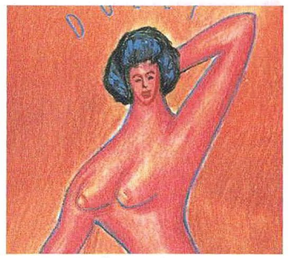
Are You A Wimp?

The Meaning Of Life

Castaway

REGULARS

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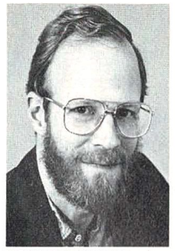
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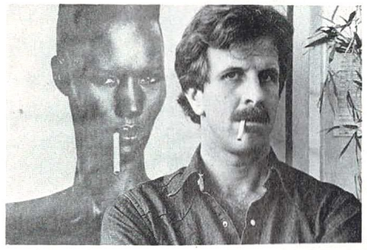
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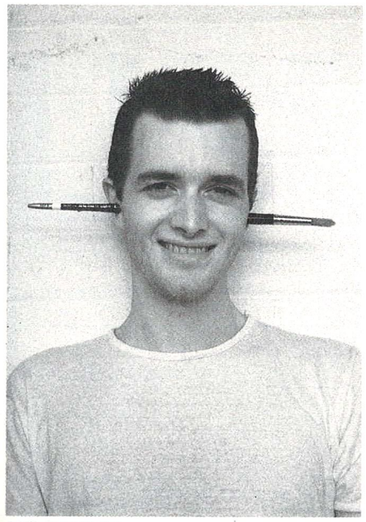
JON BERKELEY

HOUSECALL

UNDER FIRE
Damien Parer and Neil Davis both rose to the pinnacle of the world's most dangerous profession: combat photography. **Neil McDonald** compares the lives of these two great Australians to produce a poignant insight into the dark domain of warfare. The accompanying photos show Davis and Parer's attempts to capture not the spectacle but the *experience* of war — an objective which would cost both men their lives. Turn to page 34.

THE CARNAL KINGDOM
Everyone knows that seekers of the ultimate sexual fantasy need look no further than Thailand. But this mecca of sensual delights also has one of the strictest traditional ethical codes this side of Iran. Are the Thais a nation of hypocrites, or does their enigmatic outlook on life spring from some deeper tolerance and understanding? **Howard Houck**, a veteran observer of Thai morals and mores, unravels the knots in an absorbing story beginning on page 50. The photo was shot by **Emmanuel Angelicas.**

THE AGONY OF ECSTASY
According to those who use it regularly, Ecstasy is the ultimate drug. But new evidence gleaned from lab testing, presented by **Jackie Annesley** and **Stan Denham**, suggests the real price of Ecstasy is a great deal higher than the drug's trendy adherents have suspected. **Nigel Buchanan's** illustration opens that story on page 54.

SECRETS OF SEDUCTION PART II
How do you pick up a schoolgirl? "Firmly but carefully," says **Peter McDonald**, author of the second instalment of this hilarious *Penthouse* series. All you'll need is a modicum of rat cunning, a complete lack of scruples, and the ability to keep a straight face. If you're ready to rise to the challenge, turn to **Jon Berkeley's** illustration on page 58.

DANGEROUS DRIVING
Australians make great stuntmen, and many an Aussie fall guy has been on a first-name basis with doctors in the Emergency Ward: a sign of professional standing in the stunt world. Movie authority **John Baxter** recounts some of the lunatic exploits of the hellmen who helped put the local film industry on the map. That story starts on page 74.

THE MEANING OF LIFE
Penthouse asked seven of our leading comics to tell us the meaning of life. We came to the conclusion that the answer is more likely to be found in the centre pages. But if you're more interested in a good laugh, turn to page 86. The over-the-top photography is the work of **Jim Sheldon.**

ARE YOU A WIMP?
You are reading *Penthouse* and you come across a quiz called "Are You A Wimp?" Do you: (a) Tear the mag in half with your bare hands? (b) Cancel your subscription? (c) Ask Trevor to come over in case you get upset about your score? (d) Turn to page 94 and answer the questions honestly and carefully? **Colin Bowles** is the quizmaster and **John Mitchell** produced the outlandish illustration.

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Glorious Martina

Congratulations on the June issue, which I consider to be one of the finest editions of *Australian Penthouse* ever — and I've been a subscriber for around five years now. Particularly taken was I with Martina Walter; such a statuesque figure.

I must say, though, how put off I get when I read about the girls' boyfriends. — *T.M., Balgowlah, NSW*

Magnificent Martina Walter

The ET Effect

I refer to the article The ET Effect by Ben Harris (April *Penthouse*). An intriguing article, because it mixes truth with fabrication in a very skillful manner.

In the Sixties I was employed as a Commonwealth Government medical officer, working in the then Territory of Papua and New Guinea. In February, 1966 I was selected to attend a special two-week course at an Australian Government training school in Victoria. I was told that the training would be in nuclear warfare medicine.

On arrival at the "school", tucked away in the countryside, the small group of us was ushered into the presence of a high-ranking military officer and each asked to sign an Official Secrets Form. This astounded us, for such forms are normally only signed by personnel who have been cleared to handle sensitive security material. Breach of the *Official Secrets Act* carries a penalty of ten years imprisonment. As I signed the document, I wondered what the hell could be classified as secret in nuclear warfare medical treatment.

It transpired that the secrecy concerned the films we were about to be shown. The daytime was taken up with the trauma and treatment associated with the use of nuclear weaponry. On the first night we watched a United States Central Intelligence Agency report on the 1962 Cuban missile crisis, giving details of classified information and showing just how close the US came to actual war at that time, before Cuba and Russia backed down and removed the missiles from Cuban soil.

The next night we were shown films produced by a classified unit set up within the US Airforce (not "Project Blue Book", the official UFO investigative body which was in reality a smokescreen unit established to debunk UFOs). The film showed UFO activity near sensitive military zones within the US. Earliest filmed activity was over a missile testing site in the Arizona desert. A single UFO was timed at speeds just in excess of 5000 miles an hour, obviously not attainable by any known aircraft. Five UFOs flying in a conventional squadron formation were also shown on the film. They appeared as oval blobs of light. The instructor assured us that they were not "angel blips" or "gizmos", as the Americans called them.

We were told US fighter-interceptors had been scrambled on several occasions to investigate the phenomena. One pilot radioed that he had been quickly surrounded by the unidentified aircraft. Radio communication was then broken off and the wreckage of this fighter was found scattered over an unusually wide area. We were given to understand that other pilots and fighters had been lost on other occasions, to the point where attempts at interception were ceased.

The instructor went on to explain that this sort of information was being given to selected government personnel only on a "need to know" basis and no more explicit details were necessary for our work. The information given was to prepare us for any possible future eventuality.

He seemed to sincerely believe that the public could not handle this sort of revelation and the Superpowers had apparently agreed that we had to learn more first. They had agreed on a mutual policy of explaining away all sightings as meteorological events or natural phenomena. Failing this, the person making the report would be discredited. To this end, various experts would be enlisted to assist in the debunking of UFOs.

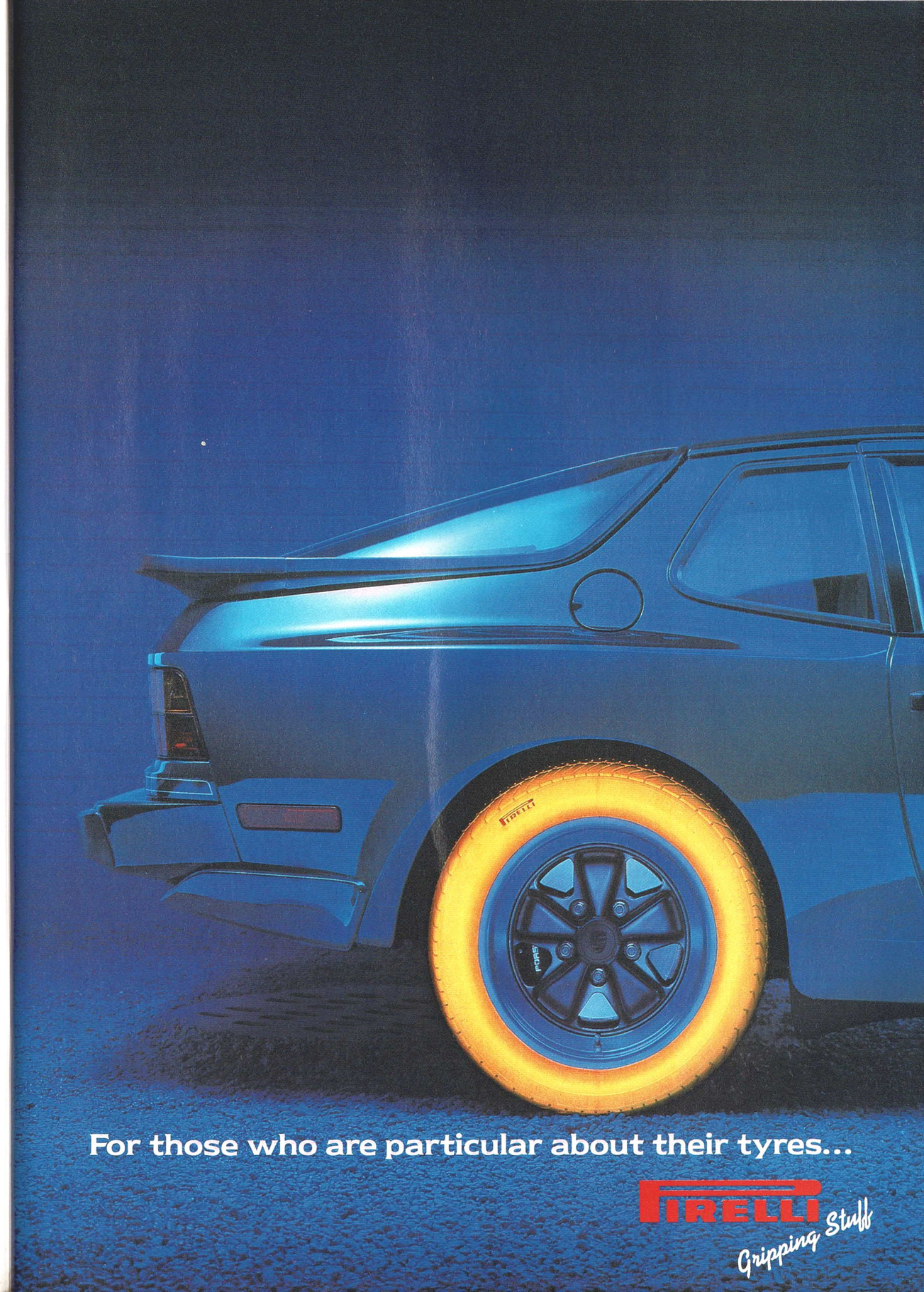
In the article by Ben Harris, I was intrigued to see that he had dismissed the "Roswell Incident" out of hand. While I cannot claim to have firsthand knowledge of it, I did read a detailed report of it, together with statements by reliable witnesses. It was an actual UFO crash that was witnessed. The UFO contained six (not four) humanoids aboard. Professor Weisberg stated of the autopsy on one body: "It resembled a normal human body except in its small size — the bodies of the six crewmen varying from two to four feet in height and very thin." The report went on to say that their clothing was of a soft, shiny black material, a one-piece outfit made of material unfamiliar to us.

The craft measured approximately 30 feet in diameter overall, with an interior cabin diameter of around 20 feet. Two humanoids were found on the cabin floor and four were still strapped in their seats in front of the control panels, which were covered in hieroglyphic-type markings unknown on this planet.

Within several hours of this craft crashing, the Army secured the area and cordoned it off while the Air Force removed the spacecraft. The Army then held a press conference and announced that it was a military weather balloon. While sensitive UFO material never got out under the recent Freedom of Information Act, there were some preliminary reports on the Roswell Incident released. But why write reports for posterity on downed weather balloons?

Closer to home, I am aware of visual encounters with UFOs by many extremely reliable witnesses — Qantas pilots, Ansett pilots (who were officially gagged) and crew members of a National Airways Corporation cargo plane in New Zealand who filmed a UFO that played tag with them for several hundred kilometres. Examination of this film in a physics laboratory showed it to be authentic. Then there have been the two incidents at Laverton Airforce

Continued on page 113



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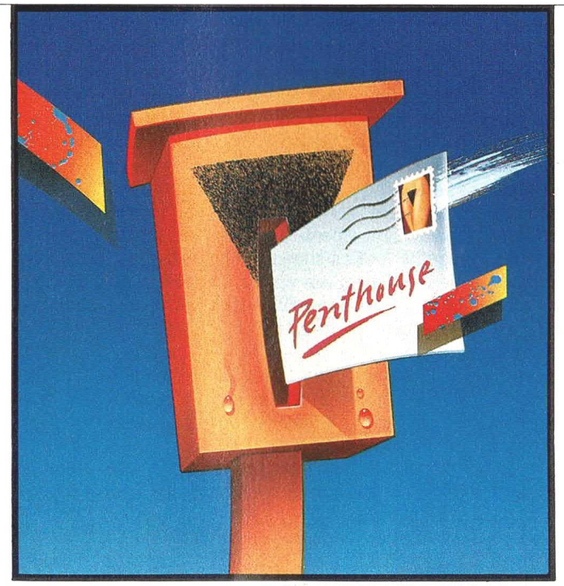
Four's more



It is my girlfriend's idea to write to you to share with your readers our adventures at Sydney's Lady Jane nudist beach a few weeks ago. She is a true nymphomaniac and I am always very hard pressed to keep up with her sexual demands on me, so we often go out to meet other guys to join us in a threesome or foursome and, sometimes, moresome. Also, she will sometimes agree to having it off with another girl.

Anyway, there we were, her glorious all-over tan, her beautiful firm tits, shaved cunt and schoolgirl looks exciting every straight guy on the beach. Several had shown a lot of interest but she couldn't find the guys she wanted until she spotted two surfies sitting off the beach on their boards having a perve. She ran down the beach and dived in and swam out to them and from the smiles on their faces I knew what she was saying. She swam back after a few minutes and grabbed our towels and said, "C'mon, David, we're having a foursome round the rocks."

We headed towards South Head, with the guys on the boards keeping up with us in the water. Finally, we found a spot with a bit of scraggly grass and hidden from the water and from any watchers above, so I spread the towels and we lay down and she went straight for my half-hard cock; while she was sucking on my knob two blond heads appeared over the rock.

"Fuck," said the one on the left. Kym looked up, grinned at me and said, "Hi, David, this is Tim and Sean." We actually shook hands, although they couldn't keep their eyes off Kym's body and her tight little slit. They were already bulging out of their board-shorts, so Kym pulled them off them and out sprang two quite large cocks, almost as big as mine. She grinned in delight, and stroked them both, to the guys' delight. Sean's was about seven inches long, with a banana-like bend and a long loose foreskin, which Kym loves. She often suggests I have one sewn back on. Sean's cock was also a bit thicker than mine. Tim's cock, on the other hand, made up for length by being the thickest I'd ever seen — as thick as Kym's wrist. She had one in each hand, gently stroking them. I had mine in my hand, stroking it along her hip as I lay just behind her.

"Okay guys, let's fuck," said Kym and bent forward and took Sean's cock into her mouth. I pushed her over a bit and lifted her up and slid up into her very wet cunt from underneath, right up to my balls, and then twisted her around so she was sitting on my cock but facing towards my right side, so I could watch the action. She had Sean's foreskin pushed right back and was slowly licking his knob, while he stood there looking down with a look of rapture on his face.

Tim was gazing with glazed eyes at the scene before him and slowly pulling his thick tool. He looked down at her cunt, filled with my hot thick meat and said, "Can I lick her clit?"

"Go for it, mate," I said and Kym nodded vigorously. She never talked with a mouth full. So he knelt down and managed to push his head in amongst the legs and next thing he started to finger and chew on her clit. Now when Kym is on heat, her clit swells up like a baby's cock. I've spent many hours licking and chewing on it, bringing her to many fantastic orgasms. The combination of his teeth gently chewing it now, plus me being up her to the hilt, plus Tim's fingers pinching her nipples and having Sean's banana in her mouth would have her in sexual heaven, which of course was where I was as well. I must admit to loving the sight of her being rooted and licked by other guys.

Sean was by now holding her head firmly between his hands and fucking her in the mouth for all he was worth; and I was kissing and biting on her ears and neck. Her eyes were tightly closed and I knew she must be in the middle of one of her amazing silent orgasms. The little groans and gurgles coming from deep in her throat sounded very familiar. Her cunt muscles were squeezing my cock for all they were worth which was getting me to the brink; I knew my explosion couldn't be far away. She always wanted the guys fucking or sucking her to come together, so I said this to the other guys.

Sean just nodded and kept fucking her mouth. Tim leaned back and started to rub the knob of his cock over her clit and tried to get it into her next to my cock. We had done this a few times but it was too early in this fuck session. So he just pulled himself and rubbed his whole cock over her clit. It's funny how quickly guys lose their inhibitions in a threesome or foursome. I was getting very close and I knew they were too. I started to move as much as I could, fucking right up into her hot cunt. Then Sean let out a low animal groan and pulled back a bit and started to pour a torrent of hot spunk all over her face and into her open mouth. That was our signal to let go. Tim blew too and then my own load shot right up into her. She was moaning and groaning and pushing down on to my pumping cock, her tongue darting back and forth over Sean's still-pumping tool, some of the come still spraying all over her face. Tim actually had his knob in her cunt and was thrusting in and grunting as he continued to climax. She turned to me and before I could do anything, pushed her tongue into my half open mouth, giving me a taste of Sean's spunk. That didn't concern me; I'd tasted my own often enough, and actually liked the taste. (Enough to try to suck my own cock, but I couldn't ever get the knob in my mouth.) Tim had pushed her off my cock and had buried his face in her soaking cunt with his tongue as

far up her as he could get. Obviously, my come up there didn't worry him. Another devo!

I looked up and saw Sean still standing there hard as a rock and stroking his cock. I pulled Kym's face closer so he could rub it over her and not me. I don't mind being close to the action, but not part of it. She went down on him again, sucking and licking, and then starting to push his legs apart so she could lick and suck his balls and I knew what was coming next. Sure enough, she pushed him around till she had her face buried between the cheeks of his arse and was licking and tongue-fucking his crack. When she got turned on, she would do anything and I had been tongue fucked in my arse several hundred times. Tim had come up for air, his face covered in her cunt juices and our combined loads of come. He was watching in amazement as his mate had his arse rimmed, his eyes almost popping out. Kym pulled away from Sean and looked at the stunned look on Tom's face and said, "Want to try it?"

Without a word Tim rolled over on to his stomach on the grass and spread his legs and pushed his semi hard cock down between his legs. Kym bent down and pushed her tongue right up into the space between his cheeks and he started to laugh and giggle as her hot tongue tickled a part which had never been tickled before. Sean knelt behind her and started to rub his almost hard cock over her wet cunt and arse. But arse fucking wasn't her forte, even though I had often lusted after it. She pushed back on to his pole and slowly it disappeared into her slimy fuck hole. I just lay there watching, stroking my own cock back to full hardness, because it was going to be my turn next to be tongued in my arsehole and while she was doing that I wanted to come.

But before that, the slut had other plans and pulled me over till I was kneeling astride Tim's back facing her. She began to go from coit to cock and down to his cock between his legs. Then back again. She told Tim to roll over, so that I was straddling his belly and our two cocks and balls were aimed at her mouth. She couldn't fit them both in her mouth together but as she sucked first one and then the other Sean was fucking as though his life depended on it and we were swaying all over the place with the power of his thrusts.

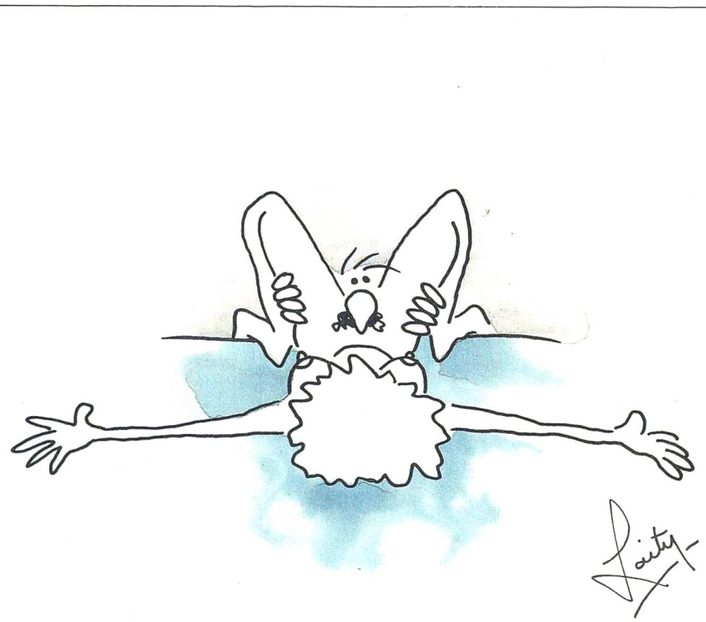
Tim began to buck beneath me and she wanked faster. Sean reached his orgasm and let out half a dozen deep grunts as he dropped a big load into her. Then I blew into her mouth and that was enough to put Tim over the top as well, and she just couldn't keep all our come in her mouth or swallow fast enough so come shot everywhere and Sean showed he was just like Tim and me by leaning around and kissing her, getting a faceful of hot come in doing so. She went back and forth from our two knobs still firmly held in her hand and Sean's mouth.

Then she rolled off us and away from Sean's cock so I dived for her dripping cunt and buried my face in it.

Next thing, four hands lifted me off and pushed me to one side and Tim knelt between Kym's legs and plunged his short thick pole into her. I couldn't object as I enjoyed the sight of another cock up her cunt. So Sean and I knelt over her face and started to rub our cocks to hardness again over her nose and lips.

As I blew my third load of the session, it went all over Kym's face; and that must have set Sean off, as he then let go with his third load. Tim began kissing Kym with deep tongue thrusts into her mouth and then he pushed as far up her cunt as he could and dropped his third load. As he pumped away, he drew back from Kym's mouth a bit and we pushed our still dribbling cocks between her lips again and she both licked and sucked them till we were dry.

Kym's eyes were closed and she had a smile on her face that I knew indicated total satisfaction. Tim lay between her legs for a while, pushing into her, getting every thrill out of that amazing cunt that he could and eventually pulled out, his cock still hard as a board. He knelt over Kym's face and rubbed his fat over her lips, which she opened and took his prick into her mouth, licking off the remnants of his come and her own juice. We watched her for a few minutes, lying there, gently stroking our hands over her body and into her cunt and mouth, till finally she opened her eyes and smiling, said, "Let's go home and do it all again." Which we did. We only live just up the hill in Vaucluse. But, gentle and horny reader, that is another story. We see the guys a lot as well as some of their selected mates. We've got quite a little orgy club going and Kym is in her glory. And I don't mind at all. — *Name and address withheld*



"Have you ever thought of growing a moustache, Wallace?"

You are what you eat

I am a 23-year-old average-looking, average-built male. What I experienced the night before graduation from university will burn in my mind forever. It all started at 7pm when me and a few friends went to a local pub one last time. We hadn't been there half an hour when we ran into some very attractive ladies we knew from lectures. I asked one to dance (I'll call her Sandi). Well, Sandi and I got going pretty heavy on the dance floor, and pretty soon my throbbing dick couldn't take any more. I needed some relief and fast, so I invited her to my place. Sandi didn't have one of the best reputations around, but I only cared about a night of fucking and sucking.

When we got to my place, I dimmed the

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lights and put some records on the record player. Within five minutes she begged me to fuck her doggie-style. I quickly obliged by guiding my nine-inch fuck pole into her very wet and tight pussy. She moaned in ecstasy, and it only took a couple of minutes for me to shoot a steaming load of jism into her little pussy.

After fucking her to climax, I lay down on the couch to rest; but Sandi had other ideas, and quickly came over and planted that fur-burger of hers on my mouth while taking the purple head of my cock into hers. My magical tongue brought Sandi to orgasm. After our first fuck, I had a little more control, and I sat up as she kept sucking my dick for all she was worth. I felt the come rising the length of my dick, and seconds later I made my second deposit. As soon as Sandi was finished blowing me, she ran into the kitchen for a few minutes. At the time I really didn't think about it much. Our love session was over for the night, so we both went to bed.

I awoke the next morning with a warm hand gently stroking my manhood. It felt so good I just lay in bed for about ten minutes while Sandi finished jacking my cock. I soon blew a third load over her stomach. I got up and dressed myself, and as we were walking out of my place, I noticed that she was eating an ice-block. She asked me if I wanted one, since I had not eaten any breakfast. I said sure. While we were in the car on our way to her home, I asked her what kind of ice-block we were eating; they tasted unusual. She told me she'd sucked my dick last night, she saved the come in a cup, poured it into ice trays, and made ice-blocks.

When she told me this, I nearly ran off the road. But after I thought about it, I figured it was my own come and, to be honest, it didn't taste bad. We reached her house and kissed good-bye. I will probably never see Sandi again, but will remember that night forever. — *Name and address withheld*

"Your campaign manager is here to see you."

Horsing around

It was a warm autumn afternoon and I had left my parents just after lunch to beat the usual weekend traffic back to the city. The shortcut I knew was quick, but along an infrequently travelled road. As luck would have it, my car developed engine trouble along this deserted stretch. I got out to take a look under the bonnet, and heard a horse trotting in the distance. I thought perhaps the rider would be able to give me a lift to the service station or to a phone.

As the rider got closer, I could tell that she was very attractive. Her blonde hair bounced in the breeze, and underneath her halter top, her boobs moved up and down in sync with the horse's trot. Her legs were poured into a tight-fitting pair of blue jeans; and she wrapped them tightly around the horse. "If only she would wrap her legs around me that way," I thought. I waved her down and explained my situation. I could not keep my eyes off her two firm nipples as I thought of the fun I could have with them. I felt sure that she could see my swollen member pressed against my pants, but she didn't seem to let on.

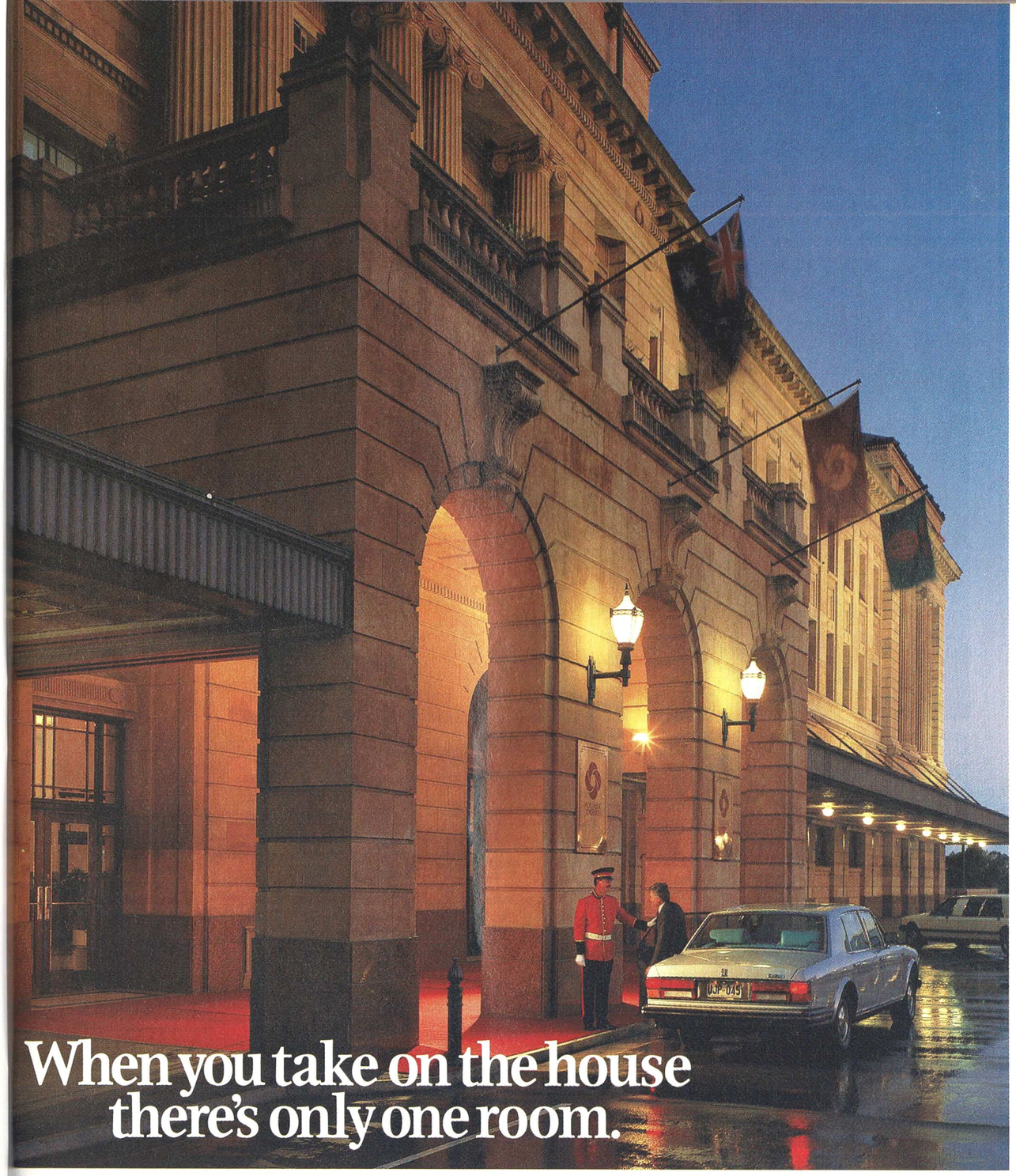
The ride to her farm and the telephone was heaven. I sat behind her with my raging hard-on pressed solidly against the cheeks of her rounded backside. Occasionally she would squirm, and that would make the pressure on my balls even more delicous. My arms were wrapped around her small waist, and I felt like I was being fucked with my clothes on. When we got to the farm, we took her horse into the barn. It was there that she said she wanted to show me something in the hayloft. I took the hint, and followed her up the rickety ladder. From my vantage point, her backside looked as good as it felt on the ride over here. It was tight against her blue jeans and showed no trace of panty lines. At the top of the ladder she turned and embraced me with a passion that was uncontainable.

While we kissed, I removed her halter top with little difficulty. In a matter of seconds, we were naked and rolling in the hay. I could feel the prickly hay under me, but couldn't have cared less. I slid my hand over her tuft of public hair and into her wet crotch. My index finger slid smoothly into her wet tunnel. As I rubbed her G-spot, she moaned softly, then began to shudder. She was ready, so I rolled her on to her back and inserted my cock into this bucking bronco. Her moans grew louder as she reached orgasm. But she was not the only one with orgasm on her mind, because after several more pumps I was coming, too. We spent the rest of the afternoon fucking, sucking and bucking. Although I never saw her again after that, my mind relives this memory whenever I think of autumn afternoons or horses. — *Name and address withheld*

Heat waves

I've been a steady reader of *Penthouse* "Forum" for the past 14 years, and 13 of them have been spent serving the Navy — I am presently stationed in Perth. One night, two shipmates and I decided to hit one of the local strip bars.

As soon as we walked in, we spotted three chairs right in front of the stage. One of the waitresses came over to take our order, but since I don't drink much, I ordered an OJ and a jug of beer for Cliff and Maurice. We must have been there for five or six hours when Cliff spied a busty brunette babe sitting all alone at one of the tables a few feet from ours. By this time he and Maurice weren't feeling much pain, and Cliff said he was going over to see if he'd be lucky enough to pick her up.



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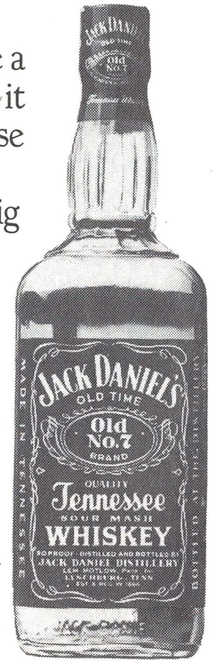

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FORUM

When he returned empty-handed a few minutes later, Maurice decided he'd give it a try, too — but when he returned to the table, he told me that she wanted me to go over and talk to her. I slowly stood up, walked over to her table, and as I looked down at her, my eyes travelled from her face to the nicest-looking tits that I've seen in a long time. "You wanted to talk to me about something?" I asked her. When she looked up, her eyes were filled with lust, and she asked me to join her for a drink.

I explained that I didn't drink, but wouldn't mind if she did. After we had chatted for about half an hour or so, Lisa asked if I would walk her out to her car. I quickly said I would, even though I felt like I had just made "strike three" and the game was over. When we arrived at her car, I stood there until she had the car door open, all prepared for the no-kiss "it was nice meeting you" routine and "thanks for walking me out to my car" bit. But as she was about to sit down, she suddenly spun around to face me, her hard, pointed nipples pushing through the skintight leotard she was wearing under her jeans, and said, "I want your body!" Shit. I was caught off guard, and I heard myself speak before thinking, saying, "When, where, and what time?"

She answered, "Tonight, under the stars and in one hour from now!" Lisa told me where to meet her and I said I knew the place and that I'd be there in an hour. Before she drove off, she looked up and said, "Please don't disappoint me, and hurry."

Shortly after she left, I went back inside to tell the guys of my luck and to ask Cliff if he could lend me his car for the night. When we got back to the ship, I asked Maurice to get me some blankets from my bunk and bring them to me on the pier. Then, the mission accomplished, I headed out to meet Lisa.

As I arrived at our designated spot, I found her there in her car, waiting for me. She pulled up alongside of me and told me to follow her. I drove behind her for about a mile, when she turned on to a dirt road leading to some waterfront and stopped beside some tall weeds. We parked, and as I watched her get out of her car, I noticed her pull a blanket of her own out of the back seat. I grabbed my blankets and we laid them on the ground. The next thing I knew, she had already pulled off her pants and came over to help me out of my clothes. I unbuttoned her leotard all the way past her breasts while she kept on undressing me until I was bare. As I started to pull her top off her shoulders, she stopped me, said, "Here, this will be faster," and reached down and pulled open the snaps on her crotch. I now had a good look at her pussy, which looked ready for a good fuck.

Continued on page 114

Sins

LUST

In Belated Recognition Of Orgasm

There is no doubt about it: the human memory is an indiscriminate and disturbing little mechanism. Emotional ruins abandoned and buried under the guilt and embarrassment of a lifetime can be laid open to the horrible glare of hindsight, as if disturbed by a tiny redeveloper's bulldozer; debris left smouldering on the cerebral scrapheap will suddenly flare with an intensity that can give the old psyche a very nasty case of blisters.

I was the victim of one of these psychological singeings just recently. I was helping a mate clear 15 years of accumulated wreckage from his law office. Detailed to discharge the contents from a small records room (which turned out to be the clerical equivalent of the *Wreck Of The Hesperus*), I began sorting a pile of old newspapers. There, secreted amongst the *Heralds* and *Ages*, was one of the seminal publications of its genre. I had uncovered an ancient copy of *Orgasm* magazine. I picked it up with an air of what I can only identify as reverence.

During the long and attritious war between my body and puberty, *Orgasm* and its contemporaries — *Head And Boulders*, *Loose Screws* and *Soft And Slipper* — represented the only contact between myself and the outside world of sex.

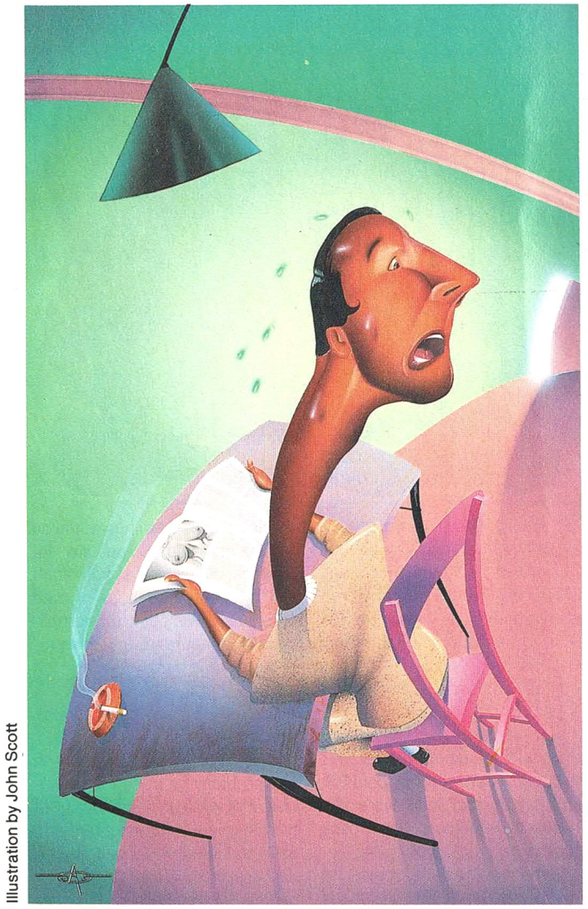

Illustration by John Scott

This one looked exactly the same, even smelled the same, as every copy I had ever seen. It was grubby and dog-eared and had an aroma like damp rags. (Were these things ever sold new or did they actually print them this way?)

I squinted as I opened it with my back to the bulb in the low ceiling. It suddenly occurred to me that I had probably never read one of these publications in full light. At the back of the stock room when I worked at Woolies, or under one of the buildings at school — that was where I learned about women from writers such as Dick Hardon and Studley Balls. It was as though the pages, like the wings of a vampire, would crumble in the purity of light.

It must have been 20 years since I had "perved on" one of these mags: my entire adult life. Yet my brain informed me, with instant and absolute recall, what I would find on that inside cover. Sure enough, there it was: "Twat of the Month." This distinction was no doubt the career highlight for some highly promising (she promised it to everyone) fashion model. In fact, the actual criteria used to determine the recipient were never specified, but they were certainly the subject of intense adolescent speculation.

Photographed in magnificent black and white, I was staring at it in a stupor when I heard someone at the door. Twenty years, I discovered, had not dulled my sense of embarrassment at being caught soiling my inner-most contemplations. Nor were my reflexes in any way wanting in comparison to those of a frantic 15-year-old. I grabbed a handful of musty newspapers and stuffed the evidence into the middle of them.

I turned, head down, and made my way past the young clerical assistant. I hoped she would mistake my bright red complexion for sunburn. I dumped the load of papers in a large bin in the front office and made for the door. "Going for a leak," I announced.

I wandered down the hall, past the toilets, and into the park next door. I sat down and sighed with relief. Like a man racing for the dunny before he throws up, I had dashed for solitude before my memory spewed forth . . .

If my life was a situation comedy, I would suddenly have gone all wavy and out of focus. There would have been a ripple of harp music. I would have had a *flashback*.

I was attending an all boys school. Once a week we were subjected to dancing lessons with the inmates of a local all girls school. The hideous details of these encounters are too painful to relate in full. But, sitting on that park bench, one incident would not be denied its recall.

After two months of being ignored, I, with my mates Noel and Bernie, was invited over by a group of young femmes. They sat us next to a window, then climbed out into the garden for a smoke. "Look normal and tell us if anyone's coming," they said.

In the sexual revolution I was not even a hostage. I was camouflage.

My first hardenings of the carnal arteries were marked by all the usual disasters. Waking hours spent trying to control the previously benign organ in my pants. Sleeping hours spent losing that control. Pyjama pants and sheets setting solid in the back of my cupboard while I waited to use the washing machine when my mother was out. Surreptitious comparisons with other recent developers in the swimming pool change shed (under the ever-present threat of the adhesive epithet "poof", if caught). Being "sprung" giving straining sideways leers at young women on the train as they sat down or bent over.

Suddenly I could empathise with Gilligan when he seemed so

uncomfortable around Ginger and Mary Ann. (I wonder how many neo-pubic fantasies featured those two innocent characters?)

Worst of all, my father started making vague references to women. One night he began telling me a story about two young people who wanted to have a baby. He described their wedding in extraordinary detail, by which time I had the presence of mind to pretend I was asleep. He had the lack of conviction to believe I was, and so that episode, at least, was painlessly avoided.

All these images and their attendant emotional nags swilled around in my mind behind the discarnate stare that greeted anybody who passed me on that park bench. Why had an old copy of that depraved magazine caused such a flushing out? What was it in my subconscious that would not lie down? I was determined to know.

I had persevered and the answer, when it suddenly hit me, was like a light hammer blow to the bridge of the nose. *Gratitude!* Twenty years of unexpressed, guilty gratitude for the stories of Richard Cock and Hedda Job. For the "Night Nurse's Discipline" and "Orgy And Bess" pictorials. For giving me something to hang on to (both figuratively and literally) when all around was becoming a blur of latent sexual explosions.

Orgasm and its competitors reduced the whole thing to a simple, comforting, easy-to-understand process. The secret of life was revealed. It was all a matter of waiting till you met a nurse, air hostess, nanny, female bikie or hitch-hiker.

Sitting on the hard clay under the school library building — never less than a dozen of us — it all began to make sense. The females we were meeting were just too immature. They simply did not know what to do. Not like an air hostess.

In *Orgasm*, air hostesses never shook hands. They always greeted strange men by putting a hand down the front of their trousers. The more mature amongst us assured the rest that this was the case. For a year, everything I bought was a size too big, just in case.

For two long years this education continued. Nobody ever seemed to bring the mags. They just appeared whenever the group formed. Legend had it that they were passed down by older boys who stole them from their brothers or fathers (I was shocked to learn).

But of course the myths had to be exploded. There were first dates and the discovery of appalling discrepancies between real life and the world according to *Orgasm*.

I discovered reality was a poor substitute for *Orgasm*. Life was a sordid business, what with commitments and relationships and premature ejaculation.

In my disappointment, wanking eventually gave way to more serious abuses — such as marriage. Fantasies nurtured during humid hours under school buildings with "Loose And Juicy" pictorials were inevitably corroded by the dual abrasives of debt and missionary sex. The memory stirred on occasions such as buck's parties or New Year's Eve or when Parramatta won the premiership. But as far as real life was concerned, tying female hitch-hikers to the bonnet of the car and giving them a good seeing-to with the wheel brace was relegated to the absolute Birdsville of the memory track.

Then, in an instant, the sight of that murky rag had transported me right back down that very track, over terrain made inhospitable by embarrassment and guilt. With memories as my guide, I discovered that the place was not nearly as shabby as I remember it. So what if I harbored such an obsequious regard for such a disreputable influence? Another wave of realisation crashed over me. I *owed Orgasm!*

I decided to rescue the old mag. After all, it was a souvenir from a time of my life which I cherished. There was nothing to be ashamed of. It would be fun to show it to my wife. Maybe my kids.

I rose, feeling positively unburdened. It was with a sense of resolve that I made my way out of that park. I was going to reclaim a piece of my past.

I strode into the office to find a small group gathered around the bin. The young clerical assistant turned to me with a giggle. "Do you believe this?" she said. She held out toward me a full-page magazine pictorial. It was grainy black and white and titled: "Twat of the Month."

"Bloody perverts," I laughed, choked, and headed for my back room. As I passed her, head declined, the young assistant said she thought my sunburn was getting worse. — *A.K. Morris*

AVARICE

The Principles Of Property Trusts

Illustration by John Mitchell

It was good in the old days. If you wanted to save you opened a bank account, which paid you 3½ percent interest. If you wanted to borrow you went to the bank and paid them 4½ percent interest. If you wanted to invest you bought BHP or bank shares or a block of flats. If you wanted to speculate you bought gold exploration stocks or put a bet on with the local SP. And bread and milk were delivered daily to your front or back door.

Sometimes a smooth-talking member of Rotary or the lodge would complicate things a little bit by selling you some life insurance, but as long as you didn't ask too many questions or tried comparison shopping the complications of insurance investing remained mysteries better left alone.

All in all the life of the thrifty was simple.

In the last 15 years or so — it can probably be traced to the increasing education standards of the nation — the investment and savings industry has become so darned complicated that you need a Harvard MBA just to work

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Sins

out what savings account to have. Is it a tiered interest rate, paid on daily or minimum monthly balance, ATM accessible, credited quarterly or annually? When you come to look at investment, as opposed to ordinary savings, it's like setting out to do your weekend grocery shopping and ending up in Cairo's Khan il Khalili bazaar (the world's biggest).

I have just been browsing through a report on property trusts prepared by Brisbane company Independent Funds Research Ltd. IFR has found 135 unlisted property trusts and has managed to get sufficient information on a little over half of these to be able to make some meaningful comments on them.

The proliferation of these funds is so great that there are a couple of trusts set up simply to invest in other property trusts rather than going to all the trouble of actually buying any real estate themselves. And I suppose that further down the track there will be another generation of funds that simply invest in what they consider to be the best of the funds that simply invest in property trusts.

I'm also, at last, beginning to understand why and how cities exist. You see, I've always been puzzled by the fact that about one person in 50 actually does any work, yet most of us have jobs. By work I mean growing food, making machines or clothes, that sort of thing. Except at my local pub I haven't met a worker for years.

How do we all manage? Simple: we're in for our cut.

You can see the principle in IFR's list of 135 property trusts. Each property trust must have a management company which sets up the trust, buys and manages the properties and pays the occasional dividend. And the bloke who does all this has to have an assistant, a secretary and an accountant. To look after these people they employ another person called the office manager and we may as well give him an office boy while we're feeling generous.

So this management company takes a rakeoff from the earnings of the fund. So does the real estate agent who finds the properties for the fund and who may also, despite the fact that we've got this management company set up for the purpose, cop a sling for collecting the rents and generally keeping the tenants happy.

Then there's the trustee of the fund who is supposed to keep the management company honest. The trustee has to be paid. As do the lawyers who draw up the trust deed required to create the agreement between the management company and the trustee.

Then there are fees to be paid to the Corporate Affairs Commission for perusing the annual returns which the CAC demands be lodged with them.

Because property trusts achieve their Mickey Mouse returns not so often by actually selling property but by the much more convenient way of getting in some mate to make a guesstimate on how much the property has increased in value, there are also valuation fees to be paid. There are the auditors to check that the accountant is doing the right thing — they have to be paid. And finally — I think — there are the goddamned salesmen, or brokers or investment advisers or whoever it is that signs up the poor bunny investor. This whack is a big one but in most cases is only a one-off. (Which is why a lot of investment brokers will "advise" you, from time to time, to change your investment — this gives them another go at your pocket.)

So for every investor there is this great horde of hangers-on scrabbling to get at the dollar invested before it goes near an actual piece of dirt. Which explains cities: you see all those skyscrapers there? Well, they're full of lawyers and accountants and property trust managers all busy beavering away investing in real estate. What real estate? Why, the skyscrapers of course.

There you have the secret behind the growth in city office values: the price of office space has gone up because of increased demand coming from all those property trust management companies looking for places to hang their shingle. So they can invest in office buildings.

And no-one home delivers milk or bread in cities these days.

Another lesson to be drawn from the Independent Funds Research report is the multitude of factors that must be considered before selecting an investment. What are the gearing ratios (and what are, for that matter, gearing ratios), what's the trust's capital gains tax position and future liability, what is the effect of the means of distributing asset revaluations on the investor's own tax or pension position? Complex little matters that can vary in-hand returns by as much as 100 percent if not kept in mind.

Enter the investment adviser, whose job it is to know all this and be able to weigh the pros and cons.

The trouble is many don't. The government has been toying with the idea of compulsorily improving the standards of the investment advisory industry but has run dead on the idea over the last two years (which is disgraceful, but what else is new?).

Choosing a trustworthy adviser is difficult but perhaps one test that should be applied is to see the quality of the advisers' back-up, ie their research.

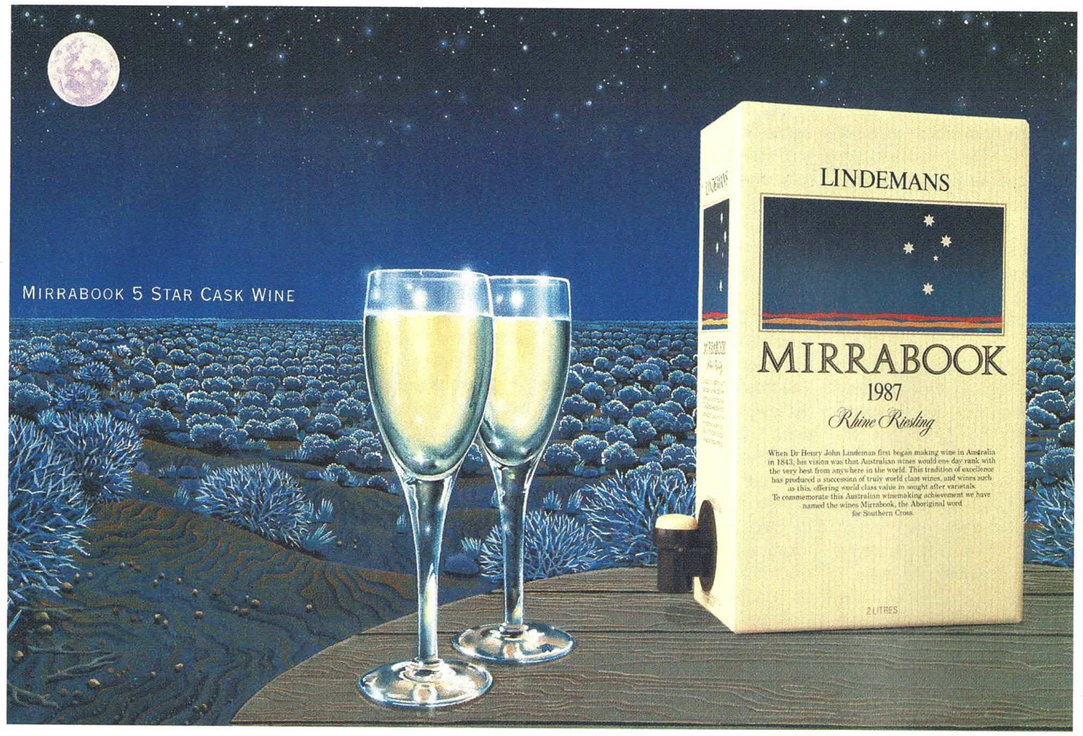
I'm not saying I think IRF's work is the key (in fact I believe there is considerable room for improvement) but it is on the way to being useful, even necessary. Does your adviser have this sort of research to help him? And more, does he make use of it? Test him (or her) by suggesting an alternative investment and listen closely to his reasons for rejecting it. If there are not half a dozen hard facts, backed up by the printed word, to support him, then scrub him. It's hard enough to make an easy quid these days without employing a numbskull or shyster to do it for you. — *David Quicksilver*

ENVY

Who's The Boss?

Illustration by Kent Allamby

It's official: the Eighties is the Work Decade. It's also official that on-the-job stress is killing us. In a US study commissioned by the conglomerate D'Arcy Masius Benton and Bowles, three-quarters of Americans now say their job causes them stress. Some experts put the overall cost of this widespread phenomenon to the US economy at $150 billion a year. The number one culprit is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Sins

the bad boss — a situation that is all too evident in Australia as well.

The most important weapon in your arsenal of survival is to identify the major types of intolerable bosses.

Here are the nine main types to deal with or avoid:

The Sherman Tank: "Dictators are always right" — no matter if they have a list of failures as long as the Great Wall of China — is the golden rule this type lives and controls by. Shermans are the easiest to spot and the hardest to plan a strategy for. They always take it as a personal insult if anyone other than themselves makes a decision. Anyone who excels in any way is quickly ejected; mediocrity suits their style better. Rebel and they'll squash you. Give up all personal ambition and individuality — or get out first.

Slippery Eels: Outright lies and lack of integrity earmark this type. Trust is a word only connected with property; in relationships with subordinates the concept doesn't exist. A failure to keep promises or honor the spoken word is only half the story; many use their power to winkle out insider information and then use it to present subordinates in a bad light.

Slobs: A catch-all category that includes outright drunks, the sort of people whose appearance normally makes you cross the street on sight, or whose eating habits would disgust a fastidious cockroach. The slob segment also includes those addicted to theories based on the inverted pyramid of piss. That is, a vast range of prejudices, misconceptions, lies, and old furphies balancing on one barely discernible point. For example, a hatred of all things Italian hinges on a despised colleague's mild fondness for lasagne.

Concentration Camp Erhards: Based on the character from the Mel Brooks movie, *To Be Or Not To Be*, this type's major modus operandum is psychic annihilation. They've never met anyone they didn't want to belittle, humiliate or demean. A favorite pastime is to blast a subordinate for a minor misdemeanor in front of the entire office.

Craigs: For reasons no-one can fathom, the only respect these types ever get is when they buy the old Aretha Franklin record of the same name. The most commonly heard remark about them is: *how did they get the job?* Theories abound — they're the owner's wife's third cousin, they've got the negs on someone, etc. The only person who looks up to them is the family cat and then only because they can wield a can opener.

Peter Principles: Usually, but not always, old lags who started as teaboys and because of seniority or the untimely death of more motivated contemporaries have managed to become MDs. Their grasp of modern economics is slim — an opportunity cost is buying a pretty girl a drink on a trip out of town. Promoted to the utmost level of their incompetence, they don't know what they are doing but Torquemada and his Inquisition torturers could not pry this truth out of them. It's cold comfort to reflect that all the real work in the company is done by those who have not yet attained their level of incompetence.

Petty Officers: The most used word in their vocabulary is detail. They love rules and regulations, the smaller and more obscure the better. If you've written a report only slightly less important than Einstein's Theory of the Expanding Universe, the only thing they'll bring to your attention is the absence of two commas on page 120. Nothing delights them more than to make a Mount Everest out of a pimple.

Egotists: "Know-alls" is the street phrase. This type never listens to anything not uttered by themselves or their reflections in the mirror. They love to work out apparently unworkable projects and then invite underlings to solve the "problem." After shooting down every suggestion in flames, they reveal to all the solution they had formulated in the beginning.

The Ghost Who Walks: The flip side of the coin to egotists. Opinions or decisions are never forthcoming, prompting employees to wonder if anyone's home in spite of the lights being on. They are never there when any responsibility has to be shouldered. Similarly, when leadership is called for, they melt down quicker than a faulty reactor.

In these competitive times, chances are each of these "mission impossibles" will be eventually weeded out. Open resistance is not a viable alternative in the short term. Rule One is to remind yourself that you are working for the company, not the boss. Rule Two is to work out a plan that will help you to accommodate him without compromising your career or principles.

For example, if the clash is personal always concentrate on business. If you disagree on a fundamental point, try to appear supportive on a handful of minor ones. Search long and hard for some common ground. Never think that only your brand of logic is right, blaming every mishap on that "hopeless cretin." Also remember that no-one ever thinks they are impossible. He may be acting a certain way because he has an equally Draconian boss, or worse, hates your attitude.

On the credit side, having a difficult boss can be a valuable learning experience. Struggle is painful but it is often necessary to personal growth and career survival. At the very least, you learn how to deal with conflict, how to disagree without offending and how to manage better through the living example of how not to do it.

Patience, that greatest of virtues, is an added bonus.

Senior management often evaluates your performance on how you handle difficult situations; how you try to improve conditions; or failing that, how you ease yourself out of the shambles. Composure under stress distinguishes the successful from the might-have-beens.

If all else fails — the right opening for you is the door. If leaving is financially inconvenient, keep your nose down and brown and your arse up. — *Elisabeth King*

Illustration by Kent Allamby

VANITY

The Perfect Gift

History fails to record the exact date of the invention of the hip flask. We can assume that around about the time some fellow first stumbled on a pool of Mother Nature's vintage plonk he set about designing some vessel that would allow him to carry the stuff about with him without spilling a precious drop.

Robin Hood was a user. Artists' depictions of the Lincoln green pimpernel invariably show him with a flask — one of those hollowed out horn jobs decorated at either end with filigree and slung across the body to rest on the hip by dint of chain or strap. We know it wasn't anything as

Sins

prosaic as water he carried in his hip flask for, verily, Sherwood was awash with trickling streams and puddles enough to slake a bandit's thirst. No, it had to be mead or beer or wine he carried about him. He and his men were merry, weren't they?

With the advent of pewter, the metal flask became quite the thing for the man about town. Thousands of surviving examples of British and European hip flasks, complete with their chain or leather cords, attest their popularity in the 15th and 16th Centuries. That popularity continued through the ensuing centuries and designs changed very little until the Victorian era when the curved or "kidney-shaped" flask came into being. Crafted to hug the bodyline, it suited the trouser pocket or, for those who preferred to keep their spirits closer to the heart, the coat breast pocket.

Throughout the ages the portable spirit flask has been very much the accoutrement of the male — though these days that appears to be changing. Traditionally, however, it is the vessel of Dutch courage for the soldier and the sailor or the fortifier for the weary traveller. In Victorian times the silver or finely crafted pewter flask was *de rigueur* for the stylish gent — something fine and lustrous to be whipped from beneath the opera cape, pulled from the recesses of the dinner suit, from the breast pocket of hunting pinks or the lord of the manor's tweedy pockets during a spot of trout fishing. The image of the quality hip flask is much the same today, though in the absence of opera capes and evening dress it remains the kit of the stylish sportsman — active or passive. In many ways it is the perfect gift for the man who's partial to drink and to sport. And what Real Man isn't?

Sales of hip flasks have shown a steady increase over the past few years, according to Geoff MacBean, head of Broadway men's giftware importers in Sydney. At first glance the rising sales graph mirrors the rise of the Yuppie, but MacBean contends that there are many factors contributing to their growing popularity in the Eighties. "Greater participation in winter sports like skiing (downhill and cross-country), mountain climbing, mountain fishing and ocean sailing may have bumped up sales to the young upwardly mobiles," says MacBean, "but the Yuppies aren't the only ones who see little point or possibility in lugging bottles and cans if they're bushwalking or skiing. Hip flasks aren't for wild boozing, they're for quick warming nips or for a splash of whisky or rum in your coffee. It's a practical, civilised way to go. There is something very civilised about a hip flask."

The restriction on taking alcohol into sporting venues is also a strong contributing factor to the marked increase in sales, according to MacBean. The once ubiquitous Esky of chilled articles is now a no-no at many footy grounds, so what's a bloke to do to ward off the winter chills? He might carry a thermos of rum cocoa, you say? But thermoses are clumsy, fragile and somehow rather dorky on a man. A pocket hip flask containing your selected beverage warms the cockles and frees both hands to better gesticulate at the ref. In the most civilised manner, of course.

Then there are the women. While traditionally the domain of the male, hip flasks are one of those practical luxuries that invite women to grab a piece of the action. Women like a nip here and there, after all; they too feel the cold *and* they wear trousers filled with bums just right to snuggle into the curve of a pocket flask. Queen Victoria would never have approved, but the fact remains that women are getting into hip flasks.

And who says hip flasks have to be filled with spirits? MacBean makes a smart suggestion based on feedback from customers who have filled their flasks with port. "If you're going to a BYO restaurant you never think to take any port," he says. "If there are just a couple of you it's not practical to be carrying the remains of the bottle out with you. But so often after the meal you feel like a port to round things off. Here's where you pull out your hip flask of port, just the right size for a few glasses with coffee. You just wash the flask out with warm water afterwards."

Retail prices of quality hip flasks start at around $40 for 2oz leather-bound glass numbers and range up to about $500 for handcrafted silver flasks, though few import such expensive lines. New to Australia are pewter flasks from Stratford-On-Avon styled in the shape of golf clubs and cricket bats. These sell for around the $110 mark and are a novel suggestion for sporting club trophies. Geoff MacBean recommends that buyers head for the sturdier and heavier flask in glass, stainless steel or pewter. Cheap flasks are apt to dent or leak at faulty soldering points, and a quality flask, though relatively expensive, will last you a lifetime.

Macbean also suggests that sportsmen — particularly skiers — look closely at flasks with captive tops as they're easier to handle when wearing gloves and they'll save you the frustrating prospect of digging up a mountainside looking for a runaway screwtop. — *C.J. Mackay*

Pictured left is a range of hip flasks from Broadway Imports. All prices quoted are approximate retail. Clockwise from front left: The Original Pocket Flask, $107.95; 6oz pewter fluted hipflask, $77.35; 2oz hip flask with removable beaker, $39.95; 6oz hip flask with nip top, $74.55; Pewter golf club flask, $106.35; British Design Award-winning Ergo flask in pewter, $193.80; 6oz pewter round hip flask, $52.75; Pewter cricket bat flask $106.35; 4oz hip flask with captive top, $74.55. For availability in all states phone (02) 212 6588.

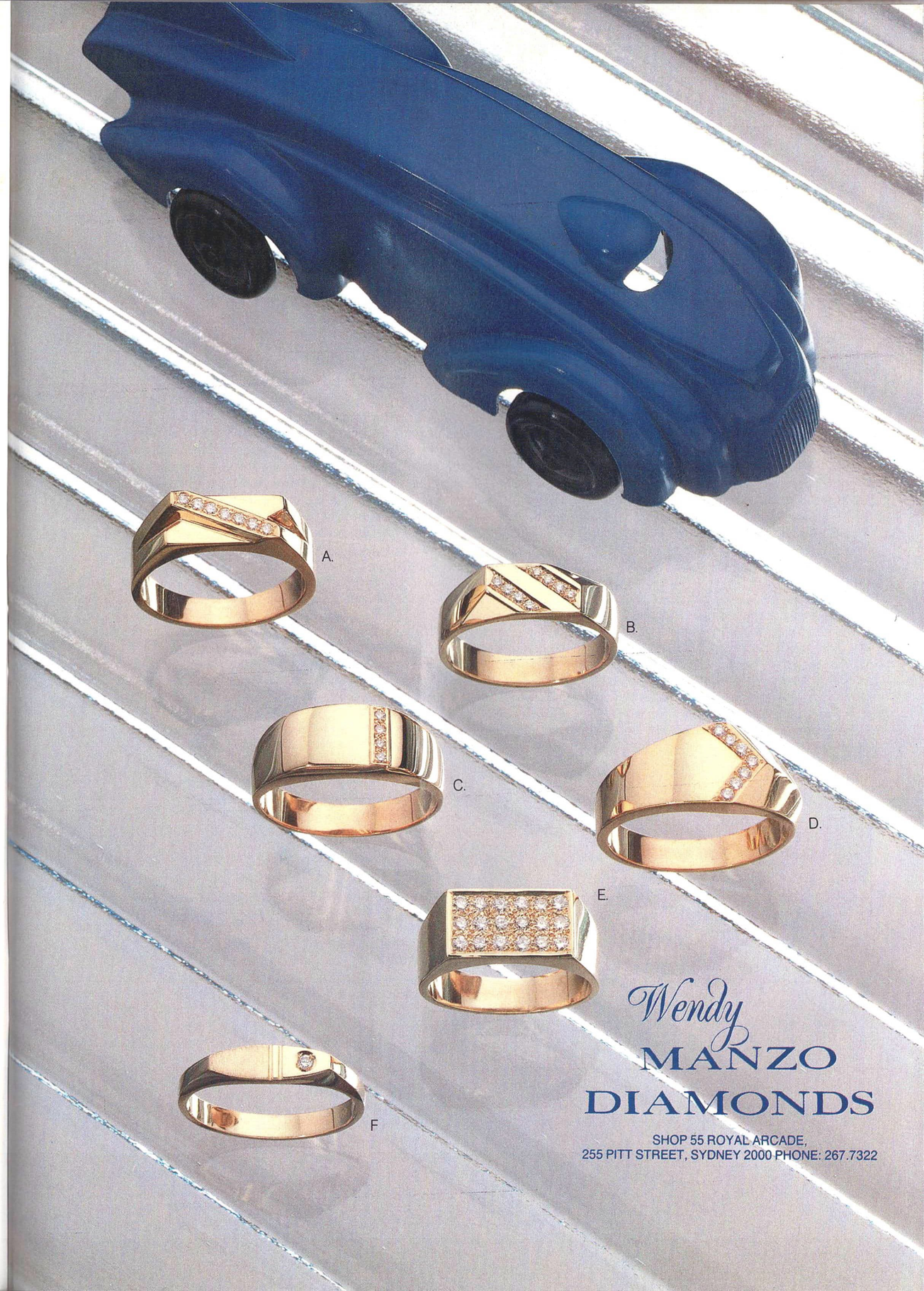
VANITY

Brace Yourself (For The Comeback)

Funny to think that while the political and religious crusaders wrestle with the "deteriorating" moral code defined in the movies, the public finds more relevance in movie *dress* codes.

Forget about tortuous treatises on delinquency and teenage violence: in *Rebel Without A Cause*, the role models of a generation said it was okay to flout your form in your underwear — the birth of the T-shirt. Forget about wanton gun lust. *Rambo* told us headband and fatigues could be chic. Dangerously gratuitous sex and violence? Nah. *Miami Vice* pointed out that you need not be branded woggy for wearing baggy trousers and jewellery.

Life imitating art? In the addled world of cinema, stylists and wardrobe designers measure success, it seems, by the band-



Sins

wagon duplication of what they call *The Look*; life and art becomes blurred.

The latest example of the fad phenomenon is *Wall Street*, in which Michael Douglas as the appropriately named Gekko showed the world he could get away with wearing braces and still be *bad*. A bold move. Traditionally the preserve of yokels, clowns, droogs, Swiss yodellers and grandpas off to Saturday night Lodge meetings, a revival of flares would have seemed to have had more chance than these antiquated harnesses — something like training wheels for the strides. It was always the most thoughtless parent who would pack the nipper off to school in braces to weather the unrelenting, stinging thwacks of a plucked strap all day. Braces have always been the domain of the dude and the loser.

Yet in one fell swoop the slick business/stockmarket set has reclaimed braces. Gekko's *look* in *Wall Street* was of a polished, traditional elegance fronting the conniving bastard — a winner (Gekko is the sort of dude who'd pack his nipper off to school in braces with a kick up the ass). Since that performance, sales have jumped remarkably — from just about zero in David Jones' city store in Sydney to around 300 sets a week. And while it might be reasonable to suspect that Gekko's braces cost about the value of a small jet, the truth is the touch sets you back not much more than $50 for a formal set, down to $14 or so.

Braces are foremost about comfort. You don't have to be no genius to see that in the physics of keeping up trousers less strain is caused with a light upward tug distributed across the shoulders as opposed to the lashings of leather round the mid-section. In the land of the long lunch, it is that first pinch of the belt after the entree that inspires nightmarish visions of things like Pritikin diets — anathema to the hardened exec.

Obviously, some people will never get used to wearing braces — in much the same way that some will never understand why the more corpulent of our male fellows insist on wearing a belt in such a way that the butterball belly actually spills out over the top. Maybe no-one ever told these men how uncomfortable they look — and how much more comfortable they would be with braces. (Then again, how do you politely tell someone they're too fat to wear a belt?)

A word of warning, however, for the novice braces wearer. At some time in your day, every one of your friends and colleagues will be unable to resist the temptation of slipping a finger behind the elastic and playing bows and arrows. But you can at least be reassured that you are, quite literally, a snappy dresser. — *Graem Sims*

Illustration by Jon Berkeley

GLUTTONY

The Plain Man's Guide to Asian Dining

Face it — it's getting harder to be suave. A legacy of the Seventies is that food and restaurant choices define style and status the way politics, therapies and film preferences once did. What you eat, how you eat it, and how you order it have become the key not only to who you are but what you want to be. Nowhere is this more of a truism than with Asian restaurants. These days, even your Dad feels embarrassed trying to order a meal of number 5, 12 and 21, thanks.

Indian restaurants seem to be proliferating faster than the Subcontinent's population, calculated to surpass that of China over the next century. Most Australians' knowledge of Indian cooking is, to say the least, skimpy. Consequently most meals at the various Bengal Lancer, Taj Mahal and Sahib's Choice restaurants around the country are usually a mish-mash, a confusing hodge-podge of individual dishes without rhyme or reason.

When I was a lean and hungry cadet journalist, my equally penniless colleagues and I used to frequent an unbelievably cheap Indian restaurant that rated dishes on a scale of three — hot, bloody hot and blooming hot. Beginners used to train their tastebuds with the mildly spiced food and go one scale higher in hotness each time. The sports-writers were easy to spot. Wrapped in a self-imposed shirt of false machismo, they always went for the challenge of dishes that would have brought tears to the eyes of chilli-hardened Kerala fishermen.

As a witness to their agony, I recommend rule one if you didn't go to school in Simla.

After you've jumped that hurdle, here's the Indian restaurant game plan: begin with small deep-fried meat or vegetable appetisers, either batter-dipped or wrapped in pastry — in most restaurants this means *pakoras* or *samoosas*. For a main course, choose some type of lamb or chicken dish. With it have a dish of yoghurt, a sweet chutney, a hot chutney, a bread — *naan* or *paratha* — and one or two vegetables like *dhal*. For dessert, sweet tooths should have *kulfi*, a rich, rich ice-cream, or if sickly is more your bag, have *gulab jamun* — poached cottage cheese balls in thick syrup. Forget about the wine list completely and order beer.

In China, soup is served last. Confucius say that if you have soup first you won't have room for enough main dishes. But the Chinese are a pragmatic race and recognise that here people want the soup first. A balanced meal for four people would be one soup and four dishes, as they say in China. One meat dish, one chicken or duck, one seafood, one vegetable and rice.

The best strategy — Aussie-Chinese throwbacks in Coonabarabran aside — is to ask the waiter to recommend the house specials within each category. Items like tripe, squid and sea slugs are not often on the menu, so if you're feeling like the Indiana Jones of Oriental gastronomy you have to ask very firmly. Chinese waiters always assume that white men are squeamish unless proof to the contrary is provided.

Fruity white wines and beer are the most popular accompaniments to Chinese meals. My favorite drink is champagne — a tip I picked up when I was sent to

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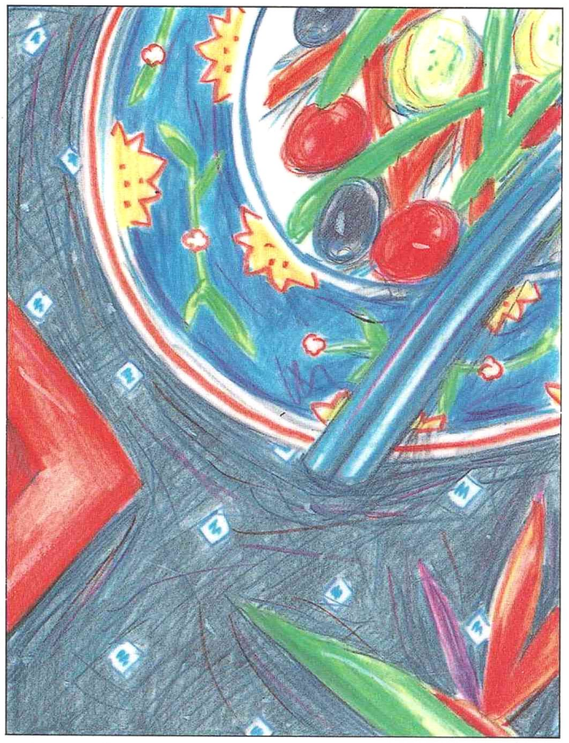


Illustration by Skye Rogers

interview one of the toughest old business matriarchs in Hong Kong. She drank nothing else except her enemy's tears.

The best Japanese menus are seasonal and most Nipponese establishments reflect, or should do, the finest of what is available at the markets. As with Chinese restaurants, check out the specials. Usually the appetiser line-up is the most interesting — so order three or four of them instead of two main dishes. Unless the *tempura* is of the standard that gourmets from Osaka would fly in for, by-pass this "safe" choice that has become the spring roll of Japanese nights out. To accompany the meal, drink beer, *sake* or Scotch whisky, as the mood strikes you.

To impress even your mother-in law, who wrote you off as little better than a quickie divorce on sight, choose a five-course Japanese dinner that begins with a salad — perhaps a cucumber, seaweed or spinach — followed by a bowl of soup. Then a small fish appetiser — *sushi, sashimi* or cooked. For a main course, choose among meat, chicken and seafood dishes — *tonkatsu* or chicken *yakitori* — served with rice. Finish with fruit or green tea ice-cream if they have it. Even if they don't have it, make an inquiry anyway — to seal your reputation as urbane straddler of two continents, if nothing else.

Korean restaurants are few and far between, except in the Sydney suburb of Fairfield, where Seoul food has replaced Ukrainian borscht. Barbecuing is the thing north and south of the DMZ and most Korean restaurants feature small gas grills built into the tables where diners prepare their own Korean barbies. Perhaps the setting-up costs have prevented a cane toad-like spread of Korean restaurants?

In Korea, beef is the most popular meat, but it is expensive and reserved for special occasions. The most famous dish is *bulgogi* — the Korean *sukiyaki* without the vegetables and lathered in chilli. To break the monotony, Korean restaurants also offer boneless beef shortribs, sliced chicken, liver, heart and marinated pork. A clear soup, rice, *kimchi* (spicy pickled cabbage), marinated raw vegetables, bean sprouts and spinach seasoned with sesame oil are served as accompaniments. Soy sauce, vinegar and hot chilli sauce are provided for dipping. Fruit or tea finishes the meal.

For some unfathomable reason, all Thai restaurateurs I meet claim to be MBAs from Cornell University who loved their mother's cooking. Whatever. As is probably true of every country in the world, there are regional cooking differences within Thailand. But the dishes served at most Thai restaurants in Australia represent a kind of cuisine that is found throughout the country.

A good introduction to Thai flavors and spicing is to select one appetiser per person and share them. Maybe a spring roll, prawn toast, crisp noodle and skewered beef, pork or chicken with a chilli dipping sauce. For the main attraction choose a beef or pork dish, one chicken or duck dish, one seafood and Thai noodles. Include a red or green curry, a chilli and coriander-flavored meat dish or a whole fish in chilli sauce. They should be balanced in terms of spiciness — some mild, some hot. Consult the waiter, throw in a few deep and meaningful *mms*, and assume the expression of a man who does not give his judgement lightly. A dazzling business lunch ploy.

The famous Thai beers — Shingha and Klosters — should be ordered if they are available. I once went on a 12-day Thai junket with 11 hop-crazed hacks, who would consider nothing else by the time we pulled into the sleaziest bar on Phuket Island. Unless, of course, it was a drink of their own invention christened Thai-nomite after three of them nearly fell into the River Kwai after downing only two tumblersful. Anyone wanting a similar path to instant oblivion should combine three fingers of Mekong whisky (matured for a whole two days), a dash of Sprite and a squirt of lime juice.

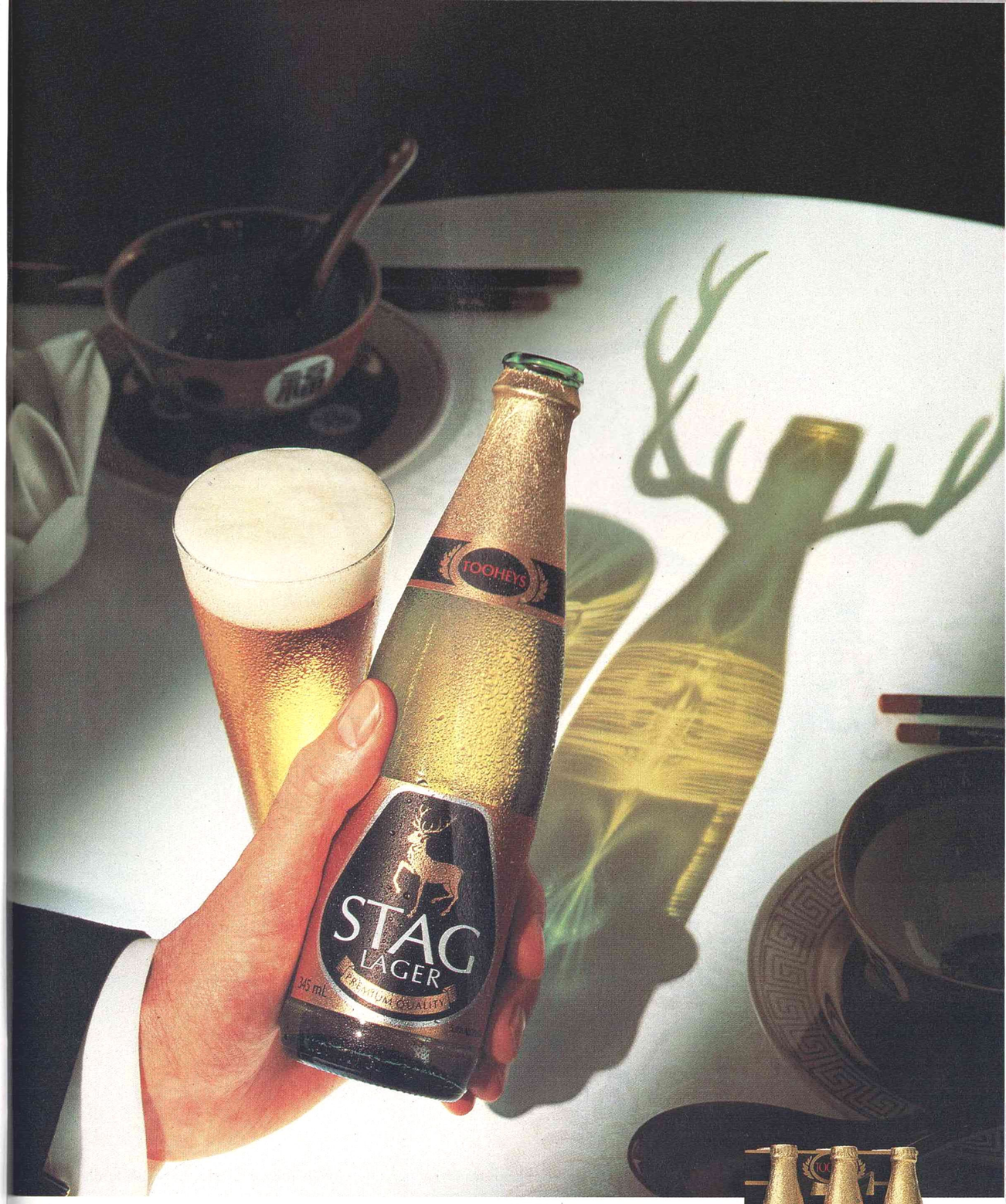
The Thais are the best dessert makers in Asia. Alas, they can't be bothered providing the goods down here. I frequent the Thaitanic restaurant in Newtown, Sydney, solely for two helpings of their sweet onion and coconut tart. In most venues, you're lucky if you score banana fritters and coconut ice-cream.

Ruthless real estate agents frequently fill boarding houses with Vietnamese immigrants to eject recalcitrant protected tenants. The smell of *nuoc mam* — the ubiquitous Vietnamese fish sauce — is said to drive them out quicker than a visit from two 16-stone "persuaders." I cite this new Australian urban trend only for novelty's sake; Vietnamese restaurants are advancing through our capital cities at a faster rate than the Tet Offensive.

Vietnamese cooking is lighter and simpler than Thai food but certainly no less sophisticated. Vietnamese restaurateurs are usually only too willing to provide hotter food for those who request it, as many repeat customers do.

In general, diners should aim for a variety of appetisers and main courses and a balance between hot and cold dishes, cooked and raw ingredients, spicy and mild, and dishes that are fried, steamed and sauteed. Beef, prawn or squid salads, spring rolls and a thick fish soup are good starters. Prawn sates, deep-fried snapper and sauteed beef with basil are good main course choices with rice. Beer and sauvignon or fume blanc wines make the best alcohol partners.

Vietnamese restaurants are the last hope of anyone who has never gotten over a nursery addiction to sago. You are never laughed at when ordering your passport to regression mainly due to the Indochinese habit of making the "frog spawn" exotic with the addition of coconut milk. Other Vietnamese desserts worth noting are sweetcorn and banana puddings. Ousted protected tenants might like to know that Vietnamese desserts are one of the few menu items that don't contain *nuoc mam*. — *Elisabeth King*



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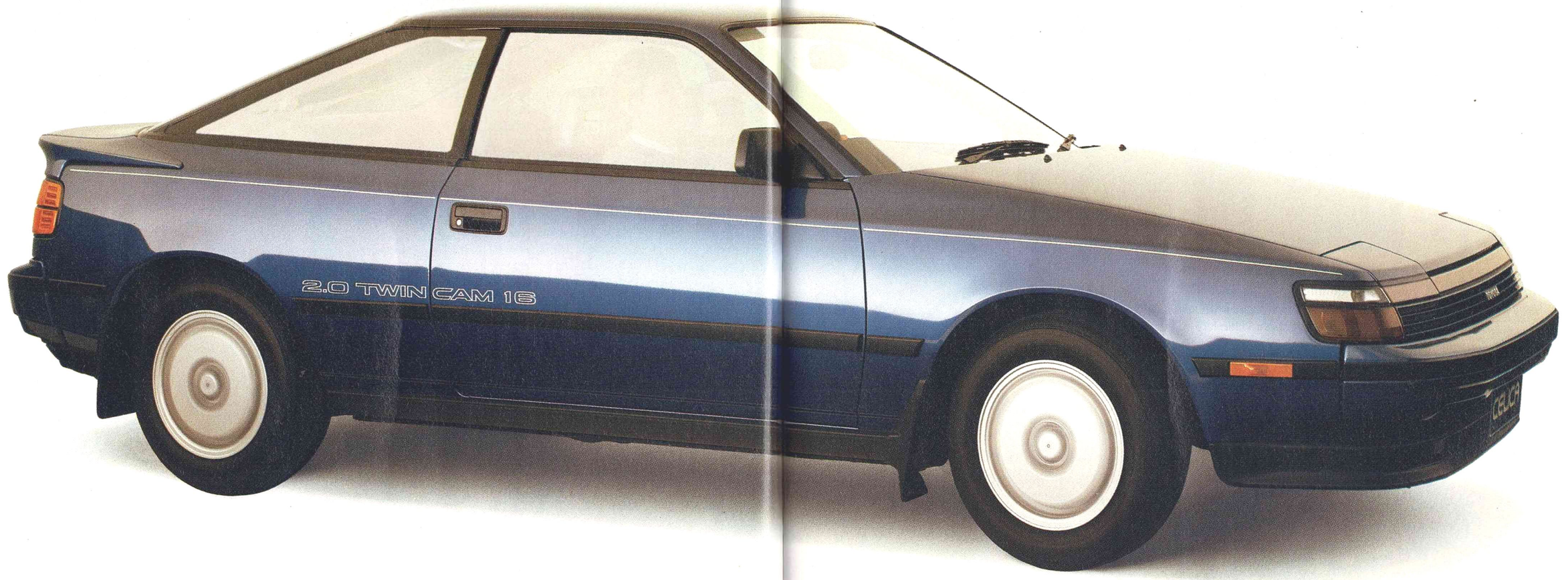

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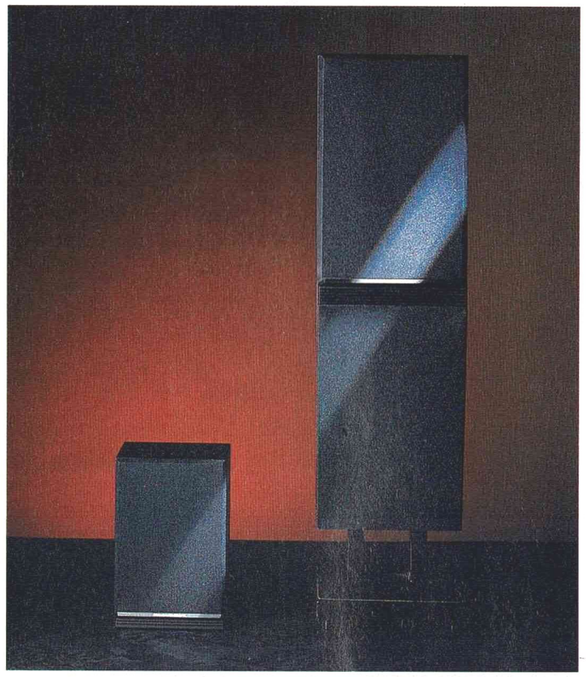

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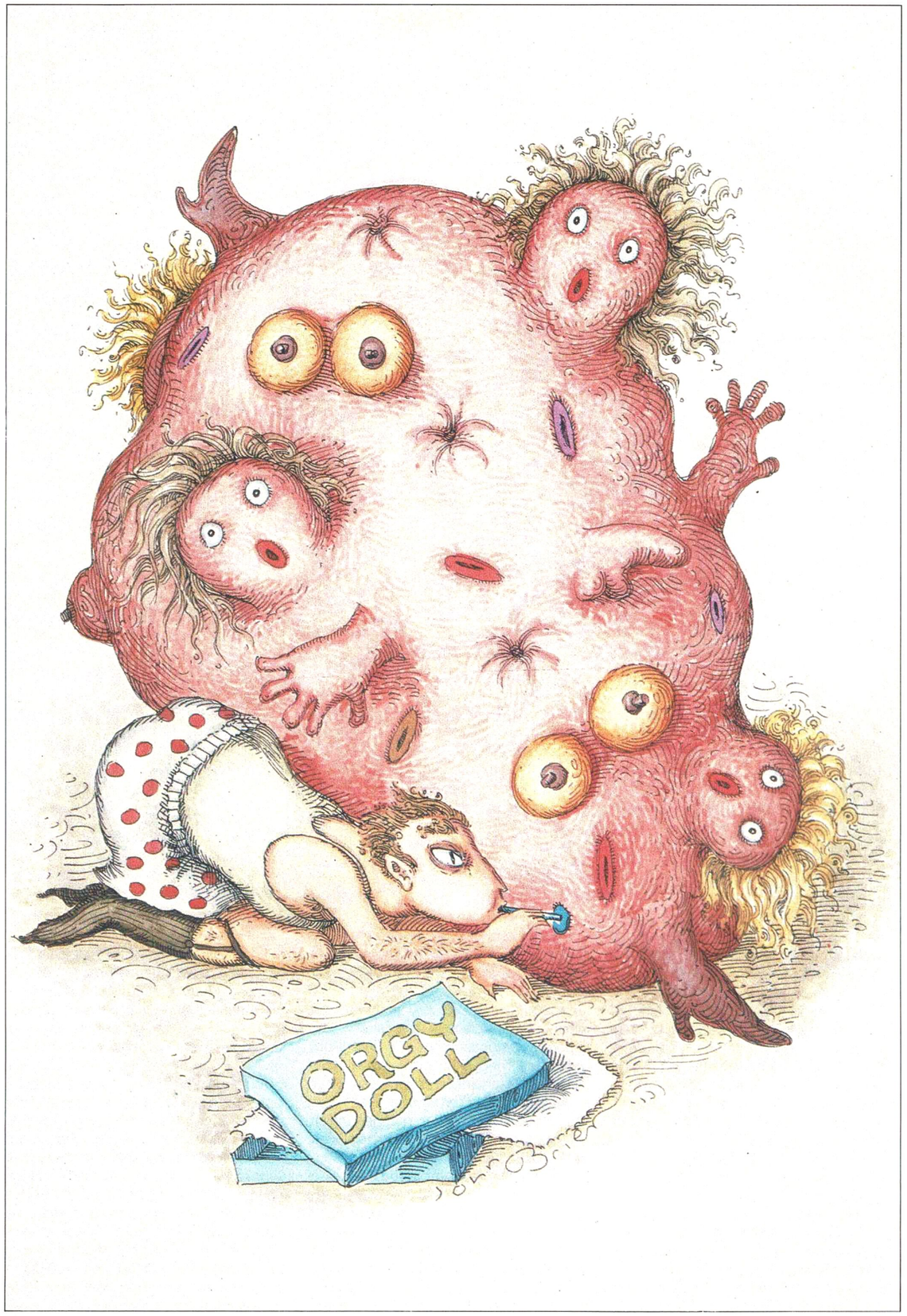

Damien Parer and Neil Davis rose to the pinnacle of the world's most dangerous profession: combat photography

UNDER FIRE

BY NEIL McDONALD

A frame from the footage that was to win Damien Parer an Academy Award: 39th Battalion militia tread the Kokoda Trail.

In the Thirties, with the evolution of smaller still and movie cameras, a new and highly significant art form was born: war photography. Unencumbered by elaborate photographic paraphernalia, the lensman could for the first time bring to life the excitement, the carnage and the horror of combat for the millions who never took part in a battle nor even heard a shot fired in anger.

Naturally it was an occupation that could exact a tremendous price, and one which attracted an interesting breed of man. Sean Flynn (son of Errol), who actually experimented with a camera mounted on a rifle so as to capture the moment of death as the weapon discharged, was probably crucified by the Viet Cong. His friend and colleague Tim Page (famous for telling a horrified publisher that "war is good for you"), suffered appalling head injuries when exploding shrapnel became imbedded in the base of his brain. Robert Capa survived the Spanish Civil War and World War II, only to be blown apart by a land mine in Indo-China.

Two of the finest and bravest exponents of the profession, Damien Parer and Neil Davis, were Australians. Both were killed in action: Davis died senselessly in 1985 during a Thai coup which might otherwise have been described as a comic opera, while World War II photographer Parer was killed when a Japanese machine gunner opened up from the flank as he was advancing towards a coral outcrop with a party of US Marines on the island of Peleliu in 1944.

Both of these men brought to their work a rare integrity. They may have differed about what they chose to photograph, but their decisions were invariably honest ones. They celebrated courage, but never sought to glamorise war itself.

The problem of "glamor" confronts us most acutely in the work of still photographer Tim Page, who was immortalised in Michael Herr's book *Dispatches*. Although he was undoubtedly a great cameraman, many of Page's photographs (such as his superbly composed shot of a "medivac" helicopter flying in to pick up wounded soldiers, set against a magnificent afternoon sky) invest the horror of war with a sinister beauty, effectively masking the implications of the events portrayed. That issue doesn't even arise with the work of Parer and Davis. Both were masters of composition, but their framing was designed to expose the realities of the events they recorded. They never descended to using their art to create harmoniously composed images romanticising war. The photographs on these pages are the results of both men's attempts to capture not the "spectacle" of war but the *experience* of war from the perspective of the individual soldier: a more difficult and clearly a more dangerous objective. Parer and Davis paid the ultimate price for their success.

Although the two men never met, the last tape Davis sent his biographer, Tim Bowden, included a comparison between his own photography and Parer's. He observed: "I've seen some of Parer's combat film, and I have the same reaction as most people have . . . that he was crazy. But he was crazy in his own way, and aren't we all?"

Perhaps not. We're not all war photographers. In any case, Davis tempered his assessment of himself by adding: "I know that behind my back I have been called 'Suicide Davis' or 'Death Wish Davis.' But I consider myself a methodical man, generally a cautious person. I calculate the odds and the risk involved in getting a good photograph or good film — I've always done that. Sometimes they are very minor risks; it doesn't always have to be war. And then I face the situation with my eyes wide open."

Despite their professional similarities, Davis and Parer had vastly different personalities. If they had entered a brothel in each other's company, Davis undoubtedly would have headed straight upstairs to sample the available goods; Parer would have remained below to photograph the patrons. Bowden's biography, entitled *One Crowded Hour*, describes how, when Davis ran a floating nightclub in Cambodia, he romanced the most attractive hostesses while Parer, on the one occasion he visited a brothel in Cairo, politely declined the amenities of the house but took two brilliant still shots of Australian servicemen drinking with some hard-faced whores.

Davis was a compulsive womaniser. He even had a card printed with "*I think I could fall in love with you*" followed by his phone number. This he would give to any girl who caught his eye. In spite of its crudity this device was extraordinarily successful. Parer, on the other hand, was a devout Catholic who never indulged in the promiscuity he observed among the troops in the Middle East. His habit of praying publicly whenever the spirit moved him became a by-word among the soldiers he photographed.

Even though he might have lacked his predecessor's religious fervor, Davis was immensely compassionate. Until his death it was a well-kept secret that he had paid to have a tiny Vietnamese girl's leg straightened by surgeons in Germany. Later Davis, along with a group of other war correspondents, funded a refuge for sick and crippled children.

Davis and Parer covered very different wars under very different conditions. For most of his time as a war correspondent Parer worked for the Department of Information, which controlled wartime censorship and propaganda. For them he covered the campaigns in the Western Desert, the Greek adventure, the fighting in New Guinea and Timor, and the work of a number of flying squadrons. Later, after a bitter dispute over allowances with the Department, Parer resigned and went to

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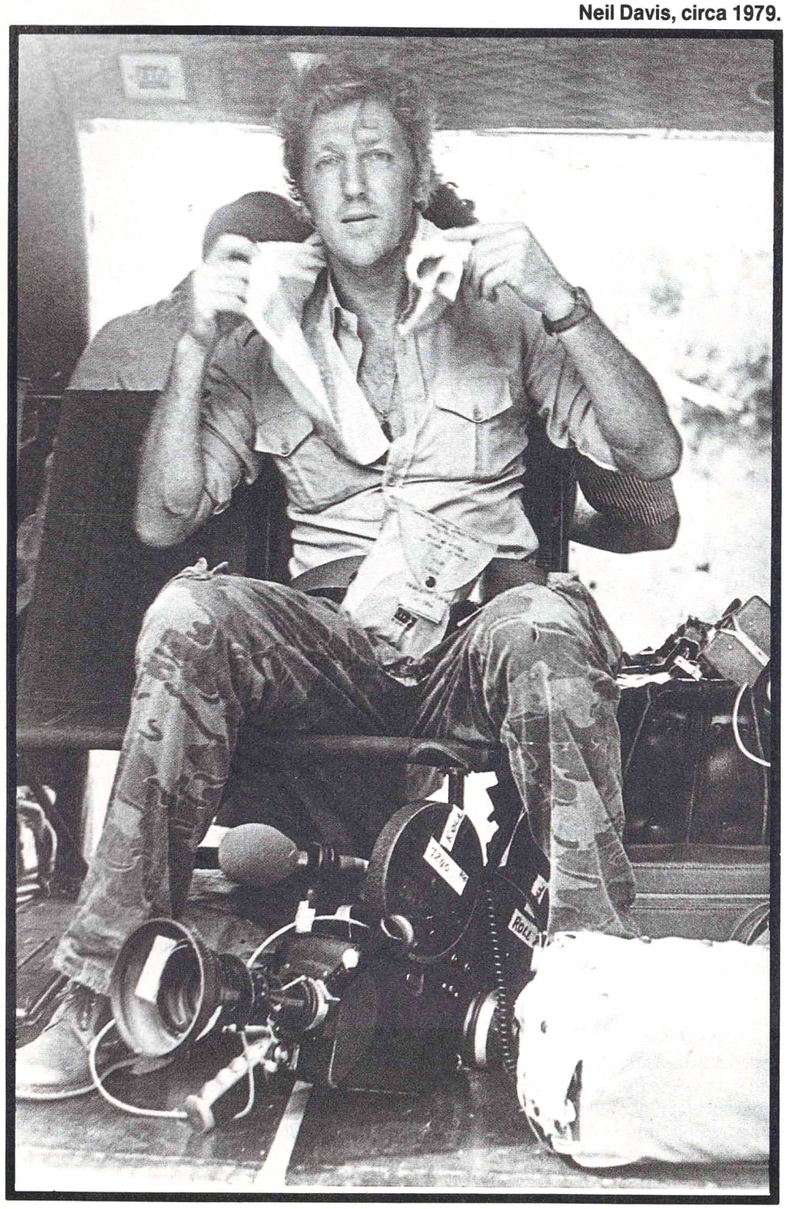
work with Paramount News. For Paramount he covered the Cape Gloucester landings and the assault on Guam.

Davis was employed by the London-based company Visnews, a kind of Reuters for television networks. His responsibility was to cover not just Vietnam but news events all over the Far East, for which he was Visnews' bureau chief. Later he resigned from the British company and went to work for NBC. When working for Visnews, however, Davis' work was shown in more than 80 countries throughout the world. And so from the outset Davis, unlike Parer, was under an obligation to be objective. This did not prevent him from portraying the South Vietnamese and Cambodian soldiers he accompanied with great sympathy.

Davis made an early decision to concentrate on the South Vietnamese units, whom he soon discovered were doing most of the fighting. He told Tim Bowden: "The unfair thing was that from the time the US came into South Vietnam in force in 1965 until they announced a limited withdrawal in 1968, the impression given to the world was that the Americans were doing almost all the fighting while the inefficient and cowardly ARVN were sitting back and doing nothing . . . This was not true . . . Only three weeks in three years did the Americans have more soldiers killed than the South Vietnamese."

Davis' method was to land at a small airfield and make contact with the Vietnamese commander to be briefed on what units were there and the whereabouts of the Viet Cong. "By midday of the same day I would most likely be in the field and I would stay with the Vietnamese unit for at least three days." At this time, before the introduction of video tape for news reporting, Davis used a camera very similar to Parer's — a spring-loaded 16mm Bell and Howell. It held about 100 feet of film — just under a minute. To capture the sound, Davis had a small recorder strapped to his belt. Parer's favorite camera was the 35mm version of Davis' model — the Eyemo. It operated in much the same way as the smaller camera but it was heavier and more cumbersome. Parer never recorded sound in combat situations, as compact tape recorders were unavailable in the Forties. Both men would "edit in the camera": that is, they would shoot a sequence of shots that, when edited, would form a narrative.

Neil Davis, circa 1979.

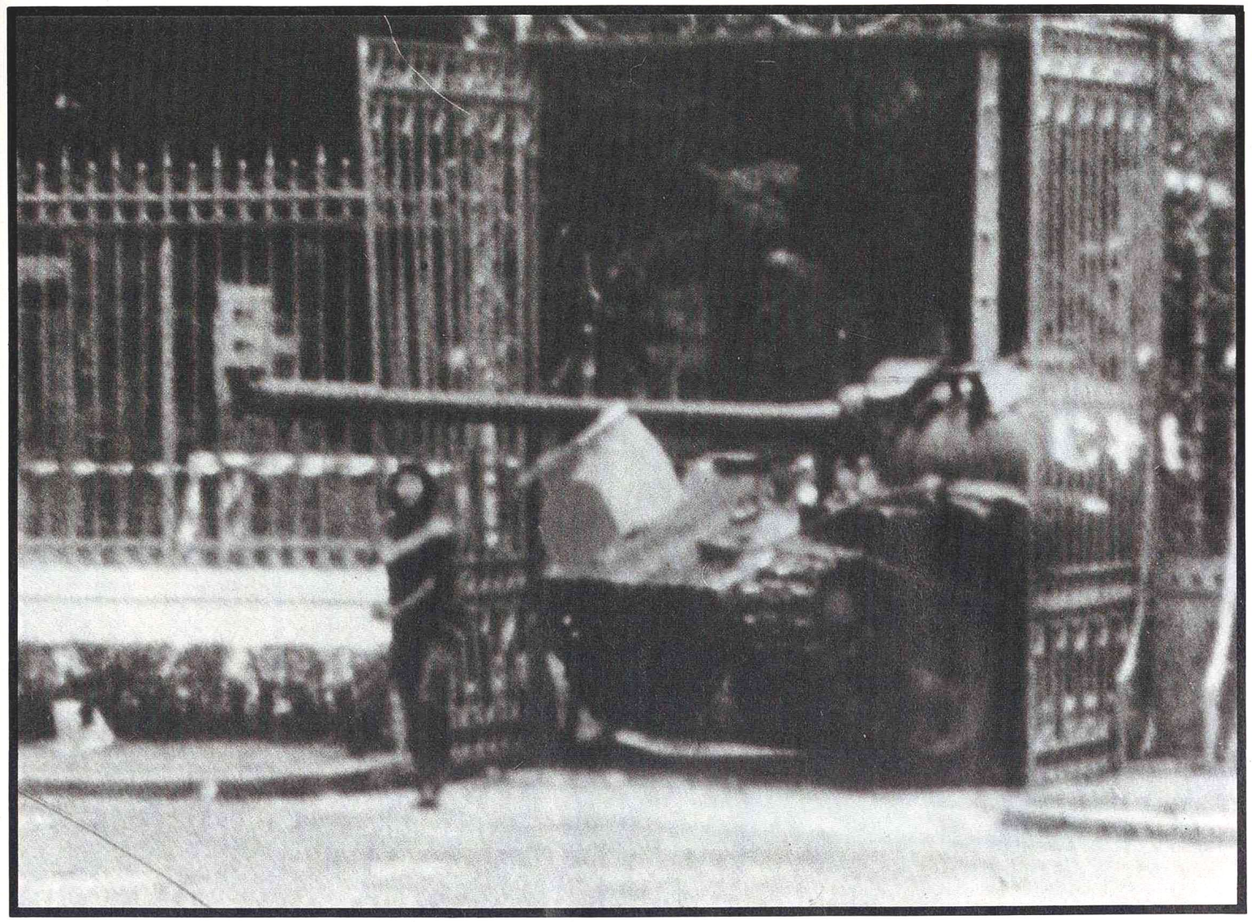


Working with this equipment, Davis was able to capture much of the tension and impact of frontline warfare. Often he would concentrate on the activities of an individual or a few members of the group accompanying him.

This intimate exploration of the experience of battle was very similar to the work Parer produced on Guam a few weeks before he was killed. In a recently discovered letter to Ted Cranston — a distinguished still and movie cameraman whose work was recently featured in exhibitions at the National Gallery and the War Memorial — Parer described his new approach to war photography: "I have been feeling for some time now that the normal war coverage for newsreels was definitely lacking in something. It didn't seem to have any impact on the audience. I felt that the accent was too much on the spectacle and not enough on the man. In the Guam show I tried to film the men at the peak of their fighting from very close distances — as close as three feet. It was a bit of a business choosing the one right moment in time when all their being was concentrated on the fighting. Naturally, I missed many shots and should have had a much better continuity than I got, but this story method seems definitely to have possibilities . . ."

The Guam newsreel, and another linked item on the work of the US Marines' combat cameramen (where it is obvious Parer is taking more risks than his subjects), are more immediate than his pictorial photography of the Australians earlier. Although in black and white, Parer's later photography is remarkably similar to the best of Davis' work — so much so that the latter appears to be a logical extension of what Parer was doing more than 20 years previously.

With only a minute in his camera, Davis, like Parer, had to be rigorously selective in what he chose to film. In concentrating on



April 30, 1975: North Vietnamese smash through the gates of Saigon's Independence Palace; the Indo-China war is ended. Neil Davis captured the historic moment.

the experiences of one or two soldiers in a single engagement, he would try to let that represent the total experience of war at that time. This level of personal intimacy with the subject could exact a terrible emotional toll. On a patrol in late 1972, Davis had focused on the activities of a grenade thrower. He described what ensued in a letter to his formidable Aunt Lillian, who had helped raise him after his mother died:

> "The North Vietnamese this time were dug in an overgrown graveyard. I was able to film Phuc [the grenade thrower] crawling forward, then standing up behind an old tombstone he used for cover, then hurl his grenades, see them exploding a few yards away, then see him crawl back under fire, with his friends covering his retreat. He did that three times, and the last time actually stood and scampered the last few yards very cockily. I was half laying behind a tree, and Phuc stood in a shallow trench laughing and excited about it all. There had been many bursts of gunfire into our position and another one came in at that moment. I ducked my head, and when I looked at Phuc I could see that he had been hit. He just said one word — 'Chet' — which means 'dead' — and he meant: 'I'm dead.' And then he fell forward.
>
> "Well, I suppose it was a reflex action and I started my camera running on him. And it was such a difficult decision to make, because the inevitable question I will be asked later — in the future — will be: 'How could you just lay there and film your friend in that situation?' All I can say is that many, many things raced through my mind — and obviously large in my mind was this fact. But also I knew that Phuc was well aware of battlefield chances, and a whole world unknown to those that haven't been there exists under those circumstances. Contrary to many thoughts about this is the lack of hatred for the man trying to kill you from a few yards away. He's very much like you, and with the same problems — and he might die at any time, just the same as you. And I knew that I had film of this laughing young man displaying his life as he knew it for the past hour or so — and I knew that if I showed the shock of him suddenly dying it would impress people, and bring home very graphically to them what it was like just to be a common soldier out there — no matter what side one is on.
>
> "And so I ran my camera, and Phuc lifted his head, and it was obvious he was dying quickly. He died with dignity, and quietly, and slumped forward without another word about ten seconds later. And that was the end of the film. The film has received enormous praise, but they really missed the point I think. They see it rather as piece of film taken in unusual circumstances, and not as I see it — intended to bring home the awful reality of war — particularly on a personal basis. However, it's done, and there is little doubt I won't ever do it again."

Davis kept his camera running in even more controversial circumstances during the Battle for Hue. He was accompanying a group of US Marines on the south bank of the Perfumed River. The northern bank was controlled by the North Vietnamese and was being heavily bombed and shelled. In the middle of the action a Vietnamese civilian appeared, wearing a white shirt and black pants. Obviously he had been trapped by the fighting and was waving his arms to signal that he wanted to swim to the American side.

Parer saw the men he filmed as the inheritors of the Anzac tradition. When the world saw footage such as the now famous "blinded soldier" sequence in New Guinea, it could understand why.

Davis steadies himself on the body of a dead Khmer soldier — June 1970, Oudong Pagoda battle, Khmer Republic, Cambodia.

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"There was a brief pause," Davis told Tim Bowden, "and the Marines opened fire on him. He ran into a little shed like a boathouse — and the Americans continued to pour a lot of fire into it. How the man wasn't killed then I don't know. When the firing died down two or three minutes later, he ran out waving his white shirt like a flag. His intentions were perfectly obvious. He was a civilian, a refugee. After waving his shirt for two or three seconds, he didn't know what to do, and started to run."

Davis had his camera and tape recorder running. The film mysteriously vanished after it was despatched to Visnews, but Davis kept a copy of the tape, which was used in David Bradbury's film and Tim Bowden's radio documentary on the cameraman's life. Even without the visuals the sound evokes a horrifying picture of mindless violence. What follows is Bowden's transcript, amplified with some assistance from Davis.

"[The man runs out of the boathouse waving his white shirt.]
'Hey there, he's waving a white flag. . .'
[Sergeant's voice]: 'Bullshit! Cut him down, cut him down. . .'
[Heavy gunfire]
'Cut him down!'
[Very heavy gunfire for about 30 seconds]
'Can't see him any more.'
[A pause]
'Cocksucker waved a white flag and then ran for us.'
'Oh?'
'He waved a white flag and then ran right for it.' "

Although Davis blamed this and other similar incidents on the Marines' indoctrination, he had little respect for the American soldiers in Vietnam. "They were known as 'the elephants'," he said. "It was like a Barnum and Bailey circus. The Viet Cong could see them coming from miles away."

Davis jealously guarded his objectivity. Parer, on the other hand, identified with the Australian soldier. Consequently he refrained at times from photographing incidents that could damage their reputation. The war correspondant Osmar White, who accompanied Parer during the retreat from Kokoda, recalls that Parer was very upset about the treatment of a captured Japanese officer. However, he did not film the incident.

The following year, Parer was with a company of commandos in New Guinea when they captured a Japanese position.

"Look," called out a soldier, "this one's moving."

"I'll fix that," said another, and opened up with a Bren gun on the wounded Japanese.

Parer photographed the bodies of the Japanese, but not the shooting that had taken place a few minutes earlier. Had he wanted to photograph the Australians killing the wounded Japanese, he could undoubtedly have done so. He did not, one suspects, partly because he was aware that some members of this same Australian company had been tortured and cannibalised by the enemy, and that simply photographing the incident would have conveyed a distorted impression. Above all, it might have undermined his main purpose, which was to celebrate the courage of the Australian soldier. Parer saw the men he captured on film as the inheritors of the Anzac tradition. This was what inspired his most famous sequence: the "blinded soldier" being guided across a river in New Guinea.

"This afternoon a lad assisted by a good Anzac came along the track," Parer recalled. "He had a dressing over his forehead covering his eyes and his arm was in a sling. I got a walking shot of him. He rested on the old RAP, and Gordon Ayle took him forward. I went along. The rain started to come down and, as Gordon was helping him across the creek, a line of carriers passed them. I got a long shot of the bloke close up. They are the best two I've done so far. Perhaps it's a copy of George Silk's blinded digger, but it's effective just the same."

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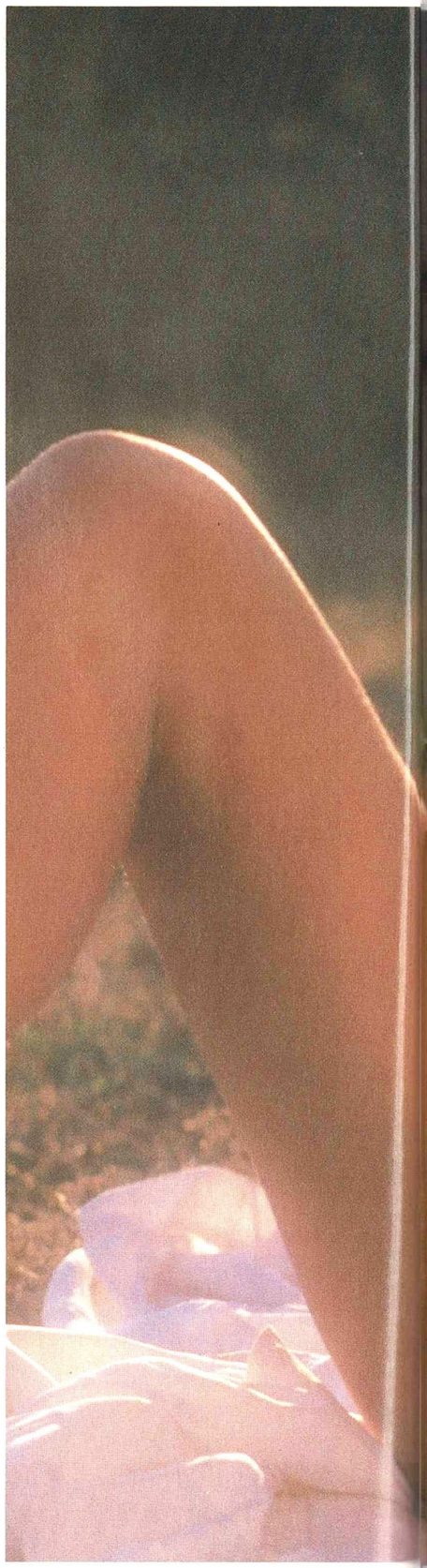
TOO HARD BASKET?

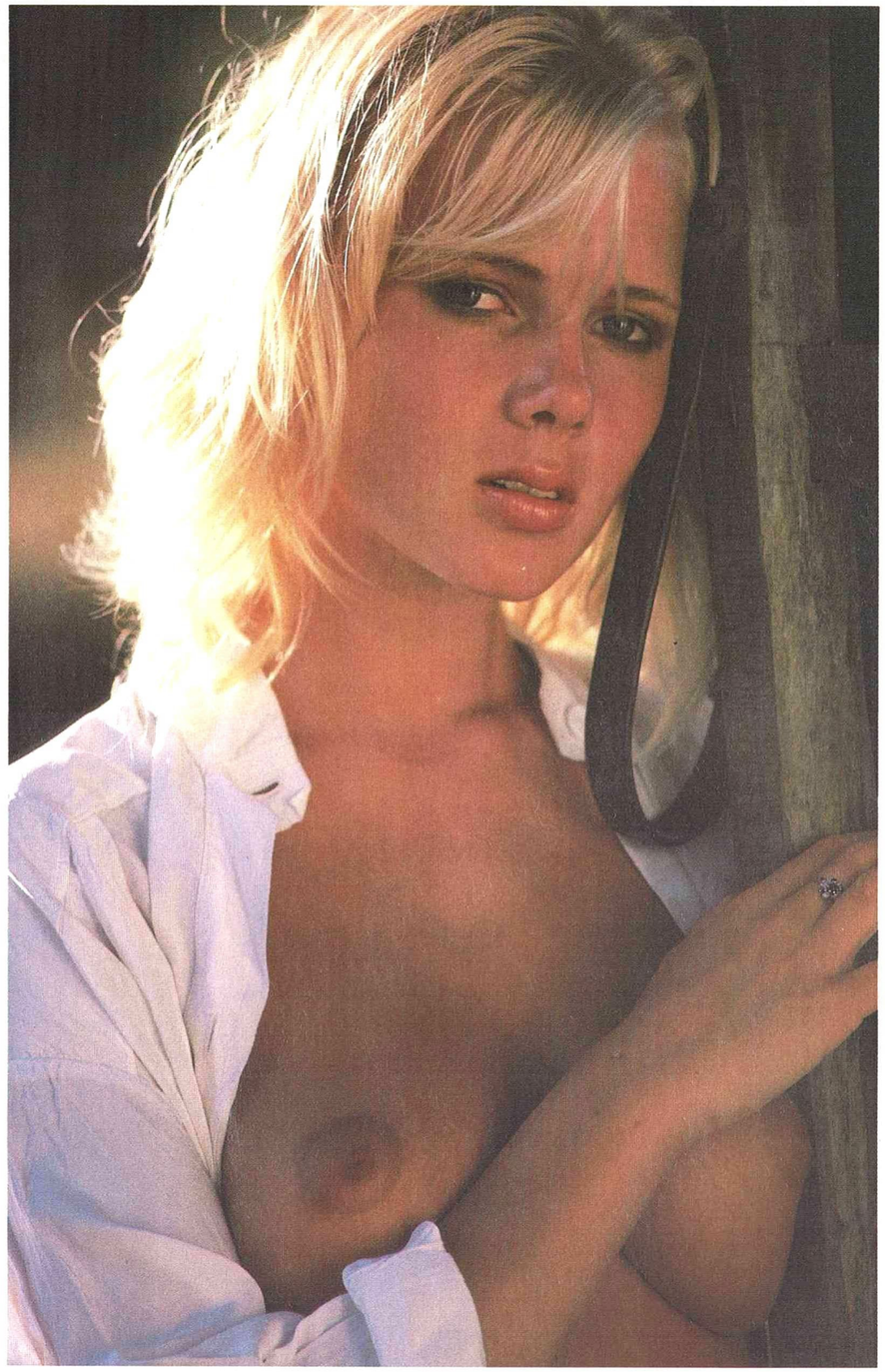
PHOTOGRAPHY BY DONALD MILNE

"I'm a bit of a tough nut to crack," admits 21-year-old Trixie, "but I'd like to think I'm worth the effort. I feel I've got a lot to offer a man, but because I'm careful about choosing a partner I seem to get tossed in the too hard basket."

"Men these days are in such a hurry — but not me. What I call romance and sexual tension, guys call a prick tease. But I don't do anything before I'm ready."

Trixie says she's the kind of girl who prefers to shake hands on the first date — "But all guys these days want to do is shake bones."





"I am not into complicating things unnecessarily — but I'm no lost cause. Come on, guys. It might not be a smorgasbord out there, but women would rather be treated like these are the salad days rather than a meat raffle."

Is that a hint of desperation creeping in? "A bit, sure. A girl can only stand so much. Men should learn that patience has its rewards."

BY HOWARD HOUCK

THE CARNAL KINGDOM

If you confuse the exotic with the erotic in Thailand, you may well miss out on both

Thailand has always been an enigmatic country to Westerners, but never more so than in the years following the Sixties, when moralistic debates acquired global prominence. To the hedonist, to the weaver of fantasies, the place is a dream come true. To the staid conservative, to the religious zealot, to the idealistic "humanitarian", it is a Bjelke nightmare.

On one hand, it's live sex acts that you can't even get on video in Canberra and thousands of succulent beauties who will "do everything" for $30, with virgins at rather higher premiums. On the other, it's girls sold into prostitution to feed their impoverished families while the decadent capitalist influence degrades the once-proud Siamese race and grinds it into the dirt.

What agony! What ecstasy! What a load of bullshit!

All you have ever read about this country as a mecca of sensual delights is probably true. But it is also true that Thailand — that is, 99 percent of it — has one of the strictest traditional ethical codes this side of Ayatollah Khomeini's Iran. (I shall deal amply with the more exciting one percent.)

Virtually all Thai males become monks at some time in their lives, usually for a period of three months. Thai girls over 12 wear bras even if they're flat as a pancake. Showing any physical sign of affection in public, including holding hands, is frowned upon. Black dots are printed over nipples in what pass for "girlie" magazines. You don't even walk under a clothesline if it contains women's garments.

How can such austerity co-exist with the pervasive image of promiscuous Thailand?

As is well known, Thailand's name translates as "Land of the Free." The country was never colonised by a foreign power and, therefore, has not inherited any hypocritical Western value systems. Customs and morals are one thing; a value system *based* on personal liberty is another.

Furthermore, all Thais know that a fundamental edict from their first cohesive ruler, King Ramkamhaeng The Great (as well as one of the earliest inscriptions in the Thai alphabet, some 650 years ago), was this: "Whoever wishes to make merry may do so." Those words have carried down to the present day, and the bottom line is that if you confuse the customs with the values, if you confuse the exotic with the erotic, you may well miss out on a lot of both.

Some years ago, nine women's groups rallied in front of Bangkok's Government House to protest a statement by former Deputy Prime Minister Boonche Rajanastion suggesting the use of sexual entertainment to attract tourists. He needn't have bothered, of course. The word was already out. It had been happening for many decades.

Japanese businessmen were purportedly the first sex tour customers. (This probably had more to do with the Japanese predisposition *always* to tour in groups than with any difficulties getting laid around the Yokohama docks.) It spread to other Asian countries and, of late, to Europe — most

PHOTOGRAPHY BY EMMANUEL ANGELICAS

THE CARNAL KINGDOM

notably to "progressive" West Germany, where the charter flights to Thailand are known as *Boomsebombers*.

The whole exercise is a bit of a giggle, not to mention a gross waste of time and money. Sex tours, like pimps, are superfluous here. If you can't find what you want in Thailand, you are either: (1) not rich enough; (2) simply not trying at all; or (3) so weird you ought to be locked up.

First-time visitors should head for Patpong; second-time visitors may feel little need to go back. The famous red light district is very like all others in the world, except that it's a hell of a lot more concentrated.

Patpong consists of two parallel streets a few hundred metres long, unimaginatively called "Patpong 1" and "Patpong 2." (Smaller Patpongs 3 and 4 exist as well. The former is mainly for the gay crowd, the latter mainly for Japanese.) The place is lined with near-identical bars, discos, go-go joints, greasy spoons, an occasional hole-in-the-wall dental or VD clinic, a well-stocked grocery store, street vendors flogging everything from silk to shishkebabs, and shonky souvenir shops still selling such hackneyed novelties as T-shirts imprinted with coupling kangaroos above the boomerang-framed legend "THE ASIAN CONNECTION — BANGKOK, THAILAND." In fact, the entire complex is privately owned, like a shopping centre, by the industrialist Udom Patana Pongpanit — hence the name.

By day, the streets of Patpong are sober and benign, with more than a smattering of legitimate big business. By night, the activity is frenetic. Its main purpose is to redistribute the consumers' wealth as quickly as is legally possible. I've never heard of anyone suffering much greater misfortune than a picked pocket in Patpong, and that was probably the result of his own stupidity. Police do make periodic unannounced visits to the various premises, but I'm coming to suspect that they're employed by the Tourist Authority to contribute an air of intrigue for the infatuated visitor.

For a pure distillation of comically over-the-top sleaze, there's no place like it: "Hello! Mister! Good topless show inside. . ." "Sexy go-go." "Very pretty Number One Chiang Mai girls." "You want see. . ." "Live show in the. . ." "We have. . ." "Hey, sir! You want body massage?" "You want. . ." And so on, and on. When you reach the end, you run the gauntlet again on the other parallel street, and you've seen Patpong.

Sanuk is an exclusively Thai word meaning both "enjoyable" and "good fun", often with a naughty connotation. It is the right word for what the lighter side of Thailand is all about. But real *sanuk* is where you find it, and you'll rarely find it in prepackaged Patpong. Not directly, at least. However, there are plenty of freelancers around there who can point you in the right direction. Most notorious are the "live shows" — which are probably what the Frankfurters and the Hamburgers had in mind when they signed up for their *Boomsebombers*.

"I'll ask the questions round here, thanks."

The "off-Patpong" pimps will show you a dog-eared leaflet obviously ground out on a child's printing press. It lists, in four fractured languages, the following attractions: a go-go show; man and woman show; pussy pingpong show; lesbian show; pussy smoke cigarette show; pussy cut banana show; pussy write letter show; pussy drink beer show; pussy candle fire show; pussy open bottle show.

I'll spare you the detailed descriptions. The experience may not be erotic, but it is undeniably fascinating: a cross between a circus and a gynaecologists' convention.

Escortless males at such places are soon approached by one of the many hostesses, each of whom is fitted with a tight bikini that binds her protuberances together so she resembles a Barbie Doll. But if you don't soon buy her an overpriced Pepsi, she will politely desert you for some more lucrative prospect.

"Bar girls" are invariably synonymous with "hookers", but you never use that word (or even *think* that way) because it detracts from the *sanuk* of the situation. The attitudes and values here are vastly different from our own; and if these bar girls don't genuinely enjoy their work, then they're doing a miraculous job of faking it. Conversely, "Johns" or "marks" become "boyfriends" in Thailand.

You have to fight your way through the girls to get to the bars of a half-dozen hotels in the Sukhumvit district, not to mention the eternal Thermal and Grace 24-hour coffee shops. They include plenty of beauty queens — and plenty without official credentials. This means they are not necessarily checked at a government-sponsored clinic twice a week, as they supposedly would be if employed by one of the large massage parlors, and the cure might run you ten times the cost of getting the disease. (Of course, if we're talking AIDS you can forget about a cure, but Thailand's statistics here — for what they're worth — have still been slightly more encouraging than those of Australia or the US.)

As to the "massage parlors" themselves, Bangkok also gives this term a new meaning. They are *sanuk* emporiums where perhaps 200 benumbered girls sit smiling at you from behind a one-way glass (actually they're watching television), waiting to be chosen by the travelling chauvinist. There is a sliding scale from the "simple massage" (which the girls know nothing about, and no-one ever requests anyway) up to "making love" — usually $25 to $45, depending on your bargaining power, taxi driver's kickback, etc. What is generally offered is a "body massage." That is to say, the girl massages you with *her* body. Be warned: once the deal is made outside with *Mamasan*, you cannot later change your mind midway through, decide you want to go the whole hog, and race back to the viewing room in your jockstrap to renegotiate the contract.

Bangkok has a dozen or so of these really big salons. Some have upwards of 400 girls on the payroll, various ethnically styled rooms (Arabian décor remains the most popular) with air mattresses and luxurious beds and color TVs, and cafes or lounges where you can meet and get to know your chosen number in civilised surroundings before the serious hanky-panky.

If your taste runs to honest straightforward sex of the no-frills I'm-Bangkok-Fly-Me variety, that's where the place really shines. Thai patrons themselves are rarely in evidence at the stupendous downtown parlors and other libidinous outlets that seem to have been created for the exclusive use of starry-eyed *farangs*, or foreigners.

Most native hotels cater for the complete range between "quick turnover" guests and long-term residents. They are cheap and basic places, but nearly all seem to have special rooms set aside for clientéle in the former category — with icy air-conditioning, round beds, wall and ceiling mirrors, and a bevy of girls on tap if you forget to bring your own.

Likewise the city's hot-sheet motels, which non-residents of Bangkok rarely encounter: these have individual undercover parking areas adjacent to each room. Having parked his car, the patron pulls down a canvas shade to conceal the registration plate from potential blabbermouths or blackmailers.

There would be many who prefer this to the assembly-line approach of the larger places. Walk into virtually any native hotel (they're not hard to pick), and after a quizzical look from the manager to ensure himself that you haven't lost your way, he will probably ask you if you'd like not a room, but a girl. Your selection will be comparatively limited — never more than six to choose from — but the girls on the whole are far less shopworn and professional-looking. You can set more rules, bargain more flexibly, maybe even squeeze the merchandise before deciding. And you avoid paying a hefty overhead for ornate fixtures, as you would in the larger joints.

Amazingly, if a *farang* arrives at one of these hotels, suitcase in hand and genuinely searching for cheap accommodation, *most* will say they're full — even if there are no guests in sight and cobwebs are forming around the keys behind the front desk. The candid explanation is that foreigners are too demanding; they want boiled water, they need directions, they don't speak Thai, they tend to get ripped off and draw the attention of the Tourist Police. In short, except for hourly rentals, they're just too much trouble to bother with. An Australian hotel's old wowser regulation — "room but no female companions" — becomes "female companions but no room" in Bangkok.

But there is more to Thailand than Bangkok. Pattaya, 150kms to the south, tends to make the capital look like an Irish girls' school.

This Oriental Acapulco, this Babylon of Southeast Asia, this playground of the perverse, this epitome of sun, sand, surf and sex, not necessarily in that order, was the proverbial sleepy fishing village only a quarter of a century ago. It was "discovered" by the US Armed Forces and, in the late Sixties, served as a regular watering hole where GIs could recuperate after bombing hell out of the Vietnamese.

The servicemen attracted the girls, and

> So it is that most of these girls, who look at you through innocent cow eyes, are seasoned pros

the girls attracted the servicemen. The little community went from strength to strength. Now known as "Pattaya City", it at once manages to cater to all the needs of full-time holidaymakers, upstanding middle-class families escaping cold winters, native Bangkokians down for the weekend, and none-of-the-above types like myself. A natural barrier seems to keep the activities of each group from impinging upon those of the others. Meanwhile, in south Pattaya along the "Strip", and especially in the untamed but safe "Village," *joie de vivre* abounds. With a resident population of some 5000 working girls from all the provinces of Thailand, the Land of the Free becomes the Land of the Free-for-all.

Whatever their stories and backgrounds, the girls here seem to be having a ball in every respect. After all, it's got to be more inspiring work than harvesting rice, and there's always a chance that some Western sugar daddy will whisk them away to the joys of pollution and pop-up waffles.

Many of the bargirls here look like they're barely 15. Your first impression, however, will usually be out by about ten years. The King of Thailand is 60 years old; he could still pass for 35. So it is that most of these girls, who look at you through innocent cow eyes and place their tiny brown hands trustingly into the palm of yours, are seasoned pros who at least have had sufficient knowledge and worldly expertise to make their own way to Pattaya and maybe score a few windfalls in the process. It matters little. They all resemble Venus in blue jeans, and good sex can be 90 per cent imagination anyway.

Some of the more thoughtful owners of guest houses and bungalows have printed bilingual leaflets to help tourists brush up on their Thai before venturing into the flesh markets of the "Village." They make interesting reading: "Your legs are beautiful" (*Kha khun suai*); "Like to drink?" (*Chop derm mai?*); "I love you" (*Phom rak khun*); "Don't go with other man!" (*Yapai kab kon eurn!*); "Like to sleep with me?" (*Chop norn kab phom mai?*); "Can I pay you in dollars?" (*Hai ngern dolar dai mai?*).

The Village is a turn-on even for eunuchs. Turbaned Sikh tailors (imitation Pierre Cardin shirts made to order in three hours), resident drop-outs who have developed a tolerance for the local Mekong Whiskey ("Not a single drop sold till it's one day old"), concessions to the ubiquitous US Navy (gaily embroidered silk jackets proclaiming "VISIT THE USSR BEFORE USSR VISIT YOU"), and German *Herren* who cannot disguise their regret at having brought their wives.

The little one-armed chess player who used to haunt the benches outside the Tamarind Saloon is no longer there. Gone too is the proliferation of *Gatoei*: those kinky bisexual transvestites who were giving Pattaya a bad name by sending tourists into cataleptic shock at the moment of truth. But for the most part it's the same as before, only more so.

On a good night, the Village will rage till 3am. However, the town's best offerings are not to be found there but at the open air bars a few *sois* north along the Pattaya No 2 Road. The owner of one in particular is a connoisseur: he maintains a retinue of 25 charmers from all parts of the country and exudes a paternal pride in each one. Many of them live on the premises, and he also covers the cost of their board and compulsory medical examinations every Wednesday and Saturday. (These check-up days seem to be fairly standard throughout the country. It's something to do with their health cards, which must be kept up to date and produced on demand for police, hotel receptionists, etc. So if you abhor condoms and still hope to avoid anything lethal, your chances of doing so may be marginally better on Wednesday and Saturday nights.)

I was sitting there one evening, wistfully drinking, when a boy on a tiny 50cc

Continued on page 112

Instant euphoria has a price.
It's higher than you think.

BY JACKIE ANNESLEY AND STAN DENHAM

At another venue and with a different crowd, the party might have been a flop. But the beachfront Bondi Pavilion in Sydney's eastern suburbs is in full swing, despite the fact that it is a cold, wet and thoroughly uninviting night.

About 3000 wet bodies are swaying to imported music under the fluorescent glare of strobe lights flashing across the outside dance floors. The floor is an inch deep in muddy water and the hardcore gays and otherwise very trendy party crowd is soaked; inside, shirts are off and inhibitions have been scattered. Outside, it's pouring.

A tall slim man in a red shirt is moving openly among the dancers handing out white, aspirin-sized tablets from an ornate silver snuff box at $40 a pop.

A fair-haired English woman in black shorts and a long open coat thinks she's having the best time she's ever had. She is rubbing her hands and standing out in the rain so she can feel the water on her skin. Her pupils are dilated and inviting.

Welcome to the Ecstasy jungle. This is where you can lose yourself for a few short hours in a warm world free from fear and paranoia. You can feel like you have always wanted to feel, look like you have always wanted to look. Ecstasy is, according to those who use it regularly, the ultimate drug.

But it was never meant to produce a "high." Ecstasy, or MDMA (3,4-methylenedioxyamphetamine) was first developed by a German company in 1914 as an appetite suppressant, but was never marketed. The side-effect, the Ecstasy high, is said to be an experience quite unlike any other . . .

THE AGONY OF ECSTASY

ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN

The Agony Of Ecstasy

Ecstasy has been used in the United States by marriage guidance counsellors and therapists who believed they could utilise its qualities to strip away people's fears, resentments and hang-ups. Although not illegal it was never legally available on supply. In recent years, however, MDMA has re-emerged as a "New Age" designer drug, touted by its proponents as a "hug" drug and a love drug, rapidly replacing cocaine as the up-market high.

Jane, a 24-year-old Melbourne designer, took the drug for the first time earlier this year. She describes it as "an awakening experience." She says: "It makes you come to all these realisations about yourself. You feel happy about your failings; there is no paranoia. You are totally confident and aware of your vulnerabilities. Never in my life have I felt so good about my weaknesses.

"I think it is really sexual as well. The first time I used it, and I only used half, me and my boyfriend stayed in bed and lit the candles. It made us feel very sensual."

The drug apparently digs deep into the subconscious, allowing you to take a good look at yourself.

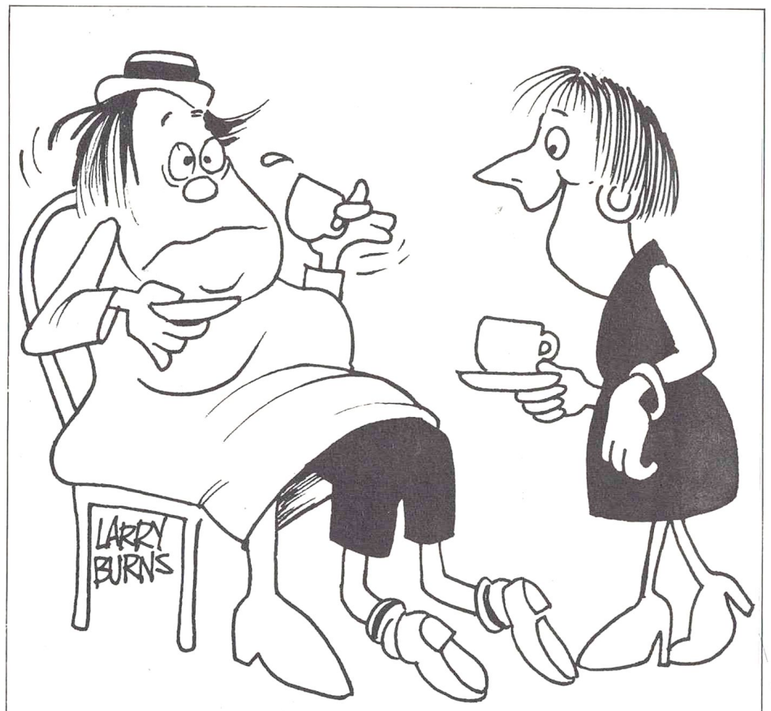
Rachel, a 25-year-old engineer, says: "It isn't that you don't know what is going on, it is just that you let circumstances take over. Your body literally absorbs the atmosphere; in a party atmosphere, everyone dances around but if you took it in a quiet room it would be very mellow and introspective."

Rachel's friend from England, Georgia, claims it hit London about five years ago and is still popular in the club scene but now the drug is more expensive and a lot harder to get hold of in the UK. "I only got outrageous on it once in London when about six of us took our clothes off. We undressed to Joe Cocker's 'You Can Leave Your Hat On' . . . it was really funny."

What she finds disturbing is that so many people are into it in Sydney: "It really hit me at the party in Bondi. I'd only ever taken it in small groups in London and I found it quite freaky to see so many people on it."

But Ecstasy has a flip-side called agony. Users who've experienced this aspect do *not* describe the drug in glowing terms. While some people using it regularly describe it as the best feeling they have ever experienced, a lot of others say it is the worst.

Lucy, a Sydney actress, tells this horror story: "I was sitting in a cafe in Kellett Street [Kings Cross] with a group of friends, about three in the morning. We'd all taken some half an hour earlier. We were just sitting there talking and then suddenly I just went white and felt very, very ill.



"He wants to be a gynaecologist!"

"I felt suicidal; if there'd been a gun on the table, I would have picked it up and shot myself in the head. All the others started comforting me and giving me lots of water, and then after a while I felt okay, but that was it as far as I'm concerned. I don't want to feel that way again."

Nick, a close friend of Georgia, took Ecstasy and found himself completely disoriented; he ended up tangled in a washing line outside a party.

"It was quite funny at the time," recalled Georgia. "But Nick just couldn't control anything. I said, 'Nick, look at me', but his eyes were rolling and you could just see the whites of them. He could speak but he didn't make any sense."

Strangely, Ecstasy seems to have little effect on other bodily functions. Nick's eyes may have been rolling around and he could hardly speak, but according to Georgia, he played the piano brilliantly for more than an hour while "getting his head together." For most people the extent of the side-effects is jaw clenching and a feeling of tiredness and lethargy for about a day after.

"Sometimes it is a bit depressing coming back down to reality and you can feel sad when after a few hours the feeling of euphoria starts to go," Georgia said.

But one of the most frightening stories concerned a friend of Georgia's in London who became obsessed with the drug. After taking 12 tabs during a weekend party in the country, his stomach literally seized up.

"He developed a form of anorexia and had to be on a drip and everything," said Georgia. Four years later, her friend still can't take any drugs and is not allowed to drink.

"It is that sort of experience that would stop me taking it again," said Rachel.

In 1985 the US Drug Enforcement Administration banned MDMA because of its potential for street abuse following research which showed that it could cause extensive and permanent brain damage in rats. Australia followed suit a year later.

Ecstasy is a new member of the amphetamine family and is similar to another designer drug, MDA, which had been doing the rounds of the Ecstasy set for a few years until its smarter, so-called consciousness-raising older brother arrived on the scene. While no long-term studies have been carried out on the drug's effect on humans, American statistics supplied by the Federal Government's Centre for Education and Information on Drugs and Alcohol show that three deaths have been ascribed to use of MDMA. However, the connection is tenuous. One San Francisco death report was mistakenly entered as being MDMA related, but was later found to be due to the use of MDA and alcohol. A Seattle report showed that the substance present was chemically similar to, but not the same as, MDA. It was widely assumed that the drug involved was MDMA.

What is certain is that widespread use is causing great concern among drug enforcement authorities and medical researchers, both here and overseas. Dr Ewan Mylecharane, a senior lecturer in pharmacology at the University of Sydney, is regarded as an Australian expert on the effects of MDMA, although he has carried out no first-hand research. His interest in Ecstasy lies in the fact that the drug directly affects his research interest, a substance called seratonin, which occurs naturally in the human body. Dr Mylecharane has become increasingly interested in the drug's effects on the brain as detailed reports from the United States continue to supply disturbing results of laboratory testing of MDMA on rats.

Basically, seratonin is one of the neurotransmitters which works in the part of the brain that controls behavior — mood, anxiety, depression. A naturally increased dose of seratonin works like an antidepressant. In Dr Mylecharane's words, it gives a feeling of euphoria, of feeling good.

Some outside circumstance or event usually makes the body naturally produce more seratonin. MDMA, however, enters nerve cells in the brain and forcibly pushes it out. Instant euphoria. But with one snag. In bludgeoning the brain into giving up its seratonin, MDMA damages the seratonin nerve cells and enzymes. Studies show that it depletes the stores of seratonin and interferes with their reproductive processes.

Dr Mylecharane says: "We are not sure what would happen if supplies of seratonin in the brain became completely depleted. In rats, high doses result in bizarre behavior. I mean, if a rat starts to shake his left leg, what would that mean in a person?"

Although the doses given to the lab rats were about eight times higher than what would normally be taken by a human user, he says the studies have shown that the effects are lasting and occur after just one dose. These were not, however, high doses compared to those given to rats in other drug studies. But even with this dosage, the rats cannot remember what they have been taught and behave oddly for months afterwards. In humans, that time span translates into years.

What is more disturbing is that in very high doses, the effects go further than just the psyche. There is actual physical and structural damage to the brain cells where sections of the nerve terminals have been described as being "burnt off."

"I personally would never touch the stuff. It is enough that no drug regulatory body in the world has sanctioned it. There are certainly sufficient risks . . . There are a lot of other ways to get your brain scrambled."

Ask Dr Mylecharane how Ecstasy rates on the brain damage scale compared with other drugs and his answer contains the typical logic of a scientist: "Do we really want to spend money and compare it with other drugs? Sure we can take thousands of people on Ecstasy and after 20 years we could say the chances of going ga-ga aren't as great as if you were on heroin, but it seems a bit pointless."

What he does say about the studies into Ecstasy is that a lot of harmful effects have been discovered in a relatively short space of time. "Compare it to alcohol, which is the cause of almost a third of hospital admissions, and you discover one interesting thing: alcohol has been around for hundreds of years and only in the past five to ten years has it been proved to cause cellular brain damage. The damage this stuff has produced has been found in a matter of years. By comparison, it has just dropped off the trees."

That's what the medical world thinks of Ecstasy, but how does that translate into damage to the once-a-week user? Thomas, a New Zealand nurse who works in the psychiatric ward of a major Sydney hospital, says that in the last three months he has seen five Ecstasy-related patients, all of whom had a history of psychiatric problems which had been exacerbated by the drug.

> "There is damage to the brain cells where sections of the nerve terminals have been "burnt off"

Compared to other drugs, Ecstasy is way down on the list for inducing psychiatric problems in patients. In Thomas' ward, alcohol is the main problem, followed by heroin, LSD and then prescribed drugs that find their way on to the streets. "I haven't seen anyone with an Ecstasy addiction problem. The patients can still be just as mad as the other drug-related patients but they are more likely to have worrying thoughts." He says they seem calmer but prone to depression and suicide.

Most, however, are only admitted for two to three days, treated with drugs and then allowed home. But he says they only have to take one dose of Ecstasy and "it sets them off."

According to Thomas, "It is definitely less of a problem than heroin." But what you get in your tab or capsule of Ecstasy in Sydney may not be what you think it is. Jane, the Melbourne designer who thought Ecstasy a sensual experience, believes that the drug she took may have contained heroin. She said: "I think there might be smack [heroin] in some of them. My boyfriend used to be an addict and he said it felt a little like it.

"Maybe it's a way of getting people into smack when smack is no longer acceptable. That's why I feel frightened about it. I would never have used heroin but now I feel that I might have done so without knowing. People who are susceptible to addiction are going to be addicted anyway."

Jane also deals Ecstasy. She buys batches of 10 or 20 tablets from another dealer for $35 each, then sells them for $40. But just because she is dealing Ecstasy, she doesn't regard herself as a "dealer." Because the drug has an unusually clean image — no backstreet deals, no nodding-off and no needles — it attracts a lot of people like Jane who've never used drugs before, and who have certainly never dealt in them.

Jane is part of a well-structured and well-organised distribution network that feeds about 10,000 units of the drug in to the Sydney market every week. She says she buys them for $33 from a person who has got them for $27. According to Jane, the pyramid of dealers stops at the top with about three or four major suppliers who, she says, manufacture them for about $6 a tab. When Ecstasy first hit Australia two years ago, it was both in short supply and expensive, selling in capsule form for upwards of $55.

Lab-produced drugs like Ecstasy, MDA and speed (amphetamines) are manufactured by backyard chemists. Unlike heroin, cocaine and marijuana, they don't have to be harvested or imported. As one Sydney drug squad detective explained: "Talking purely in terms of business, which it undoubtedly is, it is the way to go. Think about it: no worry about supplies coming from overseas, people getting busted at airports, or waiting for plants to grow and mature for harvesting. You make it then sell it, and you make and sell as much as you like. Although you still have problems with distribution, you don't have the same problems with supply that you have with drugs like heroin, cocaine and marijuana.

"Yes, we are worried about it, but we haven't seen that much of it. The priority is still with the established drugs like the three I have mentioned."

Police have made about five major busts, including one on the Gold Coast. They fear that if use of the drug broadens out of the trendy-yuppie market, organised crime will move in and take over much of the manufacture and distribution, per-

Continued on page 109

SECRETS OF SEDUCTION

PART II

How to feel sweet 16 again

The SCHOOLGIRL

HUMOR BY PETER McDONALD

If you followed last month's instructions closely, you've probably already humped a hostie. Elementary, wasn't it? Now that you've mastered the basics of deception and developed a modicum of rat cunning, you need to expand your newly acquired skills by taking on a real challenge. When it comes to degree of difficulty, schoolgirls don't rate as high as nuns, lesbians, radical feminist separatists and Ita Buttrose; they are, however, a lot harder to hump than housewives, nurses, checkout chicks and, for that matter, air hostesses. More to the point, a good specimen of the type is guaranteed to get your heat-seeking missile harder than an ice-cold Mars bar. So to Lesson #2: The Schoolgirl.

Where do you find schoolgirls? If you answered "In a school", go to the top of the class. It follows, then, that the obvious way to guarantee an unlimited supply of post-pubescent poon is to become a schoolteacher. However, that involves at least four years of hard work before you even get a look inside a classroom, and the chances are good that when they finally nail you (as they surely will), you'll spend the rest of your undistinguished career contemplating your folly while staring into a schooner glass in the bar of the Grand Hotel in some dusty educational outpost at the back of beyond. There's got to be an easier way, I hear you cry. And there is.

Get a job as a school gardener, preferably at a snotty independent segregated school where the female teachers are all raging bull dykes and the male teachers are all so ancient they forgot what their dicks were for some time back in the Sixties. *Every* schoolgirl has a secret Lady Chatterley fantasy. You might even leave a few copies of Lawrence's erotic masterpiece in strategic positions around the school grounds in the hope that some of your intended marks can read. All you have to do now is ponce around in your footie shorts and singlet working up a respectable sweat and striking stoic workingman's poses until nature takes its course and some befuddled nymphet, overcome by a sudden massive hormonal discharge, throws herself at your feet, tears off her Cottontails and screams: "Make me a woman at last" or some such adolescent gibberish. (Cut to scenes of stallions prancing up and down, waterfalls overflowing etc etc.)

Are you getting the picture? Schoolgirls are as *impressionable* as a fresh pack of Playdoh (and a lot more fun to play with). Chemical analysis has shown that the average 16-year-old schoolie's brain consists of two parts saccharine, one part Silly Putty, one part George Michael, five parts water and ten parts empty space. The happy consequence of this is that you can tell a schoolgirl *absolutely anything* and she'll believe every word of it. How do you make this unique situation work for you? Simple.

Picture yourself standing next to the raindrop fountain in the local shopping mall on a Thursday night (this is the equivalent of the watering hole for big game hunters). You are *not* wearing an overcoat and brandishing a bag of lollies (today's schoolgirl prefers *drugs*, idiot). Nor are you wearing any of the fol-

ILLUSTRATION BY JON BERKELEY

The SCHOOLGIRL

lowing items: white shoes with matching white belt, Leisuremaster flares, see-through polyester body shirt with singlet underneath, Bermuda shorts and walk socks, loud check sports jacket, safari suit, gold neck chain with astrological sign attached, mirror wrap-around sunglasses, lumberjacket. (If this is a complete description of your wardrobe, you have two options: either torch the lot, return to the womb and begin your life anew, or forget about schoolgirls and focus all your attentions on recycling nights at the wine bar for alcoholic divorcees over 40.)

If you are under 30 you'll be wearing Levi 501s, white T-shirt, leather jacket, Reeboks and Wayfarer sunglasses; if over 30, a *Miami Vice* jacket, matching baggy pants and moccasins. A two-day stubble is mandatory in either case. The dress code is *strict*; a schoolgirl would rather face a year on detention or a life ban on Big Macs than be seen dead in the company of a "dag."

Now, to paraphrase a great statesman, "Ask not what the schoolgirl can do for you, but what you can do for the schoolgirl." What are you offering, apart from your own unbridled lust, you beast? Sympathy? Understanding? Companionship? Forget it. There is only one right answer: *a ticket out of this dump.* You can pretend to be one of three things: a fashion photographer, George Michael's manager, or George Michael. (The last option is a tough one, especially if you know how to play the guitar, but never, ever underestimate the naivety of a schoolgirl.)

Let's take the first option as an example. You will need: a camera with motor-drive (don't waste money loading it with film); a carry bag containing an assortment of fashion mags (French *Elle*, foreign *Vogues*, etc); and a room somewhere fitted out so as to loosely resemble a photographic studio. (Just hang a few sheets on the walls, paint one of them black, and bung in a red light bulb.)

If you've come this far, you may be feeling lower than a snake's arse right now. Don't worry. This is quite normal.

So you're standing next to the raindrop fountain, idly flicking through a copy of Italian *Vogue*, when you casually raise an eyebrow and focus on the pack of bouncing blonde bimbos nearby. You hold this absurd posture, switching eyebrows if you become fatigued, until the object of your desire makes eye contact. Suddenly your eyes light up and your jaw drops in disbelief. You let the magazine fall from your grasp and, maintaining that wide-eyed stare, fumble excitedly through your bag for the camera.

Now you're at the moment of truth. If asked to answer in one phrase the question: "How do you pick up a schoolgirl?" I would reply: "Carefully, but *firmly*." Schoolgirls are used to taking orders. They don't like to make decisions. So you do not shamble over and humbly inquire as to whether you might be able to take her photograph. No, sir. You're the boss.

"That face! That's the face I've been looking for! You've got it!"

"What?"

"Don't screw up your face. Just put your hands under your hair and lift it up for me. . ."

"What are you? Some kind of nut?"

"Don't be silly. Just do what I tell you. I want to get some test shots first. . ." (*Click-brrr, Click-brrr*) "Now give me a smile . . . that's beautiful!" (*Click-brrr*)

And now you've got her. For there is nothing — absolutely nothing — more scintillating to the ear of an attractive schoolgirl than the sound of a motor-drive camera. This magical device is to the would-be model the equivalent of a bell to the proverbial Pavlov's pooch. She will immediately begin to secrete substances you and I have never heard of as she basks in the ferocious envy of her buddies, visions of *Vogue* covers, fashion parades and maybe even a bit-part in *Neighbors* dancing through her deluded scone. "I made Elle MacPherson and I'm going to make you!" you scream defiantly, the hint of mania appearing on your troubled visage as you struggle to hold this ridiculous act together. . .

Need I continue? You've got the drift: back to the "photographic studio" for some more test shots (not in the Valiant — take a cab), followed by more outlandish promises of impending stardom, followed by a celebratory champagne or three ("Oooh, I'm feeling all funny. . ."), followed by. . .

At this stage your tubesteak is probably rating around a nine on Moh's Scale of Hardness. You're in the red zone; one false move and you could blow the whole thing. Slow down, take a deep breath, and remember the golden rule when it comes to humping schoolgirls: *tread carefully.* A frantic knee-trembler up against a dunny door a la *Fatal Attraction* does not constitute your average schoolgirl's vision of her own deflowerment. Likewise, the very idea of oral sex is more threatening to her than Freddie Krueger with a hard-on. She doesn't even want to *see* your ugly stick, let alone swallow it.

Here are some handy phrases that may be appropriate at some stage:

(1)"There's something you could do for me in return for all this."

(2)"Don't worry, you won't get pregnant. I've been sterilised."

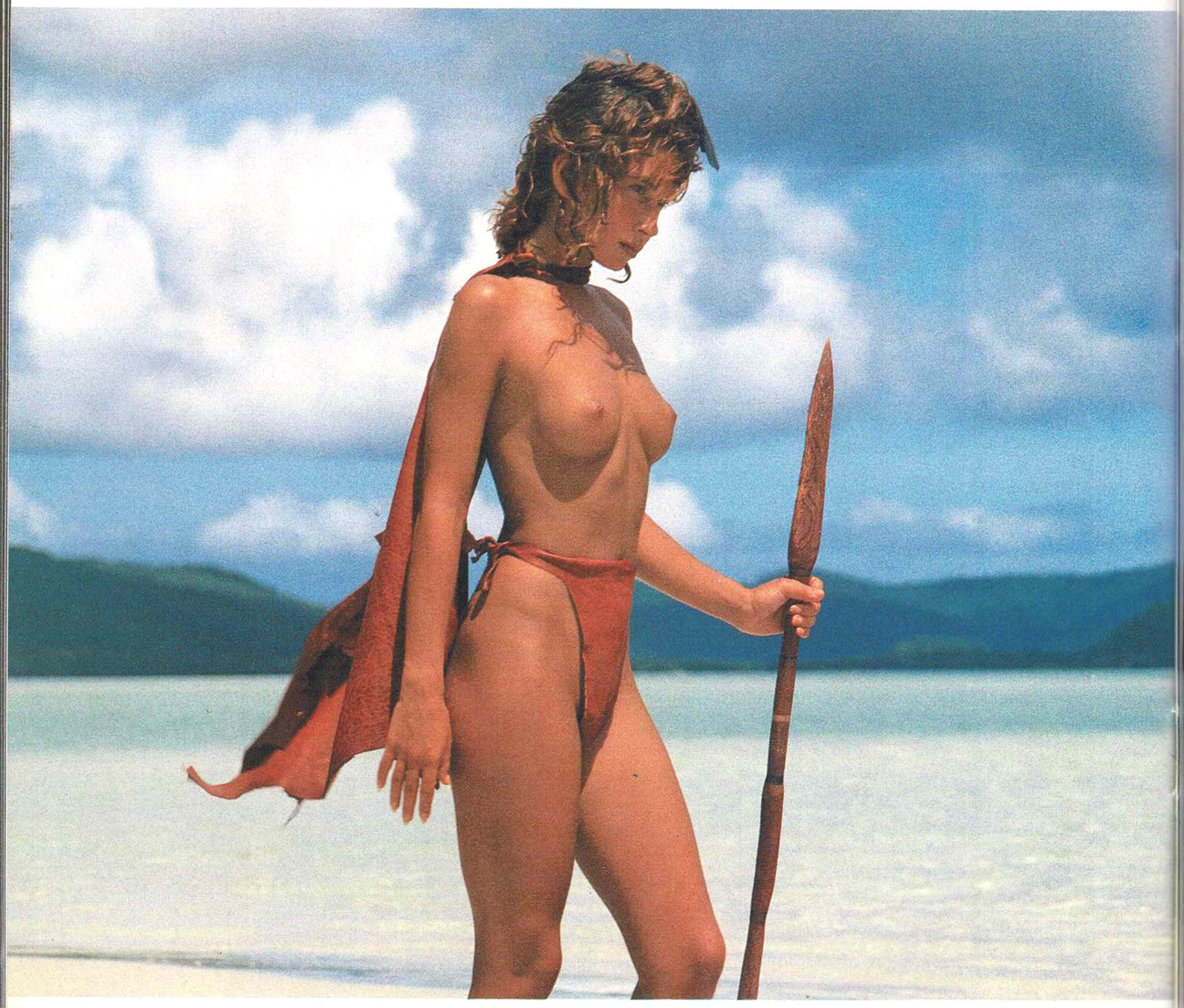
(3)"Have you ever heard of a fun game called hide the sausage?"

Now the ball's in your court. Have fun, and don't forget to pray for forgiveness, you filthy perverted scumbag.

Next Month: The aerobics instructress.

Hair, makeup and styling by Susan Daub; Leather by Frantik; Jewellery and Aboriginal artefacts from Cooee, Australian Emporium, Paddington.

Bridget

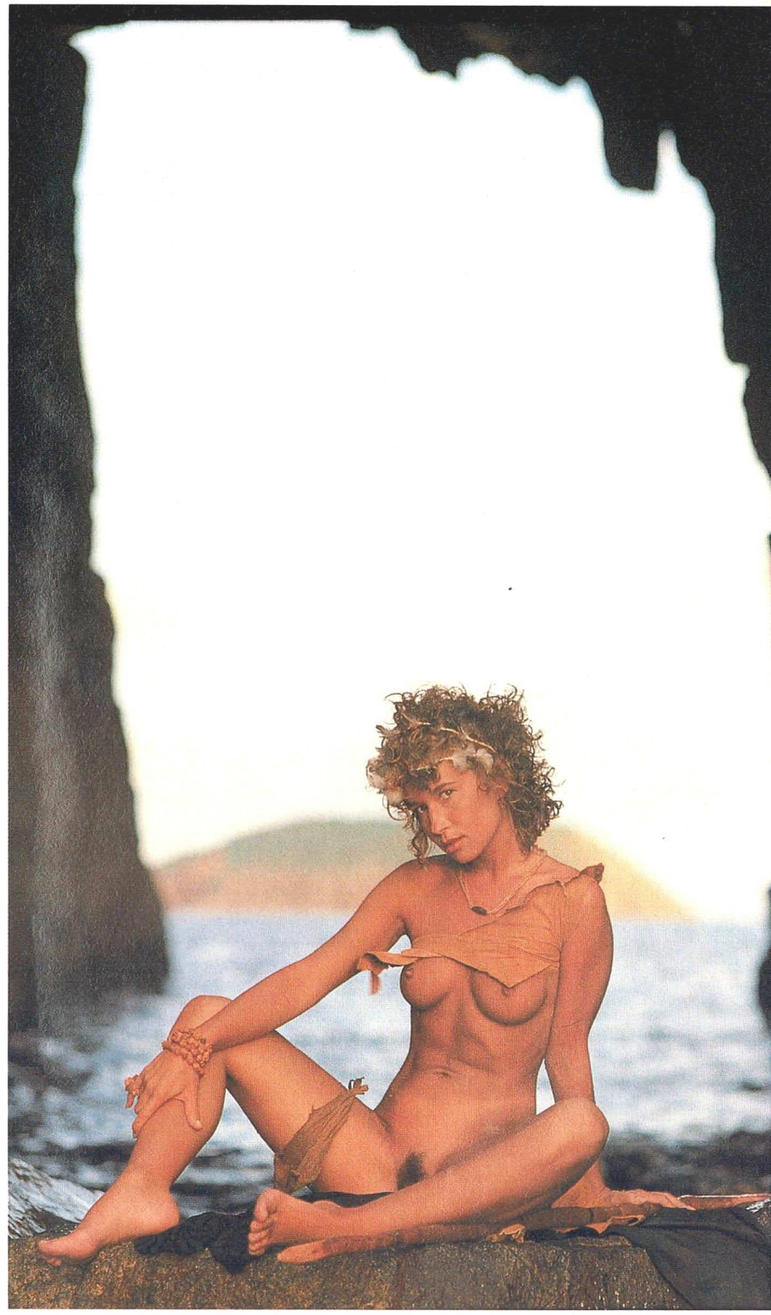


Sydney native Bridget Bloxsom, 22, went wild for the *Penthouse* cameras, finding herself a primitive castaway in the wilderness of the Whitsunday Islands. Robinson Crusoe fantasies aside — for a moment — Bridget reported that she even felt like a native after a few days in these outfits and in these spectacular surroundings. Natural instincts came to the fore: "Though my first instinct was to see the humor in it," she laughs.

Castaway

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NICK BROKENSHA

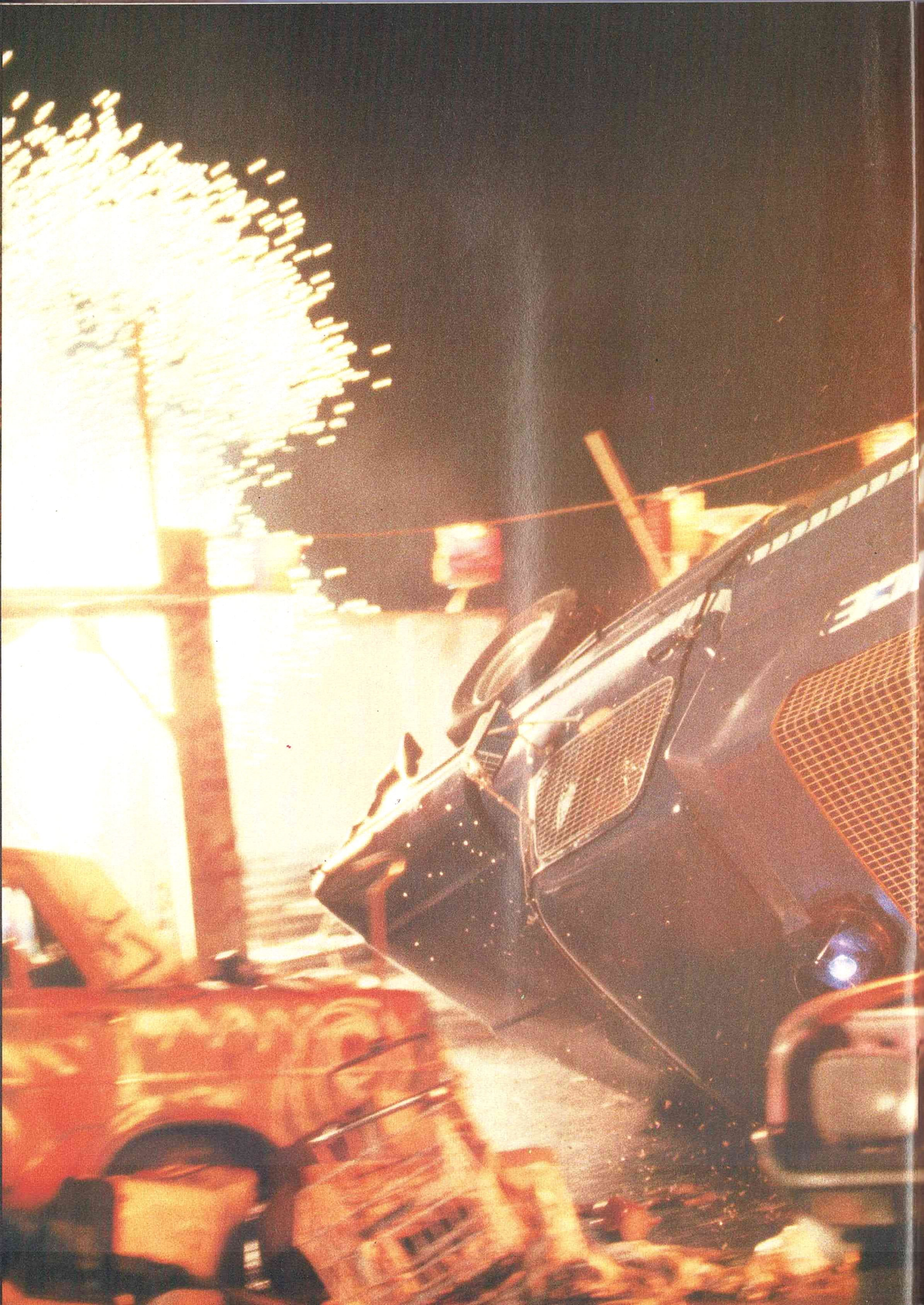
Bridget prefers not to take things too seriously, but even so she found her work cut out for her baring all for the camera. "I know some people wouldn't believe it, but this is the hardest kind of modelling there is."



Bridget does have a serious side, though. There's no joking when it comes to sport — she readily admits she's a fanatic. Cricket and footy on the tube is her forte, though nothing beats a day getting value from her SCG membership. Just one thing more would make her life complete, she says: "If anyone's feeling generous, a Sports Ground membership is my top priority . . ."

It's a sense of humor that will make a man appealing to her. "I'm not into pretty, pretentious men. I like unusual things, but not overstated."

If there's such a thing as the typical *Penthouse* Pet, I don't think I'm it," she smiles. "I hate the idea of fitting into any scene or classification."



"It's only when they call you by your first name when you come into the hospital that you really belong among the pros of the stunt world."

DANGEROUS DRIVING

Through the Seventies and into the Eighties, Hollywood did its best to run us down with car movies. On what Jack Nicholson likes to call "The Big Silver" there were *The Gumball Rally*, *Gone In Sixty Seconds*, some very hairy car stunts indeed on films like *Beverly Hills Cop I* and *II*, not to mention more *Smokey And The Bandits* and *Cannonball Runs* than you could shake a gear shift at.

The Dukes Of Hazzard and *The Fall Guy* and *Knight Rider* took the same stunts into TV. Every time you turned on the set, a Chevvy or Ford was flying through the air like a Learjet without a landing ground in sight. Drivers on these series — men like Buddy Joe Hooker and Mickey Gilbert — set the records for movie car stunts: a 46-metre jump for *The Fall Guy*, topped by

BY JOHN BAXTER

DRIVING

57 metres (the world record) on *Dukes Of Hazzard*, where a Charger leapt over a train. The car came down as a heap of debris and its driver busted three ribs, but they got the shot, which is all that really matters. And as one of the great stuntmen of the Thirties, "Suicide" Buddy Mason, once remarked, it's only when they call you by your first name when you come into the hospital that you really belong among the pros of the stunt world.

Australia hasn't been left out of the history of automobile mayhem. It should rate a whole chapter — perhaps even a book to itself. The story would begin with speedway racing and car and motor cycle shows like the Hell Drivers, a feature of the post-war entertainment scene. Our taste for them brought to Australia some notable masters of getting rich quick at the punters' expense.

Acting as safety man on one such foreign stunt show, Max Aspin, later a distinguished stunt co-ordinator in the movies, watched a cycle stunter prepare to do "The Looper", defying gravity to roar round the inside of a wooden track. At the first try, he reached the top of the loop and fell on his head. Aspin helped him up.

"How often have you done this gag?"

"Once," said the man. "I crashed."

"What speed do you need to make it round the loop?"

The man looked worried. "I don't know. Would it help if I had a speedometer?"

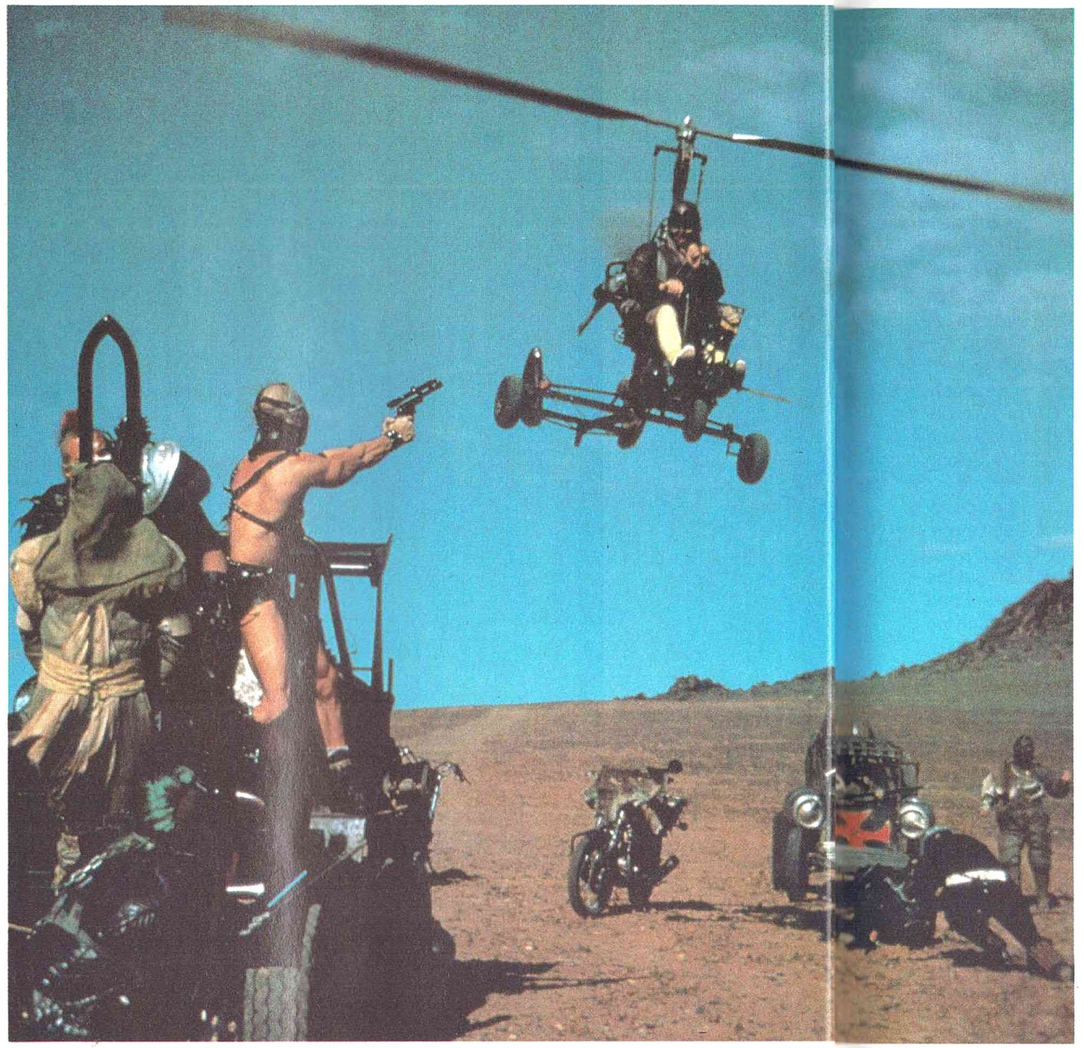
Aspin got him a speedo. The next time, he managed one and a half revolutions before falling again. On his third try, Aspin just beckoned for the ambulance men. "Better stand by," he told him. "A man's going to hurt himself." Inevitably, he did.

There's still dangerous driving being done in Australia, though these days it's a good deal better organised. The world record for an unassisted *truck* jump was set two years ago by an Australian, Guy Norris. On Brian Trenchard-Smith's futuristic thriller *Dead End Drive-In*, Norris rammed a Ford 4 x 4 up an eight-metre ramp, through a billboard-size movie sign and on for nearly 50 metres to smash the record — and nearly smash himself.

Norris knew he couldn't get the Ford to fly straight without modification and the most meticulous timing. His adviser on the stunt was, inevitably, the man who'd already done enough jumps to know all the problems: *The Fall Guy's* Mickey Gilbert.

To learn what makes an international stunt man, Gilbert's career is instructive. All you need to do car stunts on a record-breaking series like *The Fall Guy*, it seems, is a few cars, a lot of money — and three decades of breaks, sprains and the toughest kind of hard experience.

Not all of Gilbert's experience has been in cars. Sometimes the best way to develop co-ordination is in something simpler — like handling four runaway horses in a chariot race or second-guessing a wild rhinoceros. Gilbert did both, long before he turned to cars. In 1959, working with his father-in-law, the veteran stunter Joe Yrigoyen, he was one of the charioteers doubling Charlton Heston in *Ben Hur*. And in 1967, the chariot race director, Andrew Marton, used him again in a dangerous combination of western trick riding and wild animal handling called *Africa Texas Style*.



Marton is extravagant in his praise of Gilbert. "Mickey is a unique person," he told me in his heavily accented English. "First of all, physically he's a magnificent specimen, and he's absolutely without fear. He took the chance of having turned on him a rhino we had caught three days before, a completely wild rhino, so wild it demolished the hard teakwood box in which we brought him from the jungle to the holding pen. Mickey said: 'I'm not going to run. I'm going to side-step him, and as he goes after me I'll cut down the margin on the side-stepping.'

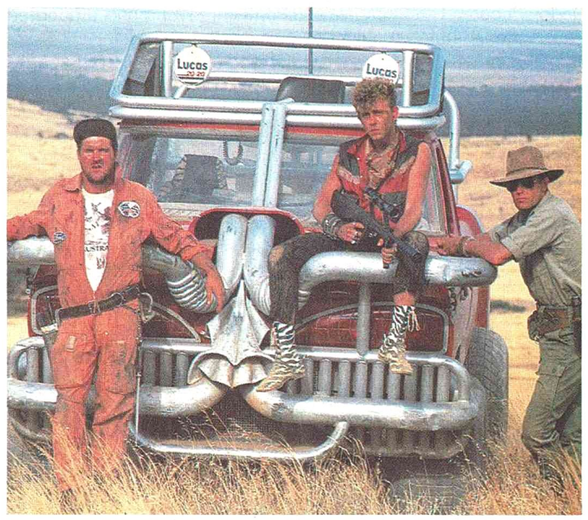
"This is incredibly cold-blooded thinking," Marton said. "We chose a location where every four metres or so there was a little tree — not enough to block the view but enough to stop the rhino and let Mickey spin around. He was as good as his word. We had three cameras on it and in five minutes we had enough for two reels of the most incredible 'bull-fight' between intelligence and brute strength."

Gilbert was generous with his advice to Guy Norris on the *Dead End Drive-In* stunt. At his suggestion, a 226-kilo weight was built into the Ford frame, to keep it steady and to balance Norris' own weight. Gilbert also supplied plans for the take-off ramp, based on his experience on *The Dukes Of Hazzard*.

A car hitting a conventional ramp at speed bounces into the air and loses valuable momentum. Norris built his ramp in a sine curve, twisting upwards from zero to two metres in a length of only eight metres. The Ford hit it easily, accelerated to 96 km/h *before* it reached the end of the ramp, and climbed through the neon-lit sign that was Norris' primary target.

"I remember all the bits of the sign going really vividly," Norris told reporter Nick Roddick, "and I remember seeing sky and more sky. The thing the other guys said is: 'Whenever you do the big one, remember the view!' I remember looking over and seeing the lighting tower, and it was, like, *wow* — actually, it was more like *fuck* — and then I was going down and I saw the ground coming up."

The jump worked better than anyone had expected — exactly seven metres better, since Norris soared that distance past the last camera, armored in a steel "Ned Kelly" protective case and placed just where the director expected Norris to land. But there was a price to pay. The Ford all but disintegrated. Engine and transmission were forced back 300cm. Norris knew before the jump that he risked kidney injury, spinal compression, even near-fatal whiplash. So he built a safety pod, supported on each side by elastic bungee cords and below by a pivoting seat, shock-absorber mounted. Other drivers have crawled out of such stunts, croaking for analgesics and hot pads. Norris leaped and capered his triumph.



Clockwise from far left: The car stunt classic is Mad Max II*; The funniest of funny cars was created for the Australian film* Fair Game*; Max Aspin, the brains behind the mechanical mayhem of* Mad Max II*; Aspin's speciality — cars turned missiles.*

Movie drivers go hoarse warning amateurs not to attempt their tricks: all the TV stunt series carry clear warnings against trying such feats in an unprotected custom car. Truly unhinged motor jockeys, of course, take no notice, least of all in Australia. Our long straight country roads have always invited a recklessness that ends too often in tragedy.

Ironically, the first man to draw international attention to our road madness on film was not a driver hot for notoriety but a movie-struck doctor outraged by the human wreckage he saw every day in Australian hospitals. Dr George Miller made *Mad Max* as his personal comment on the highway holocaust. He financed the film himself, working weekends as a relief doctor, travelling around Melbourne in an ambulance driven by his friend and producer Byron Kennedy.

The film establishment of the Seventies thought Miller should have stuck to medicine. And the mishaps on *Mad Max* seemed to bear them out. On the first day of shooting, actress Joanne Samuel fell off a motor cycle on her way to the set and broke an ankle. Miller had to find a replacement overnight. The film's sound track proved almost inaudible; its American distributor eventually re-recorded it for overseas release. And in choosing to shoot in CinemaScope, Miller seemed to have saddled himself with a technical burden that would crush him.

But Richard Franklin, later to direct the hit thrillers *Patrick* and *Psycho II*, formed a different view when he visited Miller, who was then editing his film above a Melbourne pizza parlor.

"George had taken the film away from his editor, and was recutting it himself," Franklin recalled, "which everyone said was doom and gloom, because he wasn't an editor at all. He asked me in there one night and showed me the sequence of the car going through the caravan. And I said, 'Boy, you're going to be rich one day!' And I guess he is."

DRIVING

Miller's next job after *Mad Max* was supervising the action on Ian Barry's science fiction thriller *The Chain Reaction*. To liven up the final chase, the stunt co-ordinator suggested a "T-bone." Miller had never heard of this antique stunt, so the co-ordinator ran some old films of his Hell Driving days — it was Max Aspin. Impressed, Miller gave the go-ahead. Aspin roared down the narrow bush road, ramp-jumped over one crashed car and slammed at right-angles into another, making a crude letter "T." Deeply impressed, Miller asked Aspin to manage the stunts for what became the classic among car action films, *Mad Max II*.

Shot around Broken Hill during the iciest winter on record, *Mad Max II* pushed the techniques pioneered by Mickey Gilbert and other masters to the dangerous edge. Guy Norris, unrecognisable in the helmet and leather suit of the mock-cops Miller christened "LA Bikers", pitched himself off a motor cycle at high speed, cannoned off a car and landed 19 metres away. Aspin himself badly injured his foot in a crash. But *Mad Max II* started a school of hard-driving punk road movies that's still with us today, more vigorous and anarchic than ever.

Since then, we've been inundated with car crash pictures. *Fair Game* is the most recent of them, and typical of the new breed. Shot on a starvation budget in rural South Australia, it dispensed with stars and put the money where, in these post-*Mad Max* days, it really matters — into stunts and hardware.

The film's plot didn't tax the intelligence: a helpless girl marooned in the outback is terrorised by three homicidal kangaroo shooters in a souped-up customised 4x4. The truck was a masterpiece of designer Kim Hilder's art, its grille decorated with a steer's skull in steel. The movie armorer who took a conventional 4-wheel drive and rebuilt it to that design was the all-but-legendary Brian Bosisto. Grizzled, bearded, burned nearly black by the sun on countless locations, Bosisto strolled around the set of *Fair Game* with a pump action shotgun under his arm, telling tall tales of life on films like *Mad Max III*. An ex-newsman and newsreel photographer, he migrated to movies as a cameraman, making himself indispensible by building and supplying his own specialised equipment: first a camera crane, then camera cars that could carry it.

Camera cars got Bosisto into the business of automobiles for movies—an experience he recalled recently for journalist Fred Harden. The producers of a thriller called *Reunion*, he told Harden, demanded a camera car that would hit 150 km/h. Bosisto asked stunt drivers to suggest the fastest, steadiest cars around. Unanimously they voted for the Dodge Phoenix, Chevy Impala and Pontiac Parisienne — heavy-footed gas-guzzlers from the great days between 1964 and 1969 when oil shortages were unheard of and catalytic converters a fantasy.

Bosisto found an ex-demolition derby Dodge rotting in a cabbage patch and bought it for $200. Re-building it from the ground up, he fitted it for camerawork, with the steering down low and way back — where the back seat would have been — and the whole body supported on air shocks.

On the first day of shooting on *Reunion*, the director told Bosisto to take off and accelerate to 100 km/h. A Torana with the villains on board would then pull level with him. Bosisto put his foot to the floor. Shortly after, he looked back — to see the Torana a kilometre behind, unable to catch up. Word got around that Bosisto had not only the smoothest movie car in the business, but also the hottest.

> Bosisto strolled around the set of *Fair Game* with a pump action shotgun under his arm

Since then, he's added wind machines to his armory, not to mention more cranes and extra camera cars. And his services are always in demand for specialist jobs in a film industry increasingly preoccupied with "funny" cars.

The truck on *Fair Game* was among his "funniest." It had to be sufficiently nippy to speed around the dirt roads of central South Australia with stuntmen hanging all over it, but tough enough to charge across rough ground and finally plough through the walls of the victim's house. Bosisto hiked it up on fat racing tyres for fast acceleration — then was kept busy patching the tyres and wiring the truck together for another shot. But the result more than justified the confidence of the producers. Nobody does it quite as well as Bosisto.

Guy Norris is the acknowledged master of Australian movie driving, a fraction ahead of Max Aspin and Grant Page. But ask any of the great movie drivers — Gilbert or Hooker or the Bond movies' Rémy Julienne — and they'll agree that the man who started it all, the man who did the car stunts on *Bullitt* (not to mention *Vanishing Point* and *It's A Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World* and a hundred others), was Carey Loftin.

A few years ago Loftin, a tall slow-spoken man from Mississippi, told me the story of the *Bullitt* chase. He strung it out through most of a long lazy lunch-hour on the Universal backlot in Hollywood while he waited to shoot a silly leap in a Mini Minor on some long-forgotten Universal telepic.

He knew *Bullitt* was his masterpiece. Nothing ever gave him such a buzz again. He could have retired when the last shot was done and just sat on the porch of his ranch, relishing that sense of being the best, sipping away at it like the best sourmash. But *Bullitt* reset the benchmarks on movie driving. Loftin was in demand as he'd never been before — and like any pro, he climbed out of the rocking chair and went back to work.

Most movie drivers started in the speedway. Max Aspin worked the speedway circuit for years. So did Rémy Julienne, Europe's most famous driver, who did the stunts for the most recent James Bond movie, *The Living Daylights*. And Loftin too started on the cinder track in the Thirties. By the time he came to *Bullitt*, he'd been taking risks in cars for more than four decades, starting with the stunts for Abbott and Costello comedies and working up to doubling Elvis Presley in the car race for *Viva Las Vegas* and planning the contest of skill between Dennis Weaver's car and a homicidal semi-trailer driver on Steven Spielberg's first big action success, *Duel*.

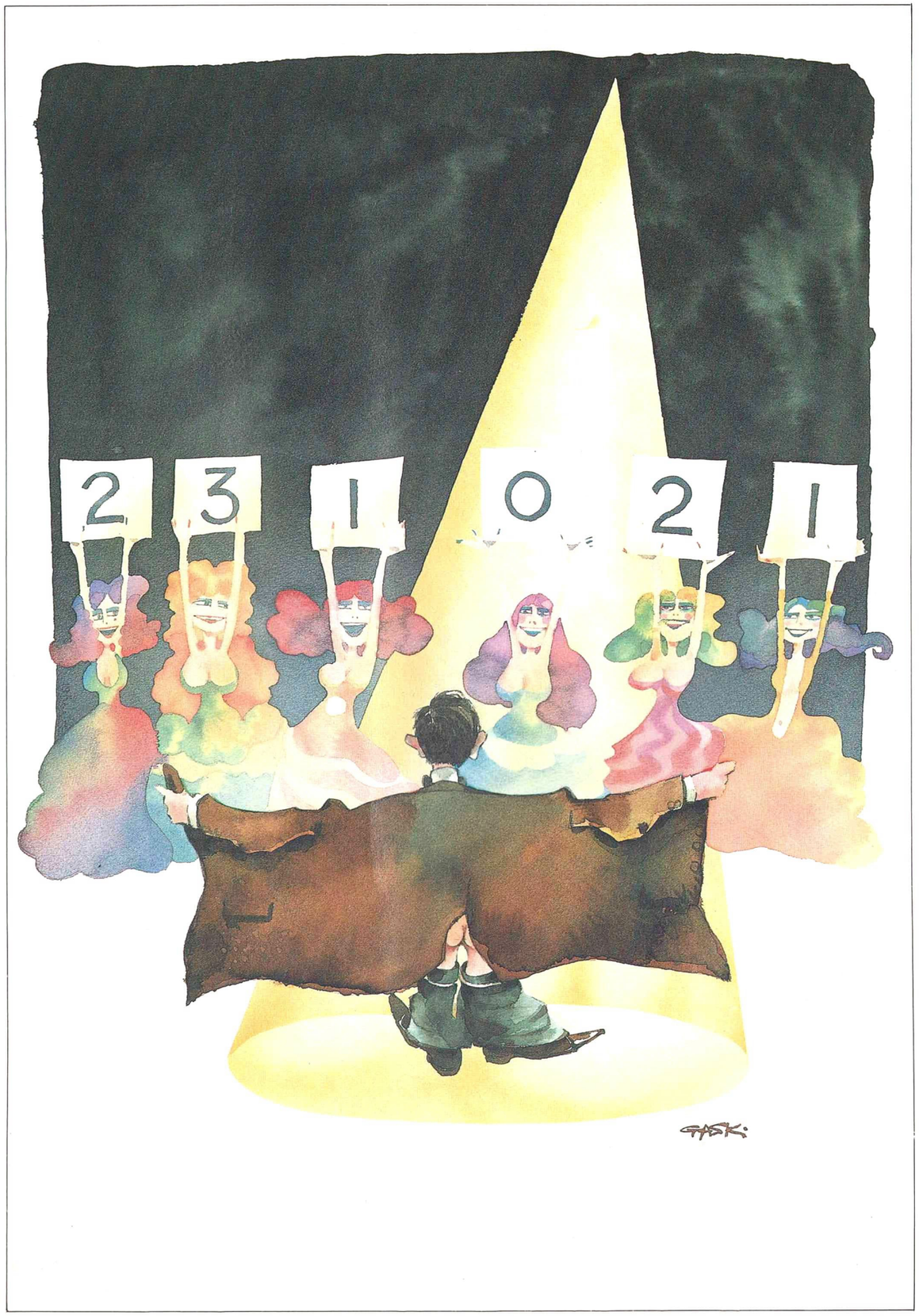
He wasn't surprised to get a call from the English director Peter Yates, but what Yates demanded for his Steve McQueen thriller shook him. "We want the chase to top all chases," Yates said. And, because Yates had been in the Formula 1 game before he got into movies — first as a driver, then as racing manager to Stirling Moss, Peter Collins and other masters of the Grand Prix circuit in the Fifties — he knew what cars could do.

"I grabbed my Polaroid," said Loftin, "got into the car, made sure I had a lot of gasoline, and just drove." He was looking for spots to set his stunts: curves where cars could cannon off one another, and sky-line hilltops where a speeding car could become airborne but matched with a flat landing place so it wouldn't just slide helplessly after it hit.

He wanted to end the chase with a plunge off the Golden Gate Bridge, but the San Franciso city council wouldn't agree. He compromised by turning a freeway south of San Francisco into a speed track, planning a fiery finale when the killer's car plunges into a gas station. If Loftin had known how close that stunt would bring him to death, he wouldn't have tried it. But all that was three months and a lot of hard work down the road.

After the planning comes the engineer-

Continued on page 123



WIN WIN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

What could be more natural on an otherwise empty afternoon than Josepha and Coco finding entertainment between themselves? All they needed was the catalyst to ignite the smouldering heat. Each applied themselves to the pleasure of the other. Problem solved.

It became a case of tit for tat. Josepha had first teased by raising the idea that what is offered in lovemaking is what we'd most like to have done to *us*. Coco had followed her lead.

The lead swapped — and swapped again — and the pace quickened. It became a race as they hunted down each other's reserves of ecstasy. *Win win* situation.

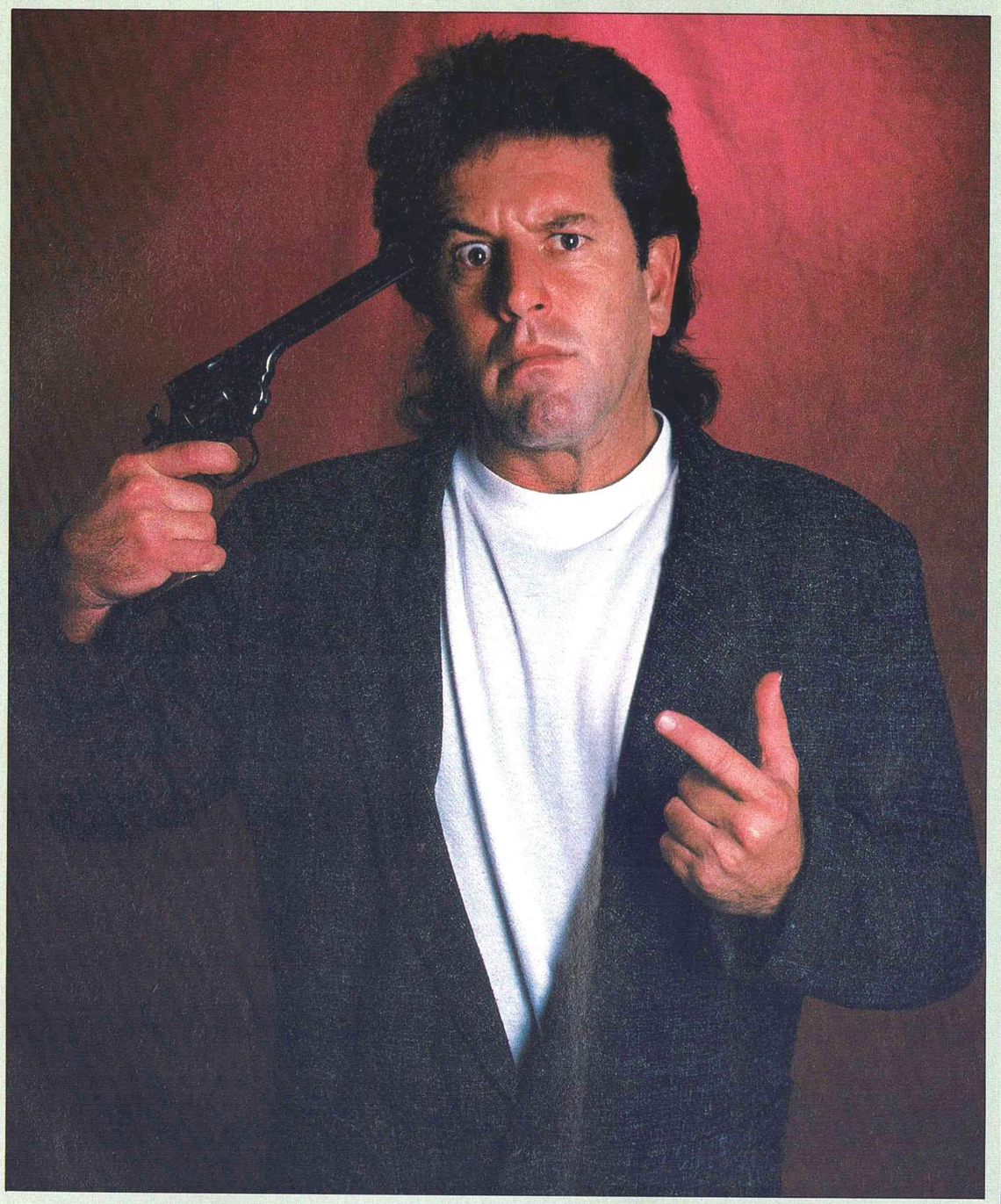
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
JIM SHELDON

The Meaning Of Life

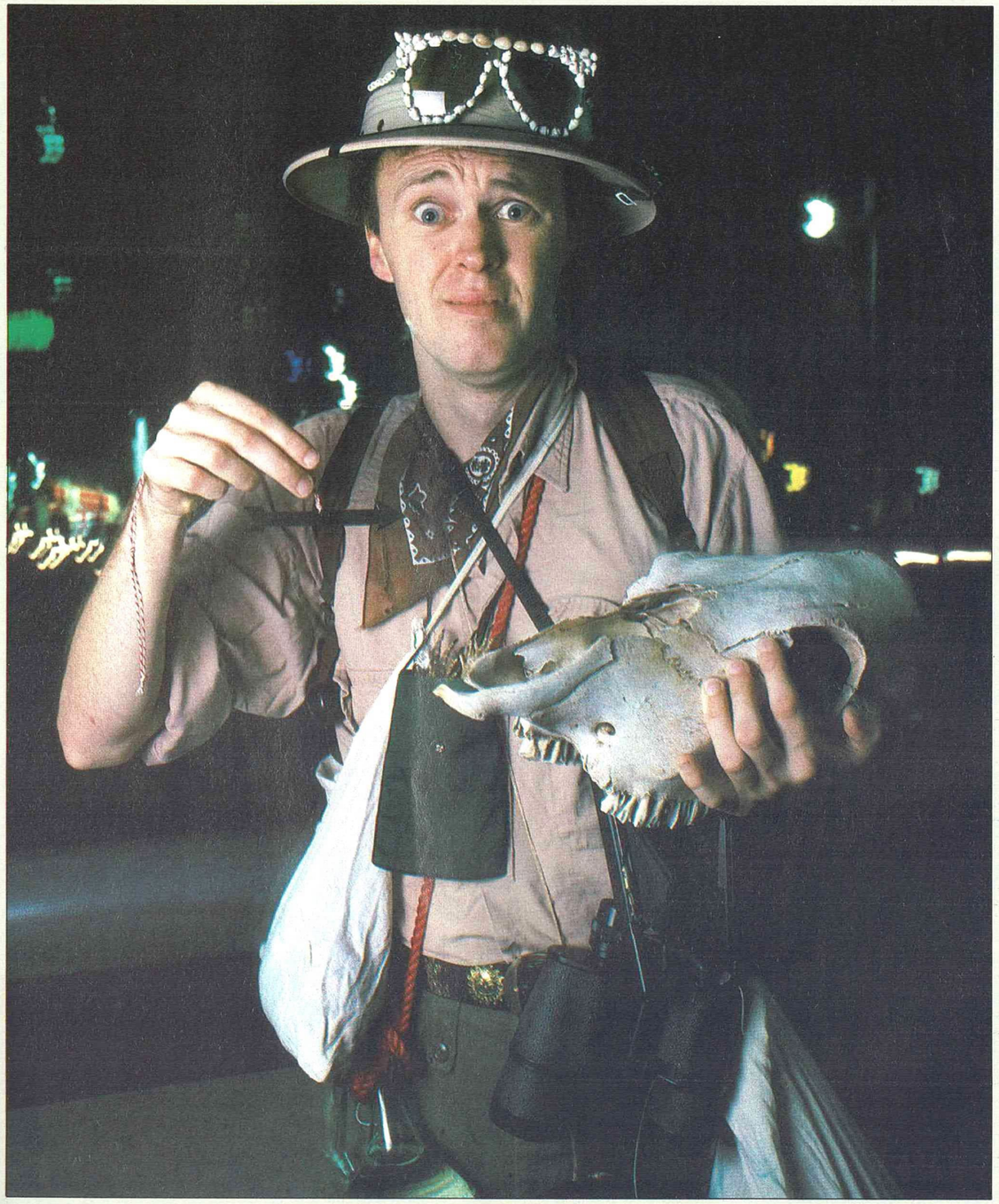
What's it all about? Are we nothing more than randomly conceived collections of molecules bouncing about in a limitless void, turning fresh air into foul and food into excrement, ultimately with nothing more to show for it all than a kilometre of wrinkles, a textbook case of haemorrhoids and a guaranteed guernsey in the carbon cycle? Or is there some overarching pattern, some grand metaphysical design that binds our individual souls into a rich and meaningful tableau which in the absence of any one of us would be tragically incomplete? Do you expect to find out the answer to this question in *Penthouse* magazine? More to the point, what would any of the clowns featured in the following pages know about it?

Well, they may not know much about life, but they know what they like. So come with us on a spiritual Odyssey in which we humbly seek the answer to mankind's oldest question: "What is the meaning of life?" And if perchance you find instant Enlightenment somewhere in these pages, remember where you read it first.

Rodney Rude **"Do unto others as you would do into them . . . Anyone for pony rides?"**



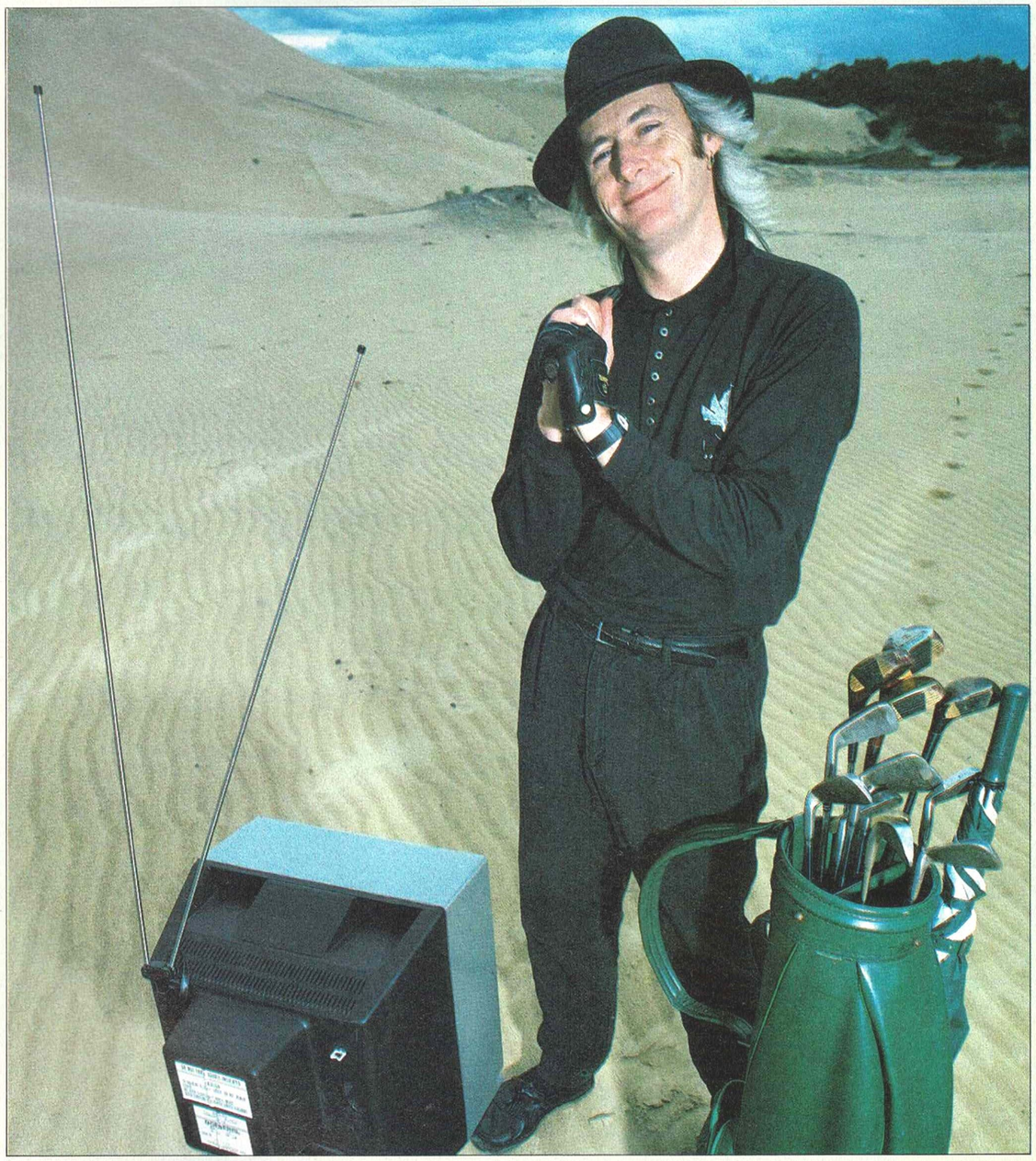
George Smilovici "I know you're in there. Come on out . . . or I'll shoot!"



"Great to be alive, isn't it? But then again, what's the fucking option?" **Anthony Ackroyd**

Ernie Dingo "I told Jerry, before the stockmarket fell, to pull out. 'Blow it,' he said, so I did. I vacuumed my interest and cleaned up. But DIDjerriDOO it? NO."

"Life is like sex: it's great, but it's not as good as the real thing." **Vince Sorrenti**



Billy Birmingham

"Life is a constant struggle to not take life too seriously. So I take the piss out of anything that moves and play as much golf as I possibly can."

"I don't know much about what I like, but I do know a hell of a lot about art."

Mandy Salomon

HUMOR BY COLIN BOWLES

Do this quiz or we'll kick sand in your face

ARE YOU A WIMP?

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN MITCHELL

The meek shall inherit the Earth. If that's all right with the rest of you.

Go ahead, laugh. But there are some people who don't find the joke all that funny. Maybe *you* don't think it's all that funny. The point is, even if the meek *did* inherit the Earth, they'd only feel guilty and give it back. If you reckon that would probably be the right thing to do, maybe you'd better check your Wimpery Rating.

Maybe you're one too.

Wimpery was once regarded as, well, a virtue. For years male children were brought up to say *excuse me, sorry to interrupt, may I?* Be crushed, be humiliated, even be oppressed, but for God's sake — *BE POLITE!*

This pussyfooting moral rectitude has polluted whole generations. Crocodile Dundee doesn't cry. But Australia's cricket captain and Prime Ministers do.

It makes life hell for their minders. And it's ruining our reputation abroad.

Have you been affected by wimpery? Behind those steely John Elliott eyes and that Dennis Lillee moustache does there lurk an Frank Spencer who's just too afraid to show himself?

Over the next few pages you'll find a quiz designed by a leading psychologist (me: graduated TAFE four-night diploma course in psychoanalysis/woodworking — Beginners) which will determine whether you — tall, bronzed, fearless — are, God forbid, a wimp.

Answer the questions honestly, without turning to the back to look up the correct answers. Come on. Do it now. No, don't ask questions. Just do it.

1. What would you most like to be?
   (a) a troubleshooter for a big corporation
   (b) a *60 Minutes* interviewer
   (c) an Australian fast bowler
   (d) left alone and not bothered

2. Have you ever used the following words?
   (a) Sorry
   (b) Pardon me but . . .
   (c) I hope you don't mind me saying so
   (d) I don't want to be a nuisance

3. When do you normally have sex with a woman?
   (a) after you've beaten her up
   (b) after you've seduced her

ARE YOU A WIMP?

(c) after she's given you permission
(d) after she's asleep

4. Which of the following statements comes closest to describing you?
(a) If I say something I don't believe, it's only because I don't want to upset people. It's easier to go along.
(b) If I say something I don't believe, it's only because I'm tied down and someone's holding a cattle prod to my genitals.

5. How do you get a waiter's attention in a busy restaurant?
(a) Raised eyebrow
(b) Raised forefinger
(c) Raised middle finger

6. A sewing machine you purchased as a gift at a department store has blown up, decapitating your mother. What do you do?
(a) Return to the complaints department and say: "I'm sorry to be a nuisance but. . ."
(b) Demand to speak to the manager and give him a piece of your mind.
(c) Bring your mother back to the store in a plastic body bag and dump her in the middle of the showroom.
(d) Buy another sewing machine and attach it to the underside of the store manager's car.

7. An old schoolfriend comes to stay with you for a week, after separating from his wife. Three months later he is still in the house, and you suspect he is sleeping with your wife. Do you:
(a) murder him and bury him under the floorboards?
(b) go and rent a room at The People's Palace till he's gone?
(c) wait for the right moment to raise the subject with him, then ask him to leave (offering to pay for alternative accommodation if he threatens to make a scene)?
(d) apologise to him that your wife's such a rotten lay?

8. You go into your local bank to make a deposit and discover all the tellers with their heads down, doing a trial balance. Do you:
(a) cough?
(b) cough and say "Excuse me"?
(c) leave and come back the next day when they're not so busy?
(d) slam your fist on the counter and say, "Okay, which one of you cheesey four-eyed scumbags is going to serve me?"

9. Add five points to your score if you have done any of the following:
(a) grabbed a Post Office clerk by the tie
(b) kneed a wine waiter in the groin
(c) beaten up a health fund employee

10. You are waiting to be served in a Post Office when a large, fat woman pushes past you carrying a large, fat parcel she wants to sent to a large, fat country like Yugoslavia. What do you do?
(a) say, "Excuse me, it's my turn next."
(b) cry
(c) mutter under your breath and get your revenge by stealing all the air mail stickers off the counter
(d) mutter under your breath and get your revenge by stapling the fat woman's hand to the parcel

11. You have been waiting to order a cappuccino in a coffee bar for over 25 minutes. You can't get a waitress to take your order. What do you do?
(a) Keep waiting. You don't want to make a scene.
(b) Get up and walk out. Don't make a scene but give the manager a piece of your mind.
(c) Upturn the sugar bowl, urinate in the potted palm and draw a moustache on the James Dean print. You *do* want to make a scene.
(d) Stand on the table, unzip your jeans and wave your doodle in the waitress's direction, shouting: "What have you got to do to get served round here?"

> "Wait till they've gone to bed and then drive over their tent in the Land-Cruiser"

12. What do you fear the most?
(a) dissatisfaction
(b) disapproval
(c) disappearing

13. Have you ever cried on national television?
(a) only when I couldn't make runs
(b) only when I mentioned my family in Parliament
(c) only when I went on to try for the car and got the question wrong

14. How do you ask a woman to go to bed with you?
(a) I don't. I just carry her there.
(b) I get down on my knees and beg.
(c) I don't. I wait for her to ask me.
(d) Yuk! Go to bed with a *woman,* lovie?

15. You are camping and a bunch of hoons sharing a single-man tent a few yards away insist on playing Billy Idol tapes on their Brixton Briefcase till 1am. What do you do?
(a) put one of your girlfriend's tampons in each ear, pull your sleeping bag over your head, and try to sleep through it
(b) pack the tent and go to a different campsite
(c) wait till they've gone to bed and then drive over their tent in the Landcruiser
(d) reverse back over it as well

16. In your relationship, who initiates sex?
(a) I do
(b) she does
(c) he does

17. You are with your girlfriend in a hotel when she sees her former lover at the other end of the bar. He comes over, sits down next to her, and puts his hand up her skirt. Do you:
(a) pretend not to notice?
(b) try and make a joke of it?
(c) tell them they deserve each other and storm out?
(d) kick him in the groin?
(e) kick her in the groin?

18. When you go to the movies, who do you relate to?
(a) Charles Bronson
(b) Sly Stallone
(c) William Hurt
(d) John Hurt
(e) Anyone who's been hurt

19. What's your favorite drink?
(a) beer
(b) petrol
(c) milk
(d) mother's milk
(e) Babycham

20. You are in a private health fund office when the counter clerk pushes your form back across the counter and tells you that you haven't filled it in properly. Do you:
(a) apologise, and try again?
(b) tear up the form and shout, "Never mind, it's only for our IVF program. Who needs $7361 anyway?"
(c) pull out a gun and shoot her in the kneecap?

Continued on page 144

OUT OF BODY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

"I'll try anything once," bubbles 20-year-old beauty Jessica Jensen. With her decidedly psychic bent, her green eyes sparkle as she recounts her fascination with all things supernatural.

"My current project involves training myself to have out-of-body experiences," explains this prodigiously proportioned psychic explorer. Why she would want to leave such a body is another issue . . .

Jessica's more worldly experiences include making love on a mountain peak and another time making love in a tree. "I was climbing up for the view with my boyfriend of the time when I noticed a branch where I could rest. One thing led to another. It was the most exciting love ever . . ."

Her ultimate erotic fantasy, however, is to make love with another woman. Although the fantasy thus far remains unfulfilled, "The very thought drives me absolutely wild."

MOTORING BY GRAHAM WEST

SEND IN THE CLONES

Does the Porrera prove that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery?

His irreverent activities leave the motoring purist aghast. But Adelaide businessman Geoff Heard is not the least bit fazed. Give him a down-market Volkswagen or Toyota and a few grand and he'll turn the sow's ear into a silk purse. Presto, a vision that looks all the world like something you often spy in the fast lane heading out of Stuttgart . . .

Fashioning exoticar clones at prices the plebs can afford is what Heard is about. And along the way he doesn't mind making a quid and sending some of the world's leading car makers apoplectic.

Heard's now flourishing Adelaide-based company, Creative Cars, kicked off in humble fashion five years ago designing and marketing a small range of dress-up kits for popular cars. Then Heard conjured up a local version of an eye-catching custom kit for his own 911 Porsche. (He's owned 19 Porsches in all.) Anyway, the personalised kit gracing Heard's 911 in turn attracted so much positive comment that Creative Cars stormed off in a new direction, away from the mundane and into exotica. The add-on collection, dubbed the 933, gave the Zuffenhausen express a more rakish edge.

The kit, still available, can be mated to any of the durable 911 series models, though it is slightly easier to fit it to the more recent editions. The Creative Cars' 935 kit, priced around $4000, comprises nine major glass-fibre sections — four fenders, fatter front and rear bumpers, ground-hugging side skirts, and a huge rear spoiler.

The front guards incorporate pop-up pre-'86 Mazda RX-7 headlamps, while the bumpers come with oversized inbuilt indicator lenses and driving lights.

Now is the hard part. The fitting and painting of the panels is no job for the inex-

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER AITCHISON

CLONES

perienced. The smart ones bite the bullet, spend the money, and get Heard's crew to do it in-house.

Incidentally, Heard recently asked his lads to design and make a new body kit for his personal transportation. It has tranformed his 911 into what looks the spitting image of Porsche's very exclusive 959 supercar. So far, Heard has no plans to put the 959 kit into production. So far.

Back to the 935 kit. Someone dared Heard to devise a similar package to suit the lowly Vee Dub. He did. Twice. Creative Cars now does all-over kits that magically take the ugly duckling all the way from German people's car to two models inspired by the world's best maker of sporty machines.

We should get one thing straight. They're artistic impressions, rather than replicas. The Porsche-inspired Porrera is a conversion remarkable for its simplicity. It's a simple case of replacing the original bolt-on VW panels and bumpers with Creative Cars' "drop-over" glass-fibre kit. And like its brethren, the convertible Poraga, the original floorpan, suspension, drivetrain and main structure of the VW, including doors and windscreen, stay put. All up, it's about 40 hours fitting time.

Conversion kits are offered with optional wheel/tyre sets and dashboard packs — with or without gauges. There's also a choice of standard or lightly modded motor (extractors, twin exhausts) and complete interiors. Attention to detail is commendable; it's reassuring to know that all new rubber seals for doors and windscreen are available if required. The depth of a customer's bank account is usually the only limiting factor.

Prices start at around five grand for the basic kit and wing. All the way to $17,000 for the full-on drive-away targa-topped Poraga, with all the goodies.

Which brings us to his latest brainchild, a Toyota Celica serf that goes to town in the robes of King Ferrari of Italy. It'll be a great hoodwink if Heard can pull it off. A secondhand 308GTB Faz is in six-figure territory; ten grand will getcha into the Creative Cars' Ferrino.

Cloning any Ferrari is a tall order. On two counts. Firstly, old Enzo's Italian jobs are visual delights, with glorious lines that seduce from any angle. Secondly, Ferrari is revered like no other brand, and the glorious 308GTB is an auto classic. How Italian car fanatics will react to the maverick Aussie interpretation of the adored Ferrari 308GTB will be interesting to observe. Will they view Heard's work as a compliment or insult? Will he be vilified or lauded? *Forza Ferrino!* It has a certain ring to it.

Heard was stuck in Adelaide's idea of a traffic snarl one day when he observed that the quarter panel sections and raked windscreen of the 1972-75 Celica were not dissimilar to those of the 308GTB. A devilish mind was soon at work.

It seemed so natural. Like the Beetle, the original Celica is both inexpensive and readily available. Heard also had a pal who owned the right model Ferrari. The 308GTB was very smartly borrowed for some panel cloning. The speed at which the project came together astounded Heard. The cosmetic transformation involving eight kit pieces, he says, is a breeze.

The base Celica can be readied very quickly. First step is to unbolt front fenders, bumpers, bonnet and boot lid. Slots are then cut into the two doors and rear quarter panel to accept the glass-fibre outer skins. The one-piece front guards/bumper simply drops over the prepared Toyota. The rear wheel arches are also chopped away to take the lightweight one-piece rear body.

As is the case with the Poraga/Porrera drop-over packages, the level of disguise or equipment is left to the customer. The essentials start at $A6500, before labor. Electric retractable Toyota Supra headlights, at $1200 a set, push up the price.

Plainly, reducing the Celica to the height of the low-slung 308GTB could be accomplished only with major surgery using the oxy torch. This would destroy Heard's simple "drop-on" concept. So the obvious visual difference between the thoroughbred and copycat is that the Ferrino stands about 125mm (or five inches) taller at the kerb. The Ferrino is not as wide either, and its windscreen pillars are not as thick as on the model it apes. Missing from the centre of the grille of the pretender is the famous Prancing Horse emblem. That would be too cheeky by half. The clone looks very similar to the original from the rear, the resemblance enhanced by the Ferrino's quad exhaust pipe system. The badge identification — 328GTS — is bound to confuse.

Like the real thing, Heard's red pony is a strict two-seater. The rear compartment is taken up with a tinted perspex rear window and a glass-fibre moulding which sensibly turns the old seating area into a luggage compartment.

The Celica was never a neck-snapping performer, so the Ferrino owner will know he's in a Toyota when he puts the pedal down. However, Creative Cars is planning to soon make available a twin-cam engine option for those who'd like some performance to go with their Ferrino.

Having delighted the plebs and, in all probability, raised the ire of Germans and Italians, Heard is about to test the flappability factor of the British. Watch that stiff upper lip quiver when Creative Cars slides back the shutters to reveal a Holden HQ/HZ-based custom job coincidentally bearing a resemblance to a frighteningly expensive symbol of the rich and famous. The Silver Lady won't believe it.

THE AGONY OF ECSTASY

Continued from page 57

haps using the money to prop up other lucrative drug trafficking operations.

Detective-Sergeant Frank Hanson, Intelligence and Liaison Officer with the NSW Police State Drug Group, believes there is still a relatively small amount of Ecstasy hitting the streets compared to the well-established drugs.

He confirms that the busts police have made so far are cause for concern. "We are worried about it; it is a stimulant-based drug and traditionally the type of drug that has the potential to gain widespread popularity," he says. "It also has a slight hallucinogenic effect, not the type that causes distorted imagery, but enough to give you the feeling that everything's fine and nothing is a problem."

The fear that organised crime will move into the MDMA distribution and supply network is based on similar experiences with other drugs, although there is no evidence to suggest that the drug trade is controlled by a single organised crime boss sitting at the top of a large, fat pyramid. Sgt Hanson says: "I see it more in terms of a whole lot of small, flat pyramids; there is no doubt that it can move in that direction.

"The problem we have had is in building up a picture of the types of people who are using the drug and in working out how much is around and where it is coming from. We had the same problem with cocaine when it first hit Australia.

"It may be similar to cocaine in that it goes through fewer hands before it reaches the consumer. Our experience with cocaine and manufactured drugs is that they may pass through only three or so hands before hitting the street.

"That's very different to heroin. You might buy a kilo of heroin in Hong Kong for $A40,000, and then split it into two 500 gram lots. From there it might pass through another five hands before it reaches the consumer. The biggest mark-up is at street level. That kilo would have generated up to $2 million by the time it hits the streets.

"But heroin is not very socially acceptable. Cocaine is, and the types of people who are dealing it, importing it and using it don't see themselves as part of the drug scene.

"It may be that MDMA falls into that category. The people found to have had it in their possession in the busts carried out so far thought they had amphetamines, so there is that extra problem of the users not knowing what they are getting."

There is evidence that the manufacture and supply network is already reasonably well established. Some small-time dealers say they have been recruited to do interstate courier runs from Sydney, mostly late in the week so that consumers in the other capitals, particularly Melbourne, get supplies for the weekend. However, the courier runs don't appear to be organised on a big business basis, and profits may be secondary to "helping out friends" — part of the "New Age" philosophy.

The police make no bones about what happens to people caught dealing Ecstasy. If you get busted, the law will treat you the same as a heroin dealer. You'll face 15 years jail, and/or a fine of up to $200,000.

Ecstasy's popularity originally sprang from the Sydney gay scene, and its widespread use can probably be put down to the fact that Sydney has a huge gay population; it is the gays who tend to look overseas for what's happening in fashion, music, and ultimately drugs. During the week of the Sydney Gay Mardi Gras in February one Sydney dealer, who usually moves about 20 tabs of Ecstasy in a week, got through 90. "As a rule," he observes, "whatever is trendy with the gay community becomes very chic among the eastern suburbs trendies, and then rubs off on the yuppies as well. There were a lot of straight people hanging on during the Mardi Gras and they got into it as well."

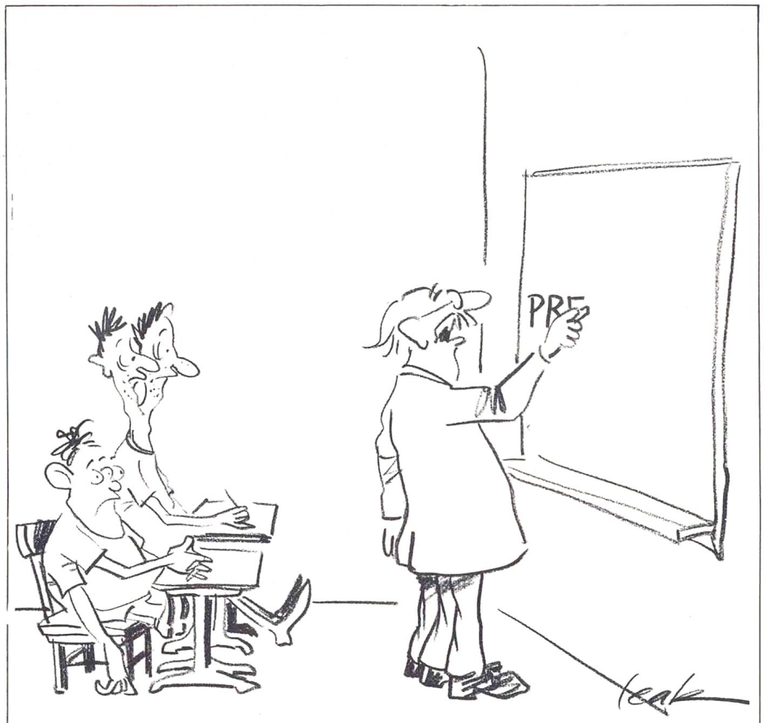
While the Ecstasy fan club believes the drug is innocuous and just "fun", there may also be some sinister and frightening implications. As a man-made drug, Ecstasy is subject to the fallibility of those who are producing it. As Dr Mylecharane explains, MDMA in its pure form is worrying enough, but left in the hands of backyard chemists, Ecstasy really can become agony. He gives this analogy:

"In California in 1982, similar backyard chemists developed a new synthetic heroin which was subsequently used by about 400 people. About 20 of them, and they were all young people, developed advanced symptoms of severe and what proved to be irreversible Parkinsonism . . . Parkinson's Disease.

"The victims exhibited all the typical motor features of Parkinson's disease, including slowness of movement, rigidity of their muscles and oiliness of their skin. What was worrying was that it happened almost immediately, and even now, six years later, many of the others who took it are slowly developing the disease.

"After tracking down samples of the substance, it was found to be MPTP, which consistently produces a clinical syndrome virtually identical to Parkinson's Disease.

"In a few years time, we may find out exactly what the human toxic syndrome is with MDMA . . . we really don't know now. Manufacture of the drug is not tightly controlled and its content could change from day to day. The question people should ask themselves is: 'If you don't know what you are getting into, do you really want to become a victim?'"



". . . And then came the 'Pre-nuclear' age, during which a lot of unnecessary fuss was made over the sale of uranium . . ."

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TRY THE ONE IN FRONT

Oh What A Feeling!

TOYOTA
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THE CARNAL KINGDOM

Continued from page 53

motorbike putted along, collected two of them, and rode off into the darkness. The owner explained that he pays the boy a commission for patronising his place, the girls in turn pay the owner the first 100 baht of their takings each time they score, and the clients naturally pay the girls (negotiable, but usually upward of 400 baht). "Then everybody happy!" he laughs. "Probably they go to Japanese now. Japanese don't like coming here."

The Nippon herding instinct again. You almost never see them in the Village. But they're around, all right — comfortably ensconced in the upper echelons of the Royal Cliff, Pattaya Palace and Regent Hotels. The owner notes that when they do appear on the streets, they disdain the ritual of chatting up the girl, preferring to pick and run. So saying, he leads me to his *own*, now empty, viewing room. It's a miniature version of the *sanuk* emporiums back in Bangkok, with bleacher seating capacity for 20 girls. He built it to cater exclusively to the quirks of the Japanese.

We returned just in time to see a bus full of them pull up and, in a matter of seconds and with no backward glances, make off with the bar's entire complement of females, save two who stayed behind to pour the beer.

I have concentrated, in this admittedly one-sided view of Pattaya, on its 5000 or so more famous features. I have ignored the coral islands, water scooter races, beach parties, sidewalk gem vendors, elephant kraal, orphanage, and some of the most interesting fellow travellers this side of Kathmandu. If you want to hang around to experience it all but don't have the funds to sustain yourself amidst Pattaya's increasingly fancy prices, there is a new village just up the road where room and swimming pool go for as little as $300 a month. It's called Naklua (there are six different spellings, all correct).

Ubon Rachathani is the fifth-largest Thai city with a population of only 100,000. Located in the far northeast, it is mercifully devoid of beaches, monuments, museums, unique natural phenomena, architectural wonders, postcards, city maps, suntan lotion, Anglophones, any mention in most guidebooks and — consequently — foreign tourists. *Farangs* are additionally kept at bay by the proximity of Thailand's eastern neighbors (Laos 80 kms east; Kampuchea 120 kms south), the inhabitants of which seem to range from the slightly creepy to the avowedly sociopathic.

Is Ubon Rachathani the "real Thailand?" I'll let you judge for yourself. What Ubon does have is the nation's first bowling alley, cinemas everywhere you look, a prosperous red light district, a dozen credible night clubs, at least seven massage parlors, and a big refugee camp just up the road.

During the Vietnam War a large US airbase was located at Ubon, and with it naturally came some Western customs and amenities. In fact, after the war, the refugee camp took over the base, converting the ammo dumps into reservoirs for breeding fish and the various halls into sewing, carpentry and nursing stations.

So the picture now becomes one of the Yanks invading this peaceful setting, implanting their filthy Western ways and leaving again, taking the economy with them. The Ubon natives then forget how to speak English but remember and keep the things they like.

If this picture *were* accurate it is unlikely that unescorted Western males would still be travelling all the way to Thailand for something they cannot get at home. But it is not.

> "There is no "church versus sex" debate gnawing away at the Thai conscience, as in the West"

After a brief period of what could be called bi-cultural schizophrenia following the Americans' departure, Ubon reverted to pure Thai ownership, patronage, language and attitudes.

There is, therefore, no evidence of any ongoing outside influence aiming toward a grand awakening of unbridled promiscuity. Things may change fast in this world, but there is no way in which the basic outlook of an uncolonised culture can be altered in less than a decade.

Even so, I was a bit surprised by Chitnuang, a three-striped law enforcement officer I met in the restaurant of the aforementioned hotel. Chi, I slowly deduced, was staying there with his sister and a few mates from a province south of Bangkok. Would I allow him to buy me a meal if he could sit down a while and practice his English?

His first complete sentence was "I like you" — which he accompanied by placing his hand firmly on my knee. I began to get worried. I can cope with gays and I can cope with cops, but a gay cop on the make was more than I'd bargained for. My fears were soon put to rest by his second complete sentence: "You like massage parlor?"

The rest of the English lesson centred upon all he'd heard about free love in Australia. Here was a genuine, untainted native — born, raised and living in upcountry Thailand — asking me, with a distant, longing and downright horny expression, about the fantastic sexual freedoms that lay beyond his own country's borders. His impressions, however acquired, seemed to point to a land where people impulsively jumped into bed with each other just because they wanted to.

At first I thought this was just a case of the grass being greener on the other side of the world. Then I saw that he was at least half-right. Explicit foreign movies, sexy advertisements by multinationals from Calvins to Kodak to Coke, and the behavior of the foreign tourists themselves all exceeded the local standards of decorum. Then the whole thing fell into place: because of the formal and often rigid ethical doctrines permeating Thai culture, the massage parlors and sleaze shows exist to keep the equilibrium. There is no "church versus sex" debate gnawing away at the Thai conscience, as in the West. Religion and sex here are separate, inviolate and free.

Curiosity drew me to accept Chi's invitation to adjourn to his room, where he proudly showed me his uniform, identity card and a .45 police special, with which he claimed to have killed five men and which he twirled like John Wayne for a few seconds before it went crashing to the floor.

I gave him a rabbit-eared (and contraband) copy of a recent issue of *Penthouse*. He was ecstatic. Golly-wolly, no black dots over the tits! How could he ever repay such a gift?

And then Chi spotted his sister, sitting on the foot of the bed minding her own business.

"You like?" he asked.

He didn't wait for an answer, but instead addressed her, no doubt, with an explanation of how it is the custom of Australians to make love with any girl to whom they take a fancy, and he needed to return a favor, and would she mind . . .?

She smiled at me, blushed and fled from the room. Chi shrugged and offered to buy me another girl instead at the massage parlor next door. We went there, and — behold — here in a little town surrounded by the evergreen jungles and rice paddies of Southeast Asia, there sat 50 or 60 girls on one side of the one-way mirror and 50 or 60 Thai men drinking and discussing the imagined merits of each on the other side. There were 25 private rooms with sunken bathtubs and closed-circuit color TVs showing German skinflicks . . .and not another *farang* to be seen.

I had come full circle.

FEEDBACK

Continued from page 6

Base and also the pilot who disappeared over Bass Strait after reporting a sighting, followed by aircraft instrument disorientation (an apparently electromagnetic phenomenon reported many times).

At the end of his article Ben Harris quotes Professor Carl Sagan, but I have a different quotation from the eminent professor of astronomy: "Earth may have been visited many times by various galactic civilisations . . . I do believe that there are objects unidentified, but I'm not saying whether they come from one place or another." — *Los Angeles Times*, Nov 16, 1962.

Ben Harris is quite correct when he states that many cranks, cultists and general nut cases have got in on the act, and unwittingly they have helped the powers who decide to keep us in ignorance. By easily discrediting them, it is simple to discredit the whole concept of alien aircraft. However I believe, based on the evidence to date, that to discount the existence of UFOs is to be naive, uneducated — or perhaps one of the government's debunking experts. — *Dr G.G. Sayer, Gold Coast, Qld*

Smokescreen

Your feature entitled Smokescreen (May *Penthouse*) must surely take the prize for the most ill-informed and reckless piece of journalism on public health for many years. While it is not surprising to read nothing about smoking and health in magazines such as yours — it has been repeatedly documented that magazines which accept tobacco advertising rarely, if ever, run features or news items on the health hazards of smoking — this article sets a new low water mark for the retreating tide of publishing integrity.

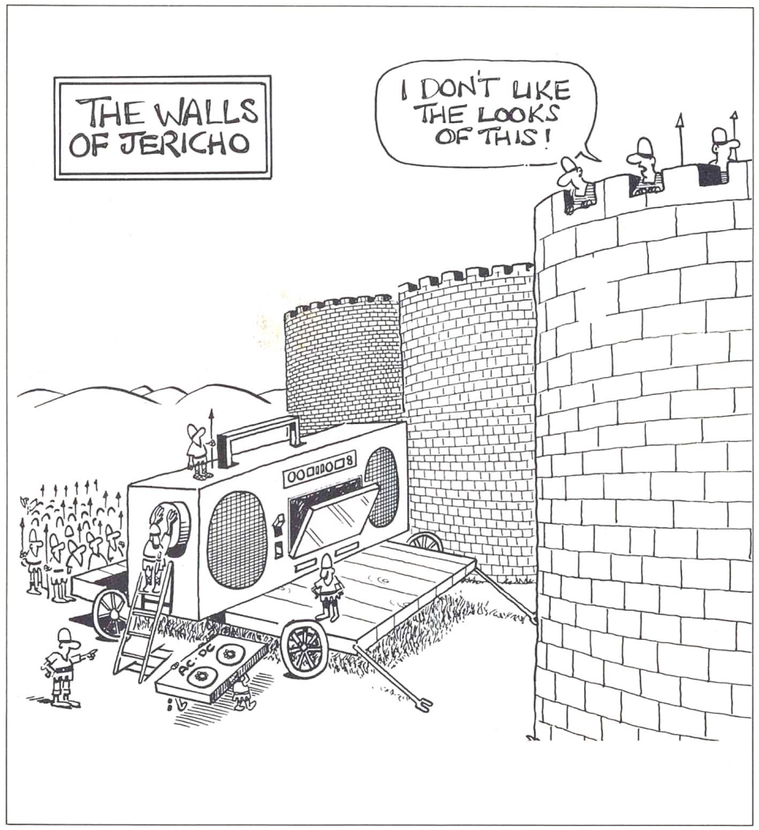
It opens with: "Not a shred of hard evidence exists to support the conventional wisdom that smoking shortens lifespan" — an amazing statement allegedly supported by a throwaway reference to the Federal Department of Health and to Dr Ray Johnstone's recent "studies." Dr Johnstone's studies on smoking (which are little more than commentaries on others' work) are widely regarded as the equivalent of Flat Earth Society thinking by those with any credibility in the matter. Johnstone's cavalier conclusion that public health campaigns have produced no beneficial effects on health compares tellingly with the facts. Between 1972-1983 in Australia, deaths per 100,000 population fell as follows: ischemic heart disease: down 15 percent; stroke: down 30 percent; motor vehicle fatalities: down 29 percent; other causes of injury: down 29 percent; pneumonia: down 40 percent; other causes: down 19 percent. These are facts, while Johnstone only has his opinion. So, too, there are 30,000-plus articles affirming the relationship between smoking and disease that have been published since the Sixties.

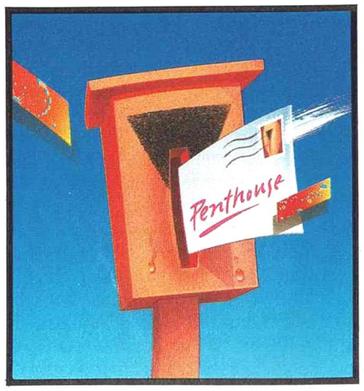
Industrial pollution certainly contains plenty that is unhealthy, but compared to the direct delivery of the carcinogens in tobacco smoke, the risks are relatively small. If pollution was the main culprit, we would expect to find lung cancer distributed evenly between smokers and nonsmokers. Yet any cancer ward doctor can confirm that for every 12 cases of lung cancer, around 11 will be found in smokers — regardless of rural or urban residence.

We need to know much more about cancer, and about the role of industrial, domestic and agricultural chemicals in cancer. The article may have been well-intentioned in attempting to raise this clarion cry. But by trying to downplay smoking (via some undergraduate conspiracy theory) as the outstanding known cause of lung cancer — easily the leading cancer in men, and rapidly becoming that for women — you have published a very irresponsible article. In the spirit of your conspiracy thinking, I'm sure it will cause your tobacco advertisers no lost sleep. — *Dr Simon Chapman, Member World Health Organisation Expert Advisory Panel on Smoking and Health*

Your letter seems to suggest that the author of Smokescreen, Michael Jones, argued that there was no causal connection between smoking and disease. This was not the case at all. Jones did draw attention to the apparent lack of connection between smoking and longevity, *but went on to say: "Nobody can seriously doubt that smoking, especially heavy smoking, can affect health adversely." At another point Jones stated: "Smoking is only* one *of several factors associated with disease" before developing his theme, which was that numerous* other *carcinogens in our environment were avoiding scrutiny for political and economic reasons.* Australian Penthouse *fails to see how such a viewpoint could be considered irresponsible.*

As to your implication that Penthouse *would not have the courage to run editorial critical of smoking for fear of jeopardising advertising dollars, I refer you to an article entitled The War Of Words in November 1985* Australian Penthouse, *detailing the anti-smoking and* anti-cigarette advertising *activities of the graffiti artists known as BUGA UP. The article looked at both sides of the issue of cigarette advertising but was clearly highly supportive of the aims and objectives of BUGA UP. Unlike a great many other magazines both here and overseas,* Penthouse *has a consistent policy of* refusing *to take possible threats to advertising revenue into account when considering the suitability of editorial material. That will continue to be the case. We stand on our record.* — Ed





FORUM

Continued from page 16

Since I was already bare-arsed I pulled her leotard over her head and tossed it on the ground, on top of the rest of the clothes. Our tongues mingled together as Lisa pulled me down on top of her, locking her legs around my arse. After the kiss, I continued to kiss her cheeks and nibble her ears and neck while my hands glided over her velvet-smooth skin. I gently squeezed her breasts, toying with each nipple between forefinger and thumb, and as I brought my mouth down on each sweet nugget, they became harder and longer. All the time this was going on, Lisa was grinding her hot mound against my hard cock. I couldn't wait any longer — I just had to taste that wet, steamy pussy.

I quickly moved my head down between her legs, licking the juice that flowed down her thighs. Then I started a slow, teasing rotation around her clit with my tongue before spearing it deep within her sopping-wet slit. She started to moan, softly, then whispered, "Now." Hearing that, I asked her what she wanted. "You — I want you," Lisa said, moaning. Then I asked her, "Where do you want me?" "Deep inside me!" she moaned with a dry, throaty voice, "When do you want it?" I said, teasing her by lightly rubbing the head of my cock across her enlarged clit. "Now — I want you deep inside me right now!" Then she started to really beg for it. "Fuck me!" she pleaded. "Shove that cock deep inside me. Please!"

I needed no further encouragement. Placing the head of my cock against her juicy cunt, I began to guide my shaft slowly into her. But Lisa just couldn't wait any longer for me to hit bottom. With her legs wrapped firmly around my arse she pulled me all the way inside her until I struck the bottom of her love canal. "God, you feel so good inside me!" she moaned as he ground herself into me. I began stroking my dick in and out of her, picking up speed with each thrust until she started to shake and quiver with her first orgasm. Then she lay still and let her pussy do the rest. Her cunt clenched my cock in a vicelike grip, then began to contract and relax around it, giving it the milking of its life. It wasn't long before I too came. We lay there sweating for a while, our bellies stuck together, until we decided to pull apart to rest.

As we lay side by side, facing each other, I softly caressed her breasts as she slowly stroked my half-erect cock. Lisa was no way ready to stop yet. She kissed her way down my belly and on to the head of my cock; then she took its length into her warm, wet mouth, getting me hard all over again. She stopped long enough to look up at me and, licking her lips, say, "I've just got to taste your come." Then she went down on me again, licking and sucking for what seemed like ages. I soon felt the surge of come building deep inside my balls and, unable to hold back any longer, I moaned to her, "Here I come again." I let my sperm fill her mouth, and Lisa swallowed every drop I had to give. Then she lay down beside me, letting me rest for a while to catch my breath.

Believe it or not, as I lay there stroking her naked body, I felt my dick start getting hard again. I reached over for her hand, and as I gently put it down on my hard cock, said, " Guess what?" She was surprised that I was hard again so fast, and so was I, since I'm usually just a "once a night" or maybe "twice, if I'm in the mood" type of guy. "Fuck! When we get finished this time, I'm gonna be worn out inside and out!" she said, shaking her head in disbelief.

Laughingly I said, "Who was it that wanted to use whose body?"

Lisa slowly straddled me, and as she eased her hot slit down over the head of my dick, it felt like it was on fire. She bounced up and down a short while, then started going faster and faster, riding me into the ground. When we first started, it was only 11pm; now it was going on 4am. It was indeed the best loving I've had in a long time. We fell asleep, naked together under the blankets, until 9.30 the next morning, then made love one last time for the memory of it. A few cars passed by as we dressed, their drivers getting an eyeful — but we couldn't have cared less at the time.

When we had our blankets packed in our cars, we gave each other our addresses — then kissed long and slow, and parted to go our own ways. Unfortunately, I got careless and sent her address through the wash — so if you're out there, Lisa, and you read this, please write and let me know what is going on in your life. — *Name and address withheld*

Bed and bath

I thought I should write and tell you one of my adventures. I'm a not-too-shabby 34-year-old brunette with a body that tells its own story: 38-28-36. I'm not married and haven't had children, so everything is still in place. I don't have any trouble getting good cocks to play with. I'm not always on the prowl for hot sex, but sometimes I can't resist.

I had checked into my hotel room around 6.30 pm and had planned to spend the extra time before dinner soaking in a hot bath. But Murphy's Law had it timed to the second, and a knock sounded just as I was settling in with a good book. I grabbed what was handy to cover up. I wrapped the skimpy towel around myself — I didn't really care what was exposed. I was a little miffed at being disturbed, and just wanted to get back to the warm tub and my book. But when I opened the door my anger quickly disappeared. There stood a young, attractive, blond-haired, blue-eyed fantasy. He looked rather sheepish, realising he had disturbed my bath, yet at the same time definitely interested in what I was wearing. I was suddenly glad of the interruption, and let the towel drape a little more loosely.

"Uh, excuse me," he stammered. "I must have the wrong room." He couldn't hide the huskiness of his voice or the desire in his eyes. Not to mention the growling bulge in his pants. Oh, well. The bathwater was probably cold by now anyway. "I'm sorry to bother you," he said, and started to turn away.

"That's quite all right. It's definitely not a bother. What room are you looking for?" I quickly asked before he could leave.

"Well, I thought my friend said to meet him in room 218, but I guess I made a mistake. I'll just go down to the front desk and get the right room number."

"Well, there's no need to go all the way back to the foyer. Why don't you just come in and use my phone?" The look on his face told me I had just made his day with my invitation. I hoped he would soon be making mine. He told me he was sure his mate was in room 219, and he was sorry for his mistake. But I wasn't convinced he was all that sorry.

I offered him a drink and made sure to show plenty of arse as I bent over to fetch the glasses. When I turned around I could see that my action had the desired effect. His crotch bulged, and that look of urgent lust clouded his eyes again. As I handed him his drink I let the towel slip and fall off. My erect nipples and wet pussy got only part of his attention, for his eyes busily roamed my entire body. I walked around a little, letting him enjoy the tease. But soon eyes gave way to hands, to mouths, to our bodies enjoying the ecstasy. I kissed him long and hard, and I began to rub my body against his. He told me how turned on he was and how much he wanted me from the moment I had opened the door. Believe me, the feeling was mutual.

I removed his clothes, and we stood naked, slowly caressing each other. He laid me down on the bed and started to kiss me from my neck down to my erect nipples, skittering across my belly, finally stopping to explore my wet pussy. I grabbed his head, arched my back, and pushed him deeper into my steaming hole. With his entire mouth devouring my cunt, it took little time for me to come on his face. I pulled him up, gave him a soft kiss, and with a smile told him it was his turn. I started to kiss him, moving down his smooth body the same way he did to me, and then I found his hard, pulsating tool. Starting with its throbbing tip, I kissed and licked that lovely candy cane until it was almost vibrating with excitement.

I took all of him into my eager mouth and swallowed. My teeth ever so gently nipping at the base of his shaft proved to be more than he could stand. With one big surge, he pumped his juices down my throat, and I hungrily swallowed every drop. The next thing I knew, he had turned around and we were in the 69 position. After a few moments of this, we were both ready for some serious fucking. He rolled on top, placed my legs on his shoulders, and proceeded to fuck me like he knew I wanted him to. After about an hour, we surfaced for air, and he suddenly remembered his friend. "I have to go," he said. "My friend is expecting me."

"So soon?" I cooed. He asked me if he could come over again later, but I had a plan that would make it much sooner than he thought.

After he left, I waited about 15 minutes. This was long enough to freshen up and also be sure he had time to explain all the juicy details to his friend next door. I wrapped the towel around me again and went out into the hall to knock on room 219. The door opened, and there he was with his friend standing behind him. Both

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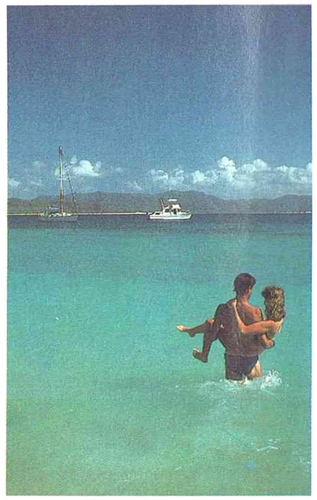

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FORUM

looked surprised, but kept on looking.

"Oh! Excuse me," I smiled. "I must have the wrong room." As I stepped inside and closed the door, I let the towel fall to the floor once more.

But that, to coin a cliche, is another story. — *Name and address withheld*

Outdoor exposure

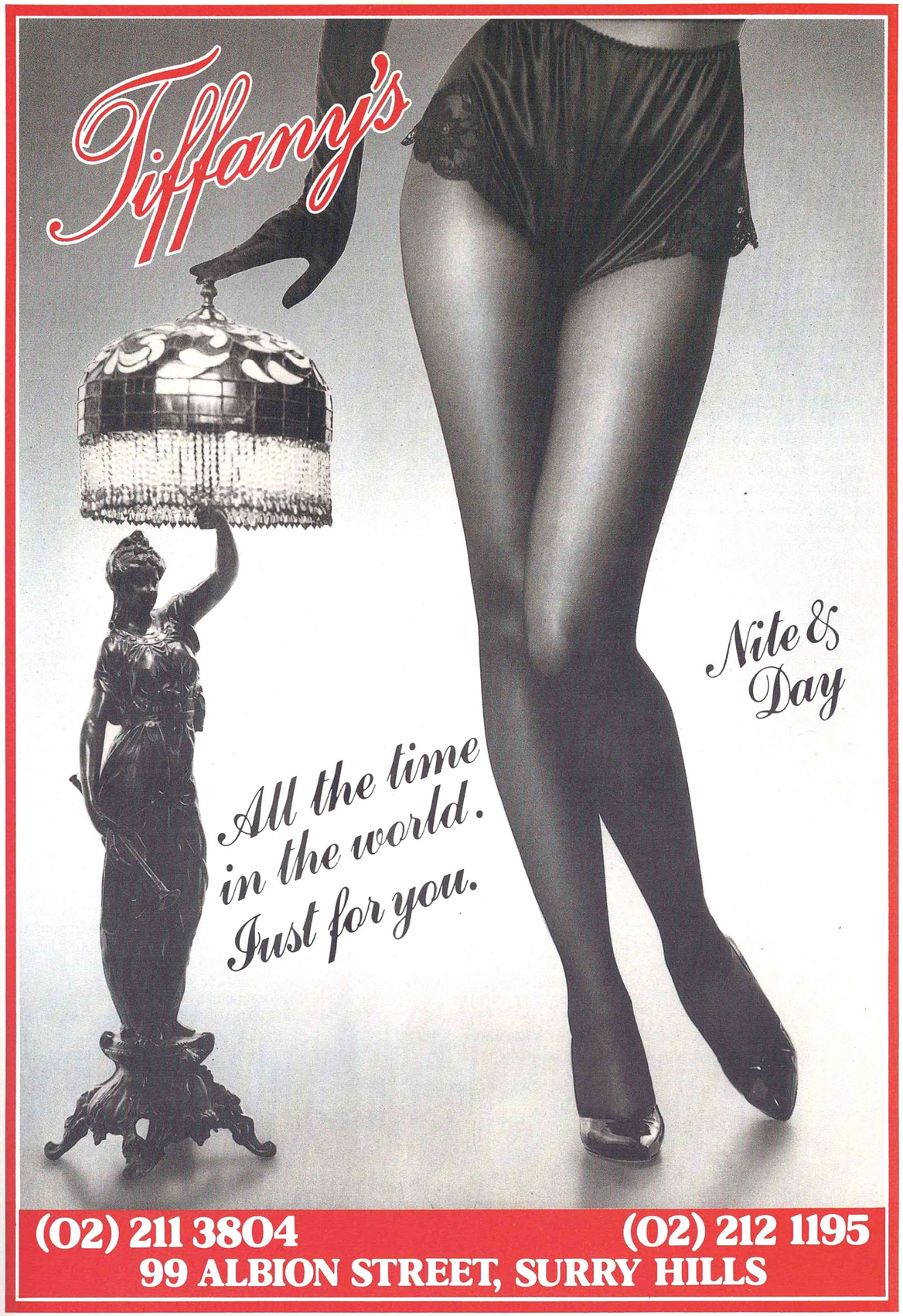
After two and a half years of a terrible marriage, my wife, who was 15 years younger than myself, and I separated. Muriel went back to her parents, and after about three weeks, I grabbed a plane back home. Although there had once been some fairly good sex with her, things in that department disintegrated. I looked forward to being home again, free and ready to meet some new people.

After I arrived I had gone out with a few different women, but had not gotten into anything you'd call exciting. That is, not until about a week ago. Cara and I had been old friends and lovers a few years ago, and we had one pretty steamy night at her place when I first got back. Last Friday night, Cara called to see if I had any plans. She asked me out to her place, which is within a short walking distance to a park and lake. We decided to grab a blanket, a few beers, and her camera. Off we went just as the sun was beginning its descent upon the water.

She caught me off balance and off guard, clicking away with the shutter. Then it was my turn. Since it was a nice evening, Cara had worn a pair of short, loose cutoffs, and a cut-up T-shirt, so I was already aroused. I was photographing her casually, taking advantage of the zoom lens. She was partially turned toward me with one knee cocked out, and it was apparent that she had no panties on. That did it — I was on fire and the film was used up.

Cara sat down on the blanket facing me with her legs crossed, and cracked another beer. As she lifted the can to drink, her breasts strained against her thin skirt until I thought they'd pop out. Cara doesn't really have large breasts — I guess they're about 35 or 36B or so — but they are so perfectly formed, very firm, without a hint of sag. Her nipples are a rich coral color and probably the most sensitive I've ever seen. Even the lightest touch makes them fully erect.

Anyway, there she was, only inches from me, with the wind tossing her long reddish hair (my favorite kind), and all I could do was look. Surprising me, she tossed her can and fell across me, knocking me backward. After a deep, exploring kiss, Cara looked at me and said, "I'm horny and I want to fuck!" Not exactly tactful, but she was saying what I wanted to hear. I pulled my grey tank top off as Cara unbuttoned my jeans. I was then at her



brief skirt, pulling it free of her arms. As she lay back, my hand busily toyed with her soft red mound, parting the labia until my fingertips contacted her sweet wetness. God, was she soaking! I unsnapped and unzipped her cutoffs and pulled them off as she raised her hips.

As I moved my mouth from her breasts to her smooth, flat tummy, her scent was driving me crazy. Talk about sweet pussy — now, here was an actual feast. At first I lightly kissed her labia and licked gently up and down the length of her red slit, intentionally avoiding her clitoris. But later I moved my lips up and covered it, forming a very slight suction. After only a few minutes of this attention, Cara began to flex and stiffen as she neared an orgasm. But I felt like teasing a bit, and I eased off a little just to kiss and taunt her hard little button. I pulled her up on her knees, keeping her legs wide apart. She took the initiative, grasping her labia and pulling them apart as I eased my face back to her pussy and exposed clit. In what seemed like only seconds, she was rocking it on home, moaning and babbling something that was totally unintelligible — but who cared?

She pushed me back again and quickly straddled me so that my cock was pressed hard against her tight opening. I guess she felt like teasing me a little, because she refused to let me deep within her. Gradually she eased her cunt down around my shaft, and with one final lunge, I felt her arse cheeks slap against my aching nuts. Cara was in control and she knew it. She firmly gripped my cock, raising up only an inch or two before plunging back down. She kept this up until she knew I could take no more. With one final lurch, she ground herself against me as hard as she could while I cut loose with probably one of the most mind-wrenching orgasms that I have had in at least three or four years. I didn't think I was ever going to stop!

Afterward, we just lay on the blanket, talking and kissing. She turned over on her stomach, and I continued to kiss and nuzzle the small of her back. That girl has to have the prettiest arse I've ever seen — not a blemish, mark, or flaw anywhere. We must have stayed like that for another hour, before the coolness of the evening began to set in. We dressed and went back to her place, jumped in the shower, and settled back for a few more beers.

It's probably too good to last, but what the hell — it's sex like I haven't had for all too long, so I'm not about to let it go down the tube. Cara loves it as well so there's no problem there. — *Name and address withheld*

Main event

Dino had just started boning this babe he met at work about three weeks ago. Vera is a very horny chick who had been coming by for service work all that time. Our place is rather large, and we refer to our rooms as bays one, two and three. This is because of the different shapes and types of beds in each bay. Chicks are assigned to bays depending of the type of service required. I could always hear Vera moaning away in bay three as Dino porked her with his pole.

One night, Dino and I were watching a wrestling match on TV and discussing Vera. That's when we decided it was time to try some tag-team fucking! Dino talked to her the next day, and she was more than happy to stop by. We all had a few drinks to help loosen us up. Dino took her into bay three for a quick lube while I prepared the big bed in bay two for some major pork pounding. Dino had done a great job lubricating her with his slippery salami. She was ready to move on.

He had brought her close to the edge several times, always stopping short of a total release. That's when I walked in. Dino reached out and taggged me. I was now part of the action! Vera got on her knees and engulfed Dino's pulsating peter in her mouth. I went around to her back and buried my purple-headed warrior deep inside her cavern of love. She continued to suck Dino off as if she were a vacuum cleaner. All the time, I rubbed Vera's clit while Dino stroked her tits. She lurched forward and back with such force that you would have thought she was caught in a paint shaker! I rode her like a cowboy on a wild bronco. Dino screamed when he came, and filled her mouth with his love juice. I tagged his hand — my turn — and he jumped off the bed to rest and grab a beer.

Vera rolled over and I was back in the driver's seat. I unleashed a tidal wave of jism deep into her steaming snatch. Finally, Dino tagged me, and I took a break as the activity wound down.

Sweat poured off everyone as the action drew to a close. We all had a great time, and we've made plans to get together once again for next Saturday night's main event. — *Name and address withheld*

Free wheelin'

I have never seen a letter regarding anything close to what happened to me and thought that my experience may help many of your readers in the same condition.

A little over seven years ago, I broke my neck in a car accident and have been paralysed from the neck down ever since. As you can imagine, this has led to some very frustrating times over the years, as most people seem to think that since you are in a wheelchair, you don't have sexual feelings. Well, something happened three years ago that changed my life.

While travelling down a local street in my wheelchair one Sunday afternoon, a car came very close to hitting me. After it passed me, the driver of the next car pulled over to make sure that I was all right. I was fine, but as the driver of the car got out, I began to feel a little dazed and lightheaded. You see, it turned out to be a shapely young lady in very short shorts with long, tanned legs, shoulder-length blonde hair, and a low-cut halter that showed off the most perfect set of tits you could ask for.

As she approached, she asked if I was okay and if she could be of any help. Not to be one to refuse an offer like this, I told her that I was a little dizzy and I'd be grateful if she could help me home, since I only lived a block away. She was very glad to help, and she parked her car, locked it, and wheeled me home, every now and then letting her tits bounce against the back of my head. I found out that her name was Belinda and that she was a nurse at a local hospital who was new to the area.

When we got to my place, she went to the kitchen and got us some cold drinks. She said that she'd been a nurse in a hospital and had worked with many patients with spinal-cord injuries before she moved here two months ago. Having lived in the area all my life, I offered to show her around and help her as much as I could. After about an hour, I was in such a state from looking down at those melons bulging out of her halter and those long legs, I knew that I had to make a move.

I told her that I was still a little lightheaded and thought that I would feel better if I were to lie down. She offered to help me in transferring from my chair to the bed, which I gratefully accepted. As she bent over to lift my feet to place them on the bed, her left tit slowly eased its way out to reveal what I had been looking at through the thin material — a nicely shaped tit with a hard pointed nipple that stuck out about an inch. When she noticed what had happened, she pulled her top back over it and continued helping me into bed without saying a word.

After I was settled on the bed, she offered to assist me in removing the tight support around my chest, which was necessary for me to sit up. As she leaned over me to release the straps, her tits were right in my face, and suddenly one popped out again. This time she didn't bother to put it back, and I couldn't resist putting my lips and tongue on it. She just stayed where she was and started to moan as I gently sucked first one tit, then the other, while she removed her halter. I could tell she must have been wanting this as much as I did.

After a few minutes, she rose up and looked down at me, surprised at the bulge in my pants. In no time flat, she had removed her shorts and helped me out of the rest of my clothes. She quickly put her soft moist lips around my hard, aching rod, then slowly worked her mouth down my full eight inches, sucking as if there were no tomorrow. Meanwhile, she'd thrown her legs over my head, affording me the view of a lifetime. Her pussy hair was cut very short and was dripping with the sweetest-smelling, tastiest juices I had ever experienced.

Gradually she lowered herself on my face, letting me lick and suck the most beautiful pussy I'd ever laid my tongue on. I began slowly licking those sweet juices, which were almost drowning me, and then proceeded to twirl my tongue around her stiff clit. As I licked and sucked, she started to moan and rub herself against my face, and after two or three minutes, she suddenly arched her back and had one of the most powerful orgasms I'd ever witnessed. She slowly and gently licked my still-rigid cock, and pretty soon I was shooting what seemed to be a gallon of come down her throat. She was able to swallow most every ounce, with only a few drops easing from the corners of her soft lips.

For the next hour or two, we lay there in each other's arms and talked about how so many people were misinformed about people in wheelchairs. Belinda said that on many occasions she would be working with a quad when all of a sudden she would see his dick slowly rise under the sheets. She knew what he needed, but being in one large room, she was never able to help him out the way she wanted. I

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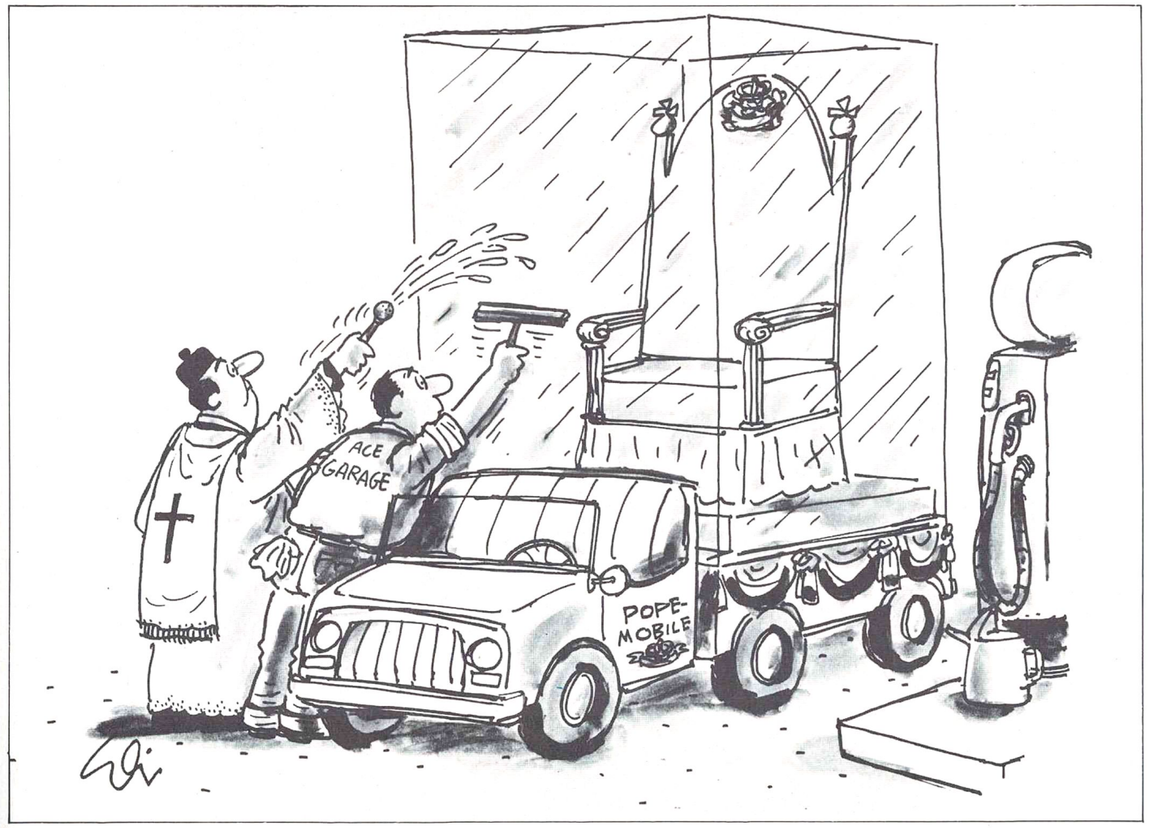

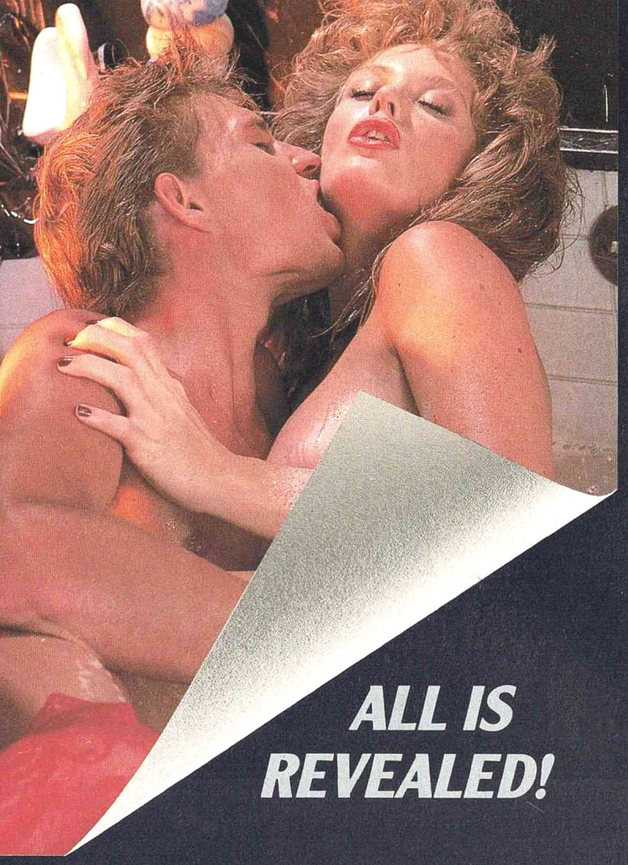

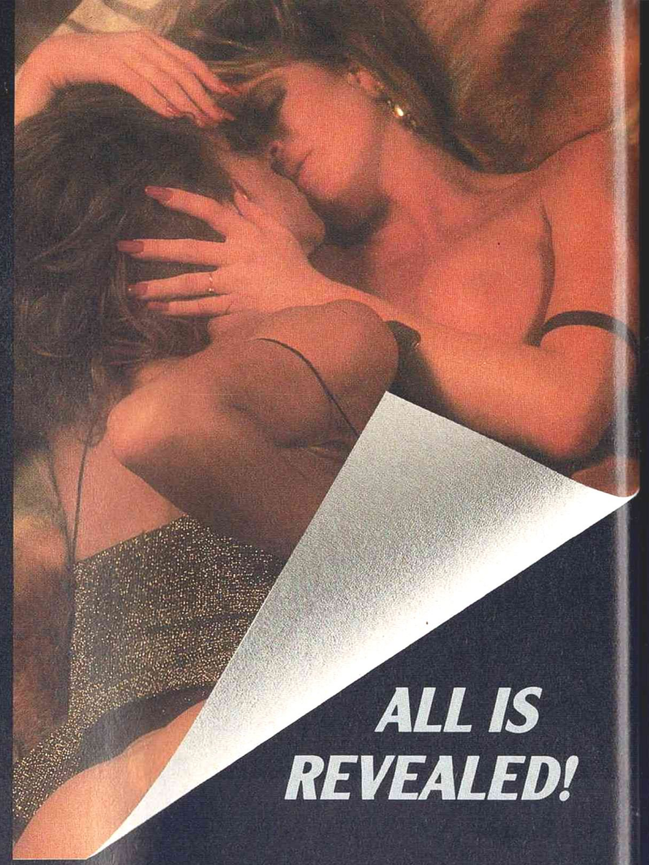

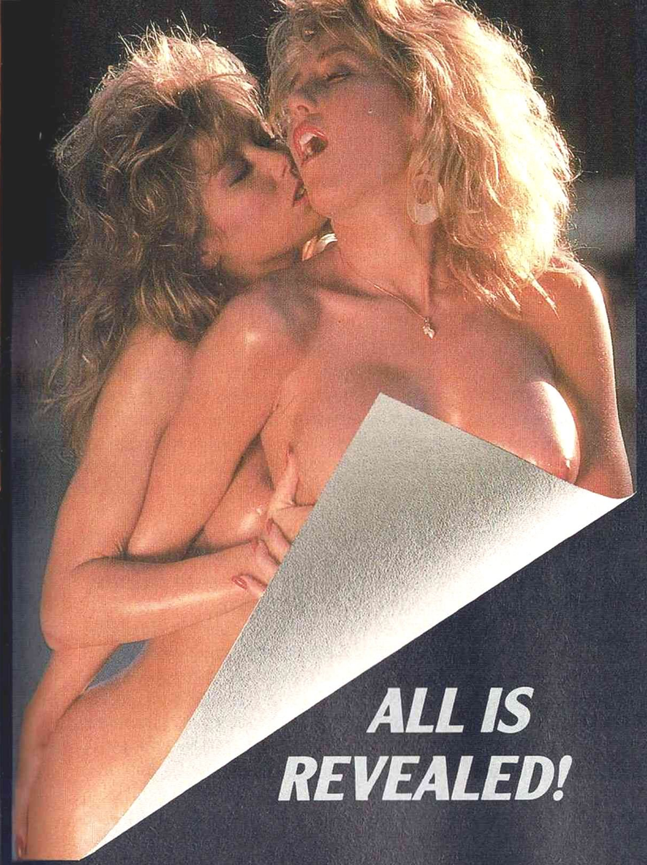

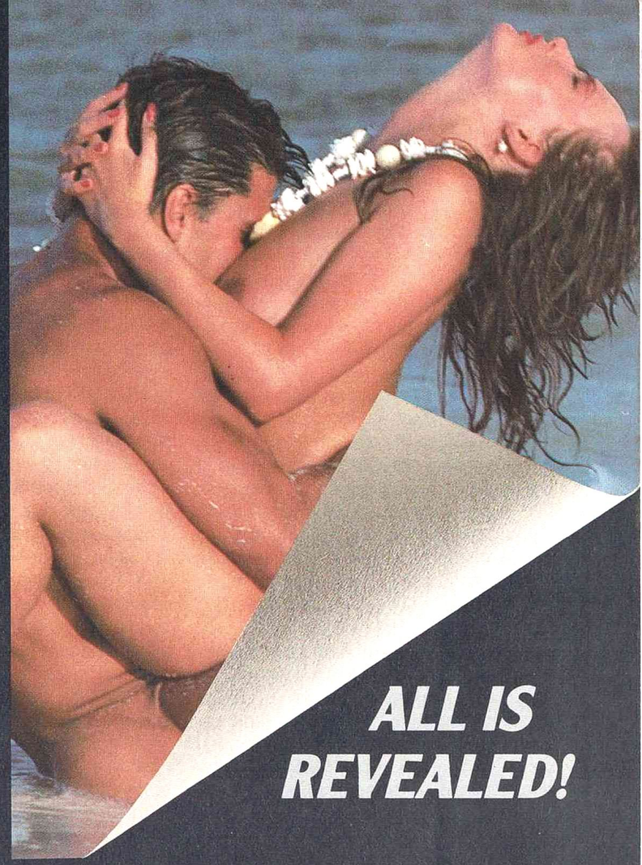

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FORUM

told her she'd restored my faith in women, as I'd been married several years ago. My ex left a year after my accident, saying that I couldn't fulfil her needs and any woman would be a fool if she thought I was ever going to satisfy her. As you can imagine, that had been a big blow to my ego and really sent me reeling. Since she left, I hadn't had sex with any other women, as I thought they wouldn't understand my needs.

Belinda said that my ex was a fool for ever thinking that. In fact, she said *she* must have been the one with the problem, because I had been better than some of the so-called normal men with whom she had been involved. As we were talking she'd been resting against me, and my once-soft rod had slowly returned to its rigid best and was just aching to get inside Belinda's juicy pussy as she gently rubbed and squeezed it. Before I knew what was happening, she was rubbing up and down the full length of my dick, and I was beginning to get the feeling I couldn't hold off much longer, that I wanted to fuck her now. Telling her this, she turned herself around, slowly slipped my rod into her now dripping hole, and began to ride up and down as I rubbed and squeezed one of her tits with the one hand that I was able to move. In almost no time we were both coming. We then fell into each other's arms and slept until the next morning.

That evening Belinda returned for dinner, and after talking things over, we decided that I didn't need to continue paying an attendant, as she would move in and we could both take care of each other's special needs. The next two and a half years were wonderful. Belinda and I did about everything possible and tried every position. We married, and about six months later, something happened that really added an all-new twist to our lives. The hospital where Belinda worked passed a rule stating that all nurses must work the four-to-midnight shift at least one week a month, and at least a week on the midnight-to-eight shift the next. That left us needing someone to help me the evenings Belinda would be working.

After talking to the director of a nursing school, she agreed that it would be good training for her juniors to work with a quad away from the hospital. We interviewed several of these students, and settled on Beverly, who was not only the best for the job but, as we were to find out, also great in the sack. She was about five foot six, with a body that wouldn't quit. The first weekend Belinda went to work on the four-to-midnight shift, Bev arrived around six, as we had arranged. As we talked during dinner, I couldn't help noticing the sexy bra she was wearing under her uniform, and those firm, round breasts that were straining to get out. Before we knew it, it was time for her to start helping me get ready for bed and my evening sponge bath. When she bent over to move my legs and to remove my shirt and back brace, I saw that she was wearing as little below as she was above.

After getting me into bed, she very professionally placed a sheet over me before helping to remove the rest of my clothes. When she returned from getting the water and towels for my bath, she tried her very best not to notice that my cock was beginning to harden and was making a little tent in the middle of the bed. She washed my face, arms, and chest, until she couldn't avoid it any longer. As she moved down toward my tent pole, she looked very embarrassed as she slowly pulled the sheet down to expose my cock. At that time I noticed that her nipples had become hard and were sticking out through her uniform. I asked if something was wrong. She said no, but that it had been a long time since she'd seen a penis as large as mine, and never thought it possible for a quad to get so hard. After she finished giving my cock a gentle washing with light strokes of the sponge, it started to go down and soon returned to its soft self. That's about as far as things would go that first night — or so I thought.

About 12.30, Belinda arrived home from work. Very quietly, so as not to wake Bev, she asked how things had gone that evening and if there had been any problems. I told her how I'd really got an eyeful of Bev in her short, sheer nightgown when she'd checked on me about an hour ago, as well as her remarks about my hard cock during my bath. The more I told her, the more excited she became, and was sucking away on my cock, which was fast becoming hard.

As she worked her way up and down, I heard something in the hallway. Looking over at the door, I was surprised to see Bev, completely nude, one hand rubbing away at a cleanly shaven pussy, her other squeezing one of the nicest sets of tits you could ever want to see. I motioned to Belinda to look at her, and in doing so, she stopped long enough to invite Bev to join us in bed. She didn't hesitate, and swiftly joined Belinda, licking first one side of my cock then the other, until I erupted over both their faces and watched as they licked every drop they could.

It was now my turn. As Belinda knew how much I enjoyed eating pussy, she told Bev to turn herself around and straddle my face. As she did, her juices started dripping on me before she could even get that sweet thing close enough for me to put my tongue in it. She lowered herself down on me, and I started to lick and suck away on what had to be the smoothest pussy you could imagine.

As I worked over Bev's snatch, she and Belinda were kissing and rubbing their hands all over each other. Belinda was sucking on Bev's tits, and Bev was working away on Belinda's pussy with two, three, and sometimes four fingers moving in and out as her juices flowed. Before we knew what was happening, both of them were coming. I thought I was going to drown, as Bev's juices were running all over my face and the flow got the whole bed soaking wet. Needless to say, we didn't get much sleep that night. — *Name and address withheld*

DRIVING

Continued from page 78

ing — the nuts-and-bolts business of movie driving that the punters never see. Loftin and his engineer Max Balchowski spent weeks in the workshop before they shot a foot of film on the *Bullitt* chase. They took two standard Mustangs and proceeded to spend almost as much money rebuilding them as they cost to buy. "We changed the suspension completely," said Loftin. "The Mustang has a very weak frame. You do a little jump with them and the whole top end will collapse. So Max made two templates to fit the whole side of the fender where the spring is mounted, so that part wouldn't cave in, and tied the two together: a bolt-in section.

"These days, when people say, 'I want a *Bullitt*-type chase', I say, 'God what a budget!' "

The final crash by the Dodge Challenger into the gas station took even more planning. No movie driver will belt himself into a crashing car unless he absolutely has to. Loftin had learned that, for movie work, an empty vehicle looked no less realistic than one with a passenger in the front seat. The trick is to put the car just where it's needed — which, in the case of *Bullitt*, was right into the centre of a service station which the special effects men had turned into a mine-field of explosives.

Loftin had developed his own technique for stunts like this. The Challenger was a driverless drone without engine or transmission, loaded with explosives tied to impact switches. It was linked door-to-door to a second car by a bar assembly with a hydraulic release operated from the driver's seat. Loftin had only to get the two cars up to speed, point his own bonnet at the target, pull the release and sheer off, leaving the drone to fly at the target like a bomb.

But it didn't work quite that way on *Bullitt*. Starting half a kilometre back, Loftin coaxed the cars up to 120 km/h, aimed the drone, pulled the release. . . and it didn't work.

The heavy drone was by now dragging his own car towards the mined gas station. He yanked the release again. Nothing. His hair, he said, literally stood on end. With a titanic effort, he hauled on the handle one last time. The whole weld tore loose, bringing the release bar with it, and the drone flew off towards its target. Unfortunately, it was a few seconds too late. Next time Bill Collins runs *Bullitt*, tape the end of that chase and run it frame by frame. You'll see the Dodge speed *through* the station and out the other side without hitting anything. But in the skilfully-edited holocaust, nobody noticed.

Sometimes Loftin has engineered a fake disaster, just for the treasonable joy of it. *Vanishing Point*, a classic road movie of the Sixties, climaxed in a Dodge Challenger on the run from the police of three states ploughing at 130 km/h into the ultimate road block — two earth-movers set blades-first across the road. Loftin knew he couldn't drive a car in at speed, so he decided to tow it with a charger.

The special effects man on the film had a nervous disposition. "I had some fun out of that effects man," Loftin said with a grin. He put a sawhorse at the point where the charger would be when the car hit. The effects man rode along with him with orders to release the cable when they reached it.

"Is that all I have to do?" the man asked.

"Yes," Loftin said, "but it's very important. If you release the cable too early, the dummy car will veer off. If you pull it too late, you'll just roll the shit out of this car."

Loftin pulled his seat belt tight; the effects man pulled his even tighter. Then the driver took off, accelerating until the dummy car was racing towards the bulldozers at 145 km/h. "Pull it!" he yelled. The effects man almost tore the release out of the metal. Loftin knew the stunt had worked, but he flung the charger into a spin just the same and yelled, "My God, we've lost the whole ass end of the car!"

"That man got kinda excited," Loftin said, laughing. "I tell you, I won't do *anything* in this business unless I can have some fun with it."

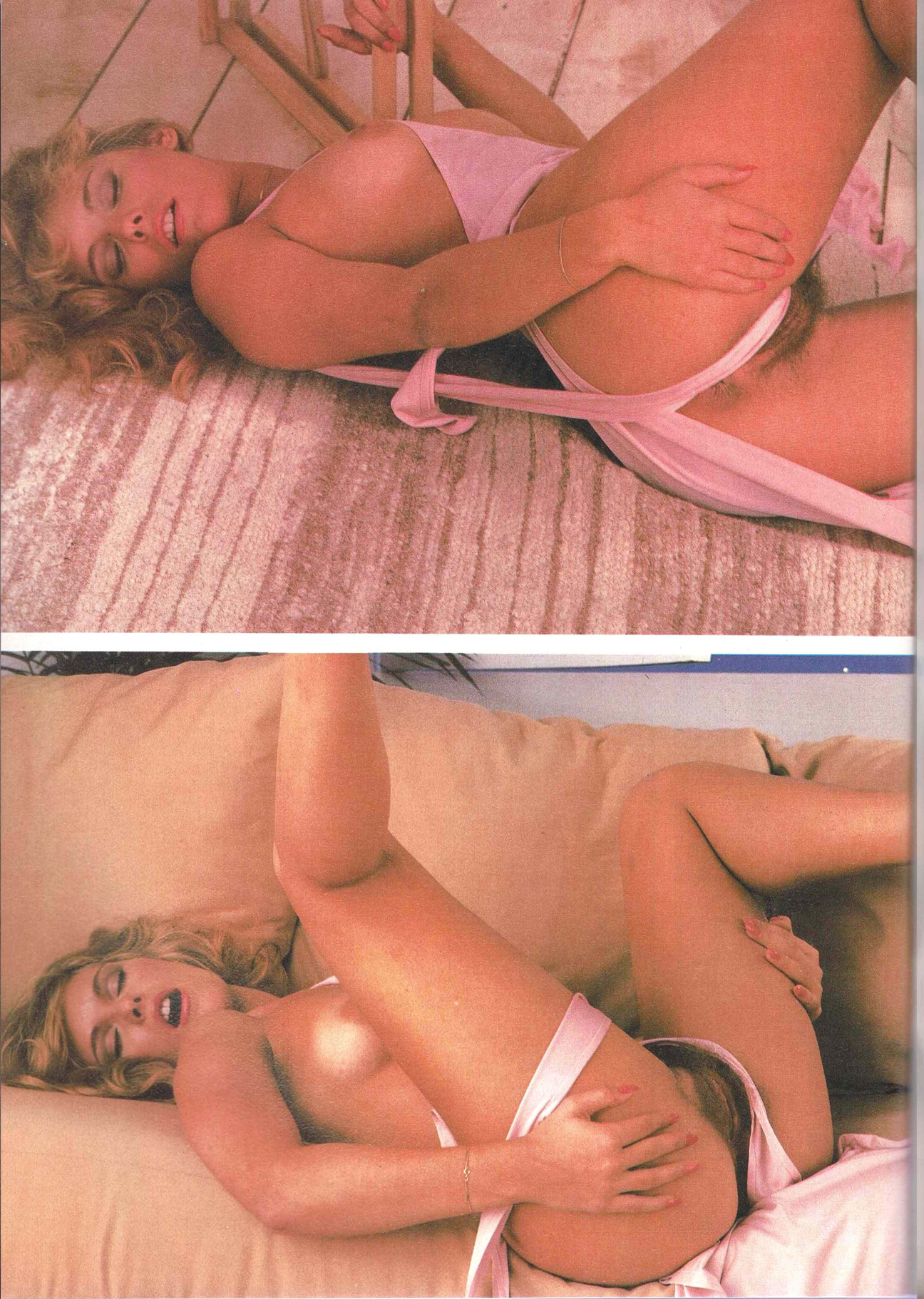
"Once you sneak the stick of dynamite past the embassy guards, drop your pants, bend over, and Abdullah will light the fuse."

PERSONAL SPACE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

Michelle Martyn has a particular ambition: "Before I die I want to ride in space. I would give anything to see the Earth from way up there in zero gravity. I'm really looking forward to the day when we can sign up for tours to the dark side of the moon."

In the meantime, Michelle's passion is to keep abreast of the latest developments in scientific research. "I even tried to learn quantum physics. Okay, so I'm no Einstein — but I'm happiest when I'm putting my mind to work."



Obviously Michelle gives her body plenty of work to do also. "A scientist — anyone for that matter — must care for his mind, and one of the best ways to destress and relax yourself is through exercise."

Michelle says she can't understand why feminists object to nude photos. "I've heard it said that magazines like *Penthouse* present women as merely bodies with no say or brain of their own. Modern science is coming to understand that mind and body are inseparable and totally related. A body *can* tell you a lot about a person."

UNDER FIRE

Continued from page 39

Parer did, however, photograph the sickening aftermath of the Battle of the Bismarck Sea, when American and Australian planes strafed the lifeboats carrying the survivors of a Japanese troop convoy they had sunk earlier. The day before, Parer had steadied his camera over Beaufighter pilot "Torchy" Uren's shoulder as he dived his machine on the Japanese transports. When his camera ran out of film, Parer even persuaded the good-natured Uren to head back into the flack so he could get his shots. Now Parer filmed the brutal sequel as Uren dived, guns blazing on the tiny lifeboats. One boat had a gun mounted in the bow and tried to take on the planes, but to no avail. The Australians even machine-gunned Japanese soldiers and sailors struggling in the water. "The bash was different today," Parer noted in his diary. "It was necessary but it was grim and horrible. I feel very crook about all this blood and guts."

Parer's famous "exploding hut" sequence — in fact a reconstruction of action that took place on Salamaua in the South-West Pacific in 1942.

The pilots, too, loathed what they were doing. Group Captain (later Air Commodore) "Black Jack" Walker has described how the men, on their return, climbed out of their cockpits and vomited beside the runway. To his eternal credit, Ken Hall used some of Parer's material showing the plane attacking Japanese lifeboats in the *Cinesound* newsreel. He omitted only the shots of the survivors struggling in the water. (Like Davis' shots of the Marines shooting down the civilian, this material has vanished — probably destroyed by an alert military censor.)

Neil Davis never reconstructed action that he missed. Visnews editors could often hear weapons being discharged on Davis' sound tapes, but would be unable to find a shot of the gun being fired. This was because the cameraman was determined to keep the film completely authentic. He would not even ask a soldier to fire his gun after the action was over because he was afraid someone might die just so that he could get a shot. Davis' resolve on this issue was strengthened when another photographer asked a soldier to fire his gun for the camera, only to see the man shot before his eyes by return fire.

For a long time it was thought that Damien Parer never reconstructed events either. However, in my research for his biography I discovered that on two occasions he did stage action for the camera. He was perfectly open about it. The re-enactments were noted on his shot lists and he once referred to the practice in an ABC broadcast. One of his most famous reconstructions includes a shot of an exploding hut which has appeared in nearly every compilation film about the war in the South-West Pacific ever since. (The exploding hut's most recent appearance as an authentic action shot was in Kennedy-Miller's *Fragments Of War*, a telemovie about Damien Parer!)

Although both Davis and Parer died "in action," their ends were vastly different. Davis was killed in street fighting during an abortive Thai coup on the morning of September 9, 1985. Together with his soundman Bill Latch, Visnews cameraman Gary Burns, and his Thai soundman Daeng Kariah, Davis was waiting outside the rebel-held radio station as government tanks slowly assembled. Then a machine gun opened fire. Davis stayed beside two telephone booths in order to film the gunfire, then moved further back to join the Visnews crew beside a metal junction box. Then the tanks opened fire — aiming, it seemed to Gary Burns, directly at the newsmen. Davis was still filming when he was mortally wounded by flying shrapnel. The sound recorder caught his last words — an exasperated: "Oh! Shit." Incredibly, the veteran cameraman — as he'd once predicted he might — filmed his own death. The tape showed his head almost in focus as he died. Then, as Burns began to pull him away, the still running camera filmed Davis' soundman Bill Latch, also mortally wounded, desperately crawling to safety as the tanks continued to fire directly at them.

Precisely how Damien Parer died we may never now. On Sunday, September 17, 1944, accompanied by the *Bulletin* correspondent John Brennan, Parer went to the southern end of the Island of Pelelieu, where the Marines were to attack across a narrow isthmus. He went with the men trailing behind the first tank while Brennan followed with the next. Brennan found Parer's body some 50 metres beyond the crossing later the following day. Parer had been killed by machine gun fire from a Japanese pillbox. He may even have been walking backwards, using the tank for cover, to film the reactions of the Marines.

Neil Davis always rejected the view that if a combat photographer pushed his luck too far for too long it would inevitably run out. He believed, logically enough, that the more experienced the photographer, the safer he was. He also claimed to have developed a sixth sense that enabled him to anticipate and avoid dangerous situations. Although this remarkable facility finally deserted him, the fact that he reached the ripe old age of 50 is testament to his highly developed instinct for survival.

He did have one advantage over his predecessor. Unlike Davis, who covered jungle fighting almost exclusively, Parer reported on desert warfare, aerial combat, jungle fighting and beach landings. He would no sooner become accustomed to one style of combat than he would be covering something altogether different. Perhaps it was inevitable that he would die while learning to photograph yet another kind of fighting — island warfare.

Damien Parer and Neil Davis reached the pinnacle of what might be regarded as the world's most dangerous profession. In recording the lives of common soldiers, Parer and Davis bequeathed a body of work that documents their own determination, courage, integrity and humanity. We can be proud they were both Australians.

Our readers are generally house-proud so it was not unexpected when we received requests to produce a quality binder in which copies of Australian Penthouse could be kept.

The Australian Penthouse binder is now available.

It is crafted in fine silver material and blocked in gold, making an attractive means of protecting your Penthouse collection.

Each holds 12 copies.

However, as only a very limited number of them have been produced, we suggest you mail you order now to avoid disappointment.

The price for the Penthouse binder (magazines not included) is only $11.50.

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WHAT'S A NICE GIRL LIKE YOU DOING IN A PLACE LIKE THIS?

It should hardly come as a surprise to find some of the nicest ladies in Sydney enjoying a night out at Williams.

After all, it is one of the few night spots in Sydney where sophisticated, elegant and stylish ladies can feel at home.

Just look around.

Williams more than rivals the best clubs of London and New York.

Stylish and elegant, yet intimate and welcoming, Williams provides its members with a Cocktail Bar, Supper Club and Night Club in which to unwind, relax and meet and entertain personal guests and business associates.

The discreet service and personal recognition that members receive, combined with the most luxurious surroundings, have attracted a Williams' membership drawn from media and sporting personalities, prominent community figures, senior business executives and members of the professions.

If the idea of becoming a member of Sydney's most elegant night spot appeals to you or your company (as Corporate memberships are available), send for the Williams brochure.

In addition to full details of the club itself, it details the rather extensive list of privileges members receive.

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LOOSE ENDS

THE FORUMS WE DIDN'T PRINT

Illustration by Andrew Pearson

Of all the questions most commonly asked of *Penthouse* — and I mean *commonly* — this is the one that crops up with all the distasteful regularity of a turd on a yo-yo: "Hey, are those Forum letters real, or what?"

For those of us bent — and I mean *bent* — on getting this can of beans together month after month, those of us dedicated to tackling ticklish issues head-on, pulling the wraps from the nation's most provocative subjects, uncovering the *inside* story, and all those other double entendres, the question is a tad annoying. "Real?" we bark. "Are you inquiring, sir, if these letters do in fact exist, as in franked and stamped correspondence? Or perhaps you question the veracity of these missives? Are you implying that these articles of titillation are works of untruth? Fabrications? Mendicant ramblings? The scribblings of charlatans who cannot lie straight beneath their own doonas?"

"Cut the bullshit," they say. "Do you guys write them or what?"

This is our cue to direct them to THE FILE. "See for yourself," we say, "and those are only the ones *we don't print!*"

It's getting mighty bulky these days, the Forum Reject File, and it swells a little more each month as Mr Mailman cheerily delivers more dirty letters that we deem unfit for public consumption. What are the criteria? Well, it's kind of hard to put a finger on. How about I dig out a few and let you judge for yourself? All the following are word-for-word excerpts from Forum letters received by *Australian Penthouse*.

Where to start? Let me randomly flick and pick . . . "Dear *Penthouse* Forum, This is the story of the starship *UASS Entering*. Its five-year mission is to explore new cuntinents and to boldly go where men and women have gone before — to the outer limits of the Bedroom Galaxy . . ." Mmm, not such a bad idea really, but sadly the remainder of the letter fails to get past Warp Factor One.

This is more like it: "Dear Forum, There was this time in my school days when I was in a horny mood. I had this sudden urge to expose my cock to the teacher. *I just had to do it*, so I stood up on my desk and started masturbating. Then I grabbed my teacher's tits and she grabbed my hose and . . ." Get the picture?

What have we here? ". . . I know all the girls despise me because I'm gay. One time there were four of them teasing me over the phone. After a few minutes of this I got really angry and decided to prove my manhood once and for all. I hung up the phone, ripped the dildo from my arse and set out for Fat Nat's place to show them that I could be a Real Man . . ."

Sometimes it's a sentence that simply leaps out and demands that the letter be consigned to the FRF. It may be the opening that rings the no-no bell: "Dear Sirs, I am an elderly gent who wishes to describe to you the delights he experienced when visited by his three teenage granddaughters last summer." Or the no-go bell: "Dear Forum, I would like to tell you about the time my husband fucked me." Most often, though, the gems are buried in the *meat* of the letter. Like this, perhaps:

". . . Reaching across his lap I felt for the hardness that men can't hide from a perceptive woman. It was there."

Not all contributors confine their Forum efforts to prose. Though we don't receive a great many Forum poems, let's say that when we do, we know just where to put them. Let me pluck a stanza: "I ripped away her gauze nightie, / I pulled her out of her pantie. / I subjected my lips / To exploratory trips / All o'er her femininity."

Problems can be a problem. Try this one for size: "Dear Forum, My problem is that my 29-year-old husband's penis is growing too big for me. About a month ago I decided to measure it. He didn't mind. These were the results. Flaccid, he was eight inches long and seven inches wide. Erect, he was 13 inches long and 11 inches wide. What can I do? It feels like I'm being screwed by a horse." Sadly, there was little we could say to gee up the lady's spirits.

Then, of course, there are the very obvious leg-pullers. "Dear Forum, I'm a tall (6'2"), dark, brutally handsome, athletic and muscular Uni student. What you might call a hunk . . . All my friends and everyone I have ever met love, admire, respect and fear me . . . Could you please print some advice for the women of the world so they don't feel too insecure and inferior to go to bed with me. Much appreciated on behalf of all the women who want to fuck me. Signed, Butch Machismo."

In the oft-quoted words of the actress to the bishop, I wish I could fit more in. But I've been saving the best till last. I don't like to play favorites but I do have a special fondness for this one: "Dear *Penthouse* Forum, The new house I have moved into has a grape frame in the back garden. I have carefully clipped and tended this vine and it has now begun to flower. I should be very grateful if you would do me the favor of sending me a simple but reliable recipe for home made wine."

So are our criteria clear? Maybe, maybe not. Perhaps we've been stuffing up all these years. At least, though, a glimpse inside the FRF should banish any suspicion that *Penthouse* writes the Forum letters. It's plain to see that, quite honestly, we haven't the imagination. — *C.J. Mackay*

SOUNDS

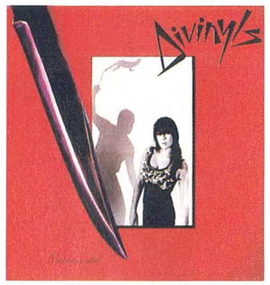
SONG-STRESS SONICS

Three years since their declamatory *What A Life*, large line-up changes and a lengthy writing sabbatical in Los Angeles, the **Divinyls** are back in a black (plastic) *Temperamental* (Chrysalis) mood. The writing core of Mark McEntee and Christina Amphlett began collaborative life with the powerful "Boys In Town" for the *Monkey Grip* EP in 1983. A flying start indeed, they felt no need to explore radically new areas and textures — their version of a ballad is when the solid, relentless beat slows to a thumping plod ("Because"). They stick to their *Desperate* blueprint and include a slightly frenetic version of another Sixties ditty "Hey Little Boy" (originally "Hey Little Girl"). Producer Mike Chapman has captured clear, bright sounds. The ever present snare drum bangs loudly on the (turn) table to get our attention while Amphlett whoops and growls. The only real change is her wardrobe. The petulant, pouting school girl in the throes of near terminal onanism has been shelved for a more simply powerful image. However, Amphlett has not taken to overalls and large duffle coats — her animal energy would not allow it.

Sade is another stunning lady, unfortunately stuck in her own stylish groove. Like the Divinyls, a lengthy period between discs has not meant any radical rethinks. On *Stronger Than Pride* (Epic) she and her young colleagues are as forceful as the gentle lapping of a becalmed sea. Adult bedtime lullabies to the patter of little bongos and the saxaphone's croon. Sade's sultry tones and the band's smooth meanderings would have no trouble selling exotic deodorant or expensive alcohol. They often paste themselves into a sonic wall-paper corner — though never in an ungainly manner. Attractive background music for when you are doing something else more involving like breathing.

Still, English songstress **Carmel** claims *Everybody's Got A Little . . . Soul* (Liberation) though she tackles the task of showing it with a bit more gusto. Her colleagues obviously have a larger repertoire of jazz, soul, and blues experience to draw on and inject suitable freewheeling energy. The lady herself stretches her voice into more areas and sounds, more the product of semi-attentive jazz club audiences than the passive studio microphone. "It's All In The Game" gets a beautiful treatment and the Afro-tinged "Azure" by Duke Ellington gets a suitable brass blast. Their originals range from the straightforward post-Georgie Fame jazz pop of "A Hey Hey", the essential ballad "Nothing Good" and the near country gospel exuberance of "Sweet And Lovely."

Slight, shaven-headed Irish lass **Sinaed O'Connor** emits a huge sounding voice that hollers, yodels and cajoles. Her debut *The Lion And The Cobra* (Chrysalis) at the ripe old age of 21 shows a compelling range of textures. "Mandika" kicks in with strong guitar pop and she is sitting on a partially untapped dance groove goldmine with "I Want Your (Hands On Me)". Tracks like "Troy" go for much more epic structures and dense sounds, though without any orchestral washout. This ex-Dubliner, now housed in London, gives flashes of her Gaelic roots, notably in the baroque folk of "Just Like You Said." "I don't know no shame, feel no pain" she sings as she bares her feelings to us insisting we visit many musical styles on the way. Kate Bush with her studied finesse tries such a myriad of settings on her listeners. O'Connor does it with a more untrained energy. She has done a UK tour sporting half the defunct Smiths in support of INXS and has already had her moment in England being universally lauded as the next big thing. It's now Australian audiences' chance to be swept up by the power of her statements.



Prince has not only produced vast quantities of superb funk under his own banner, he has also helped launch many colleagues into their own public spotlight. Most of these have displayed more lacy underwear than musical prowess, and even the percussive excellence of Sheila E hasn't drummed up many great original grooves. **Wendy And Lisa** (CBS), who played guitar and keyboards in the Revolution, had their own musical union encouraged and nurtured by the purple Prince. They forged a strong and distinctive musical bond in their four years with the master. Their input to Prince's work can be easily heard on tracks like "Stay" which sound like Prince in his more mellow moods. Elsewhere they are more Joni Mitchell than James Brown.

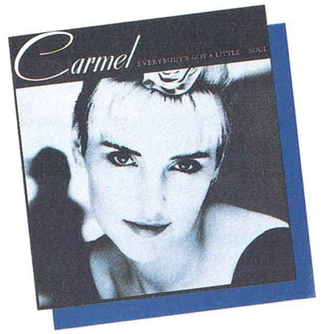
Australian ensemble **Summerhaze** weave their own refreshing blend of jazz and reggae feels around Cathie O'Sullivan's essentially folk-based songs on *Sweetheart* (Jarra Hill). The band is capable of frenzied improvised spin-outs and small lyrical moments as well.

One man band **Black** cheerfully reassures us that it's a *Wonderful Life* (A&M) that shows him off as some Sinatra of the Synth Set.

Self-made ruffians **Weddings Parties Anything** sing passionately and eloquently (like a countrified Spy Vs Spy) about the good old days they never had on *Roaring Days* (WEA).

The Rockmelons' long overdue and much awaited album *Tales Of The City* (True Tone) shows them as a great party band with some strong singles. However the album is not arrestingly diverse. — *Jeremy Cook*

Clockwise from the top: No radical rethinks from the Divinyls; Gusto from Carmel; Prowess before underwear from Wendy And Lisa; Adult lullabies from Sade.



FILM

LIGHTS, CAMERA, ACTION!

Take three parts *Lethal Weapon* and one part *Deliverance*, shake 'em together and whaddya got? Try **Deadly Pursuit**, a film that shamelessly copycats the *Lethal Weapon* formula and sets it against savagely beautiful mountain scenery reminiscent of *Deliverance*. Though this one may come off second best in a critical tussle with either of those films it stands alone as a great value edge-of-the-seat buddy adventure.

Sidney Poitier plays detective Warren Stantin, a seasoned FBI man on the trail of a cold-blooded murderer who's packing a parcel of stolen diamonds. One of his quarry's trademark slayings leads city copper Stantin to a remote mountain region near the Canadian border. Posing as a fisherman, the murderer has joined a guided party of anglers. When Stantin arrives the party is two days into them thar hills and he's advised to get a guide to track them through the treacherous terrain. Enter Jonathon Knox (Tom Berenger), a monosyllabic mountain hunk with a grudge against city slickers. Knox's girlfriend Sarah (Kirstie Allie) is the guide up there with the maniac. He's going to get her back and he'll be doggoned if some tenderfoot Fed is going to slow him down. Confrontation. Uneasy agreement. Amusing scenes as Stantin proves to be an utter klutz in the wild. Then, wouldn't you know it, Stantin saves Knox's life and the guys start to trust one another and work together.

As the relationship builds the movie cuts frequently to the party of fishermen struggling through the spectacular scenery. The camera lingers teasingly on each as we try to work out which one of these check-shirted average guys is the mean murdering mother. The guessing game is tensely effective and it's slightly disappointing when it ends about midway through the film.

Climactic scenes also fail to excite as much as they might. Their urban setting has nothing on the snow storms, perilously sheer cliff faces, dangerous rocky white water ravines and marauding grizzly bears that are dished up in the film's mountain sequences.

Deadly Pursuit was directed by Roger Spottiswoode (*Under Fire*) from a screenplay by Harv Zimmel, Michael Burton and Daniel Petrie Jr. Great work from cinematographer Michael Chapman and credible chemistry between the film's trio of stars. Recommended for its guarantee to glut even the most voracious appetite for action.

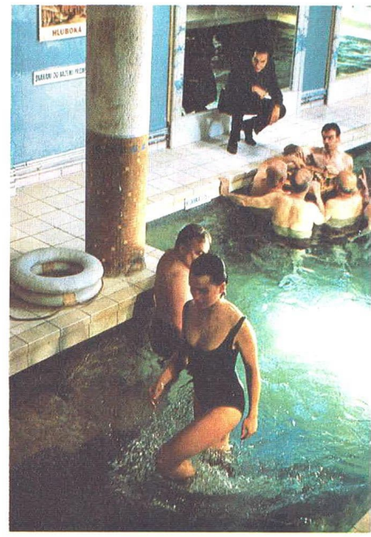
After his conspicuously long absence from the screen Sidney Poitier appears to be wasting no time in getting back into the thick of things. He pops up again — and as an FBI agent — in director Richard Benjamin's espionage effort **Little Nikita**. Sixty-year-old Poitier reckons he passed on a great many screen plays before taking the starring role in this one. One can only surmise that the script arrived in the same mail as some pressing financial demand because a decent pay cheque could have been the only logical incentive to appear in this lightweight and embarrassingly laughable piece of piffle.

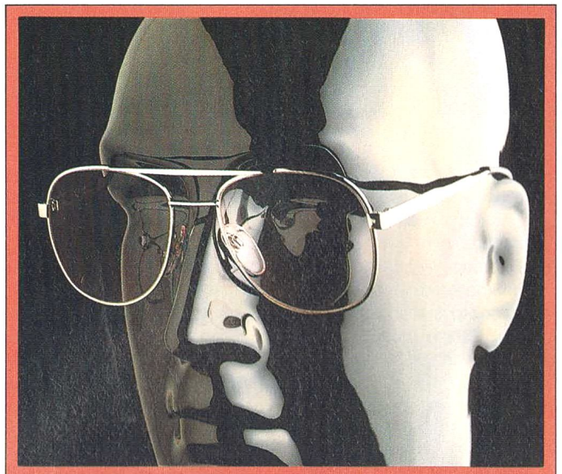
Poitier walks through an implausible plot as Roy Parmentier, a D who accidentally discovers strands of an international intrigue and enlists teenager Jeff Grant (River Phoenix) to foil an assassin and do a deal with the Commies. Any further storyline details would only serve to confuse and, quite frankly, *Little Nikita* isn't worth the space, let alone the price of a ticket. Steer clear to avoid disappointment.

Something a little more tasteful, sir? Romantic perhaps? Then have a go at **The Unbearable Lightness Of Being**, the Philip Kaufman-directed screen adaptation of the prize-winning novel of the same name by Czech writer Milan Kunera. Starring the remarkable British thespo-chameleon (to coin a bit of cinewank) Daniel Day-Lewis and European thespo-beauties Juliette Binoche and Lena Olin, the film is an erotic love story set against the Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia in the late Sixties. Its message that life and love are not to be taken too lightly is superbly packaged in an engrossing storyline and glorious cinematography by Sven Nkyvist — the chap responsible for the look of Ingmar Bergman's films. Produced by Saul Zaentz. Screenplay by Jean-Claude Carriers and Philip Kaufman. *The Unbearable Lightness Of Being* is both salivatingly sexy and thought-provoking. See it with a woman you're trying to impress.

From the top: Kirstie Allie gets in a spot of bother in Deadly Pursuit; Juliette Binoche in The Unbearable Lightness Of Being; Keith Smith and the exotic Katia Caballero get down in Devil In The Flesh.

That kiss at the end of *Crocodile Dundee* aside, Australian films have never been renowned for their eroticism. One of the few to come close to doing the job right is **Devil In The Flesh**, a very pretty first-up effort by writer/director Scott Murray. Set in Australia during World War II, it's the story of an illicit affair between a schoolboy and a beautiful young French woman whose Italian husband is interned for the duration of the war. The film makes a stimulating fist of the lingering lead-up to sexual consummation but, as these things are wont to go in real life, once the deed is done the interest wanes and the remainder of the film meanders on tediously. Commendable performances by Keith Smith as the schoolboy Paul Hansen and the mouthwateringly exotic Katia Caballero as his lover Marthe Foscari. The film also looks superb with idyllic Australian bush settings captured by director of photography Andrew de Groot. A patchy script and woeful editing, however, have the film jumping around like the proverbial fart in a flagon. Hard to recommend. — *C.J. Mackay*





AND THE WINNERS ARE . . .

The winners of the Night Drive Competition staged through the *Penthouse* promotional Pet Line were: A.J. Dixon, Hamilton, NSW; L. Gilius, Parklea, NSW; I. Hulands, Marayong, NSW; S. Komnacki, Kambah, NSW; P. McCormick, Lakemba, NSW.

The winner of the Pet Of The Year Poll reader competition was R. Mitchell of Mackerel Beach, NSW. Mr Mitchell won a Sanyo CP710 Compact Disc Player valued at $550.

VISIONARY FASHION

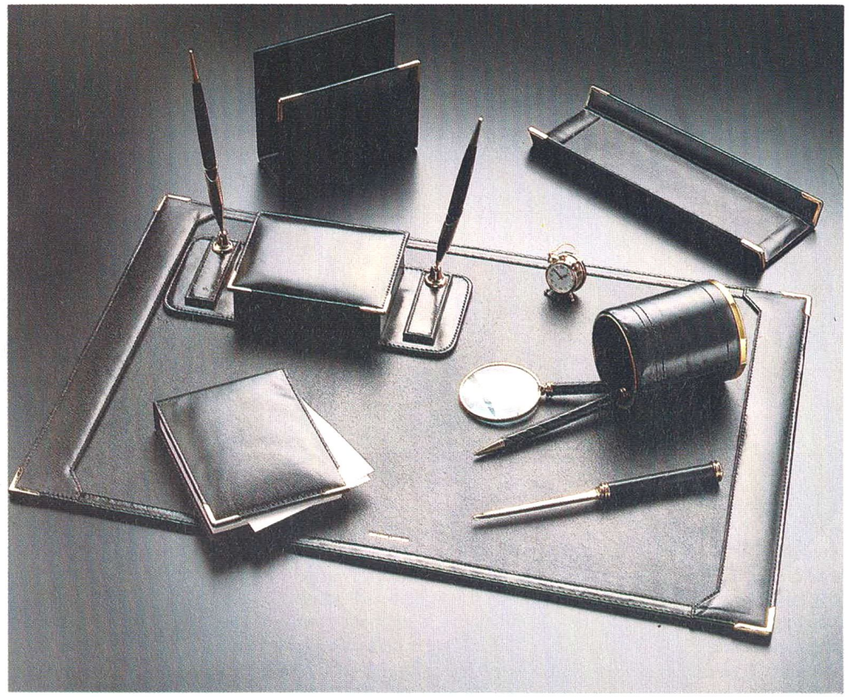
Most high fashion, high protection sunglasses cost around $100 or more. Not so Reflex eyewear, designed for Australian conditions and available at OPSM and surf, ski and leisure outlets. Reflex glasses provide 100 percent protection against ultra-violet and Infra-red rays and the amber Reflex tint eliminates 98 percent of blue light rays, making them a good choice for the snow or the summer sun. For men and women, the sunglasses are available in ten modern styles and fashion colors. Some styles have adjustable arms and leather side cables and the shatterproof Zyloid Z100 lenses are available in both mirror and non-mirror tint.

A TIGER IN YOUR TANK

Cascade Premium Lager, the hop drop that's the favorite among those Tasmanian devils, is fast making an impressive showing in the mainland premium beer drinking capitals of Sydney and Melbourne. Launched in those cities early last year, Cascade Premium has climbed to second place in the market and is set to give the Number One, Heineken, a run for its money. Over the past year too, Cascade Premium has been picking up accolades for freshness and flavor when pitted against well known imports. Unlike wine, beer doesn't improve in the bottle and the imports often suffer in transit and shelf time. But the proof is in the tasting. Cascade Premium, in its distinctive Tasmanian tiger packaging, sells for a recommended $7.99 a six-pack.

EXECUTIVE DECISIONS

Like the tailored business suit and the leather briefcase, a co-ordinated desk set bespeaks the executive. We're talking image here, for though none of the above will aid the businessman in his wisdom or acumen, the right accoutrements will give the impression that here is a honcho that knows cack from clay. And what better than black leather to adorn the desk of the corporate decision maker? The desk items we've pictured here are available Australia-wide at selected department and gift stores. Prices range from approximately $15 for the leather pencil cup up to around $68 for the leather desk pad. For stockists phone Broadway Imports on (02) 212-6588.



NEW FROM NIKON

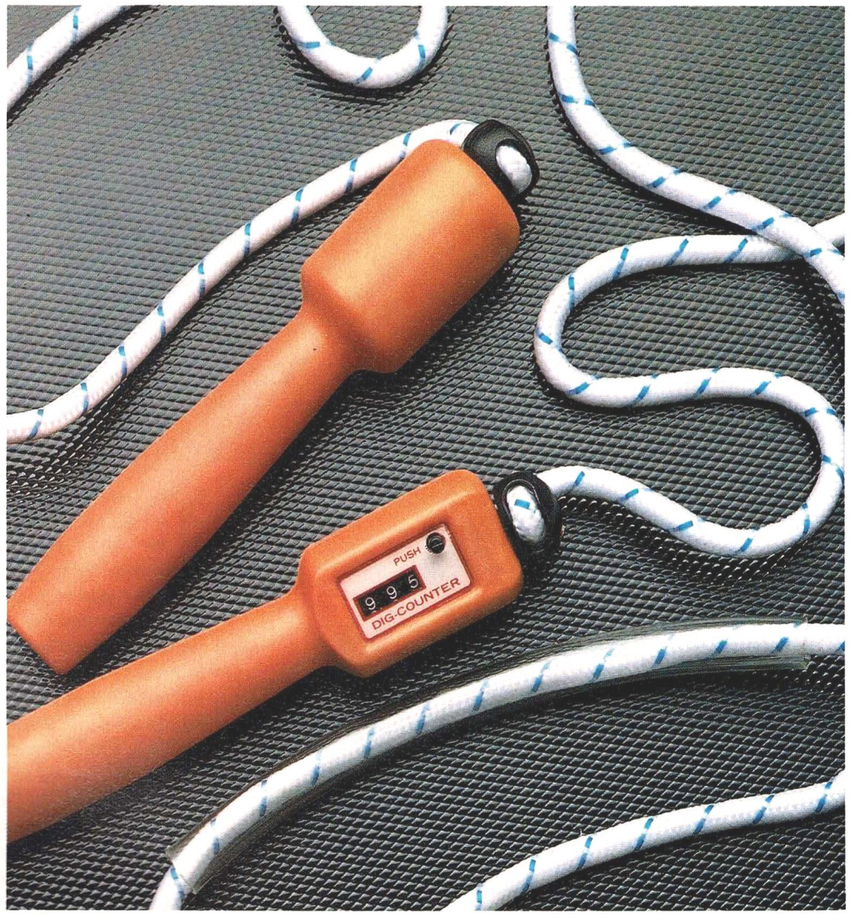
The hottest new release from Nikon is the F-801, on sale in photographic stores Australia-wide since mid-June. A state-of-the-art tool of the photographer's imagination, the F-801 provides the incentive and wherefores not just to take pictures but to *make* them. Features include ultra-fast autofocus even in dim light, or clear, precise manual focusing through the high-eyepoint finder and on the advanced BriteView screen. The F-801 has a computer powered Matrix Metering System for top auto exposure control. Matrix Balanced Fill-Flash with flash sync up to 1/250sec allows studio quality flash photography. Top shutter speed is 1/8000 sec. High-speed built-in motor drive. Electronic precision and full system compatibility. Lots more, too, to support the creative ideas of the serious photographer and minimise technical error.

NO TIES LIKE OLD TIES

Mickey Rourke took his off before bedding Lisa Bonnet in *Angel Heart*. Robert Redford kept his on to be photographed for the cover of a recent *Esquire* magazine. Richard Dreyfuss and Danny Devito modelled a great array in *Tin Men* and TV's *Sledge Hammer* wears his as close to his heart as his trusty Magnum. Vintage ties are big big news in the States and the hunt is on across the land for these soft and floppy silk rayon relics of the days when a tie really was a tie — wider than a salesman's smile and not afraid to shout. Sydney store Skin Deep has tapped into this hot American fashion vein and they're importing limited numbers of hand-painted and screened Forties and Fifties ties. Supplies are very short, and buyers are snapping them up as collector's items. Prices start at around $28 at Skin Deep, 141 Elizabeth St, Sydney.

ROPED IN

In the world where pain is gain, what fitness freak's gym would be complete without a digital skipping rope? The idea is straightforward enough: if the device is doing the counting for you, your mind is free to indulge in all that exquisite agony without distraction. What more could you ask for? A gun perhaps? $12.95 from Sun Medical products.

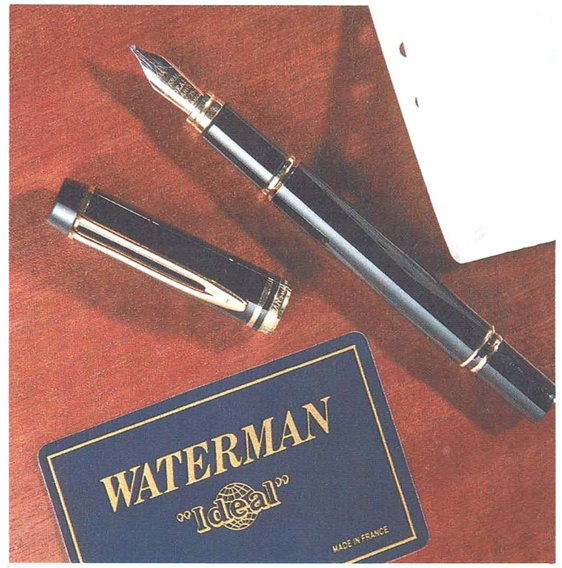


ANTI-AGEING

While not exactly guaranteeing you eternal youth, Paco Rabanne's newly released Active Regenerating Concentrate A1 promises to combat the corrosive effects of climate, stress and poor health, all major factors in premature ageing. One of the few wrinkle lotions available for men, this one claims to immediately tighten the skin and reduce the depth of wrinkles. Long-term users are promised restored skin structure and a re-establishment of the skin's nutritive processes. The concentrate comes in a pump action bottle and users are advised to massage the stuff into the face once a day after shaving. It'll cost you $75 to find out if it works. Available at major department stores and selected pharmacies.

FUN AND GAMES

Remember those pathetic little games you'd win on the hoopla at the school fete, with the balls rolling around and dropping into holes? Forget it. Enter the state of the art game guaranteed to drive you to distraction. No taxing of the brain a la Rubik's; this only taxes the co-ordination and the reserves of patience. Pictured are four examples of what is a very large range available through Independence Studios. Set up the snooker table; get all the champagne bubbles into the bottle and put the cork in (watch it, as the bubbles float while the cork sinks, so they're moving opposite ways); catch the balls inside the tennis racquet; get the ball and the astronaut into the ship and close the pod bay doors Hal. Just $12.95 a pop. For $2.40 extra, Independence Studios will pack safely and freight anywhere in Australia. Ring them on (02) 439 2216.



MIGHTY PEN

The idea of forking out close to 500 clams for a writing implement seems almost perverse, but the Man 100 from Waterman is a special number. It's a recreation of the design of the Twenties and was produced for Waterman's centenary. You don't have to do anything as it seems to write all by itself — all you have to do is hold on. With its gold fittings and slippery fluidity, putting your name on a dotted line becomes almost fun. Just watch out what people put in front of you when a pen like this is around. It's so much fun, you'll sign anything. This Man 100 was found at The Pen Shop in the American Express Tower Arcade, George Street, Sydney.

Sydney's Rachel Byrne

COMING IN OCTOBER AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Going Bust — Every year several thousand Australians, from big businessmen to battlers to bludgers, declare themselves bankrupt. But going to the wall isn't as bad as it sounds; in fact, for some of the shadier players in the Monopoly game of life, it's a very attractive option. *Penthouse* investigates one of the strangest jurisdictions of Australian law.

The Comeback — There have been plenty of great comebacks in Australian sport, but few have rivalled the return to the turf of jockey Larry Olsen, who turned his fat and fortyish daydreams into reality by losing 22 kilos and snatching both the Melbourne Cup and the rich Golden Slipper Stakes. Read how he did it in October *Penthouse*.

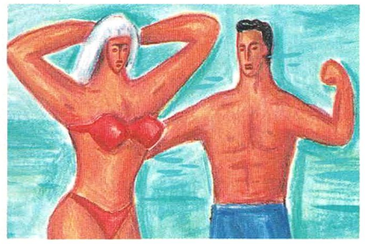
Crocomania — Forget about kangaroos and koalas, dingoes and didjeridoos. The crocodile is now Australia's unofficial mascot, and Northern Territorians are making a fortune exploiting the planetary love affair with the charismatic croc. Next month *Penthouse* presents a pictorial study of Darwin, a town in the grip of crocomania.

Secrets Of Seduction Part III — The aerobics instructress, that high priestess of body worship, represents a prize catch — and yet one well within your trembling grasp. In the third instalment of this provocative *Penthouse* series, learn how to organise a ferocious workout for the muscle that needs it most.

Pet Of The Month — Show-stopping good looks aside, Sydney's 20-year-old Rachel Byrne just might be the quintessential home body, as comfortable as she is with domestic duties and the quiet life. But *something* in her nature encouraged her to disrobe for the *Penthouse* cameras, to step out of the kitchen and into the spotlight. That something is further explored in these pages — next month.

ARE YOU A WIMP?

Continued from page 96



HOW TO SCORE

1. (a) 10 (b) 5 (c) 3 (d) 0
2. Subtract two points for each "yes" answer.
3. (a) 10 (b) 5 (c) 3 (d) 0
4. (a) 0 (b) 5
5. (a) 1 (b) 3 (c) 5
6. (a) -5 (b) 0 (c) 5 (d) 10
7. (a) 10 (b) 0 (c) 2 (d) -2
8. (a) 0 (b) 1 (c) -1 (d) 5
10. (a) 2 (b) -2 (c) 0 (d) 5
11. (a) 0 (b) 1 (c) 5 (d) 10
12. (a) 5 (b) 0 (c) -5
13. Subtract five points for any "yes" answer.
14. (a) 5 (b) -5 (c) 0 (d) -10
15. (a) 0 (b) -2 (c) 5 (d) 10
16. (a) 1 (b) 0 (c) -10
17. (a) -5 (b) -10 (c) 0 (d) 5 (e) 10
18. (a) 10 (b) 6 (c) 2 (d) -2 (e) -10
19. (a) 5 (b) 10 (c) 0 (d)-2 (e) -5
20. (a) 0 (b) 4 (c) 10

HOW DID YOU RATE?

Scored over 100: No worries about wimpery here. Quite the reverse, in fact. You are probably a little over-assertive. You could afford to relax a little, or you run the risk of being labelled a paranoid psychotic. Not by me, of course. So just take it easy and put that axe down.

Scored 50-100: First the good news: this is the optimum score. You maintain a cool assertiveness, while not overstepping the boundaries of reason and good sense. Now the bad news: you'll never be Prime Minister and you'll never captain Australia at cricket.

Scored 0-50: You're not yet a wimp, but you're playing a dangerous game. You'd never survive in the aftermath of global nuclear war, for example. If you were a species, you'd get disevolved. It might be a good idea to think about doing night school, assertiveness training, karate or basic grenade throwing.

Scored less than 0: You snivelling little turd, I can't be bothered talking to you. You make me puke. Go away. I can't even stand looking at you. (And don't keep saying you're sorry. I insulted *you*, for God's sake!)

YOU'LL HEAR MORE

PROTON AM-300 Stereo Amplifier
PROTON AT-300 Stereo Tuner
PROTON AD-300 Stereo Cassette Deck
PROTON 630R Compact Disc Player

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The specially designed circuitry unique to **PROTON,** known as **Dynamic Power on Demand (DPD)** and found in both the **AV-300** receiver and the **AM-300** integrated amplifier is the secret to the profoundly enjoyable sound that eminates from this system.
With very dynamic music, the power requirement can rise dramatically for a split second, making it difficult for a moderately powered amplifier to produce the necessary fidelity, not so with **PROTON 300 Series.**
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The **PROTON 300 Series** consists of the 30 watts per channel **AM-300** amplifier capable of impedence loads as low as 2 ohms, it has a bass equalization switch and information on performance is readily seen on the liquid crystal display. The **AV-300** receiver also rated at 30 watts combines the best of both worlds, it unites the superbly designed **AM-300** amplifier with all the features of another **300 series** component, the **AT-300 tuner,** itself a stunner. Packed with functions that include 20 channel preset programme selection and a phase-locked loop frequency synthesizer the **AT-300** grabs the precise spot on the dial and delivers distortion free broadcasts every time. Match any of these components with the **AD-300** stereo cassette deck and the **AC-300** compact disc player, with single beam laser pick-up, fourfold oversampling and digital filtering, add the convenience of the **AS-30R** infrared remote control unit and you will truly have the system that delivers more.
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